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CECILY

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I

I WAS sitting under my great pine with my son and my daughter, giving them the instruction which I considered suited to their years. My son, who is nearly four, was much interested, for the time being, in a colony of carpenter ants, which went in procession up one groove in the bark of the pine and down another.

My daughter was seated on the pine needles on the ground, very happy, apparently, in taking up handfuls of the needles, and letting the gentle wind sift them between her fingers. As the needles fell in a slow shower she cooed softly to herself, "Oo—ee. Oo—ee," over and over. My daughter is not very old. She cannot walk yet, which is why I felt that she did not need to be watched very closely.

I leaned back in my seat, and looked out over the harbor. I saw Tom Ellis rowing slowly by, with his chin sunken on his breast. That was not like Tom Ellis, to be rowing by alone, and slowly, and with his chin on his breast; usually when he is alone, you would think that he was rowing a race. I wondered what he had done — or what had been done to him — that he should be so downcast.

Eve had come and was just behind me. "What is it, Adam?" she asked.

"There's Tom," I answered. "There seems to be something wrong."

Eve looked. "Call him in," she said. "Hurry, Adam!"

And Eve slipped down upon the pine needles beside her daughter, who cooed

and gurgled with delight. Who would n't? "Mother's baby!" said Eve. Her son slipped down beside them both.

I went to the edge of the bluff. "Mother's baby!" I shouted.

Tom Ellis was almost beyond hearing; but he looked up at that. It was no wonder. I was unable to shout again, for some minutes; but I beckoned, and Tom shook his head; and I beckoned again, furiously, and Tom shook his head again. It was of no use. I had to get Eve up from her seat on the ground. Eve generally has her way. Tom turned his boat and came in. Eve and I went back to our seat, and presently Tom came up my path at the side. It is pretty steep, but the only way up.

"How d'ye do," said Tom. "What did you two people go and interrupt my ruminations for?" He threw himself down beside the children. "Hello, kiddies," he said. They immediately began crawling over him and searching his pockets. Tom has a way with children.

"Tom," I began, "Eve thinks that you should account for yourself —"

Eve interrupted me. "What's wrong? Is Cecily —"

"I guess she is," said Tom. He was silent for some while. "She's broken the engagement — thrown me over — bidden me farewell forever — not a fond one."

"Why, Tom!" cried Eve. "Why, Tom! It must be some mistake. Cecily could n't mean —"

"She did," Tom replied. "No doubt about it."

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"But, Tom," I said, "what's it all about, anyway? You have n't told us."

Tom had got up. Now he laughed and threw himself down on the needles again; at which my daughter crowed and cast herself upon him.

"Well," he said, "if you must have it, and if you don't know already, it's Cecily's career that's troubling her."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"I am," Tom returned quietly. Then he fell silent and Eve smiled; and when I would have pressed Tom to say more, she shook her head at me to bid me wait. So I waited and, in time, it came. Some of it I knew already, and some of it was news to me. Eve, I suspected, knew more than I, which struck me as strange. I had the advantage of her by ten years, if it can be considered an advantage to live in a village and not to know its inhabitants.

One of those inhabitants was Tom Ellis and another was Cecily Snow. To be sure, Tom was away at school when I came, and Cecily was a very little girl. I was not especially interested in very little girls, at that time. And Cecily ceased to be a very little girl, and Tom went to college. The inhabitants of villages are not necessarily benighted, and Tom's father was rich; not nearly as rich as Old Goodwin, Eve's father, but yet rich. In due time, Tom came home; and, some time between then and now, he became engaged to Cecily. That is the substance of what I knew already. The rest was news to me. I don't know, even now, as much as a man should know about his neighbors.

Tom had known Cecily all his life — or all hers. That may have been all the trouble. Suppose that Eve had known me all my life! As a small boy, Tom used to meet Cecily when she was no more than a baby in a coach; and he seemed to have some pleasure in recalling how she used to wave her arms excitedly at the sight of him, and laugh. Therefore, as Tom said, — but perhaps not therefore, — he liked her. The nurse-maid, too,

took a fancy to Tom, which is not strange, and took some pains that he should meet them. She made a secret of the meetings too. Now, there was no reason in the world why the meetings of a small boy and a baby who lived next door but one should have been clandestine, but they partook of that character, largely because of the extraordinary behavior of that nurse-maid. She was a romantic creature — the nurse-maid — and she probably had her plans, even then. Tom had none.

At this point in his narrative I interrupted Tom. "Where is that nurse-maid now?" I asked.

Tom grinned. "Married," he said. "No children. Worthless husband. Lives in a little house on the edge of the village. Takes in washing. You know her."

"Mary MacLandrey!" I cried.

"Oh!" said Eve. I did not in the least know why; neither did she, as it turned out. She merely wished to pigeon-hole that bit of information.

"Mary MacLandrey," Tom repeated. "I shan't dare to meet her, after this." And he grinned again.

Then he went on. He used rather to count on meeting Cecily on his way to school, and, again, on his way from school at noon, when he usually stopped to play with her. He made no parade of these meetings with Cecily, because he was a boy of eight, and he was afraid of what the other boys might say if they knew that he liked to play with a baby. What difference did his age make? Are n't we always afraid of what the other boys may say? Do we ever outgrow that fear?

Tom probably would have taken no trouble at all to conceal his meetings with the baby if it had not been for Mary MacLandrey — whatever was her name at that time. The full shame of it did not strike him until some five years later, when Cecily was six and he was thirteen. Boys of thirteen have no business to like to play with little girls, and their mates have names for those who do. Those names are not pleasant to hear when

shouted out in chorus. That they are apt to be applied in that manner, everybody knows — or, at least, so Tom thought, which amounted to the same thing, so far as he was concerned. So, although he still liked Cecily immensely, his meetings with her were, at this time, truly clandestine on his part. There was nothing clandestine on Cecily's part. She was much too young, and she always despised anything of that kind, anyway.

"Why," said Tom, "I remember how hurt she was when I suddenly put her down, one day, and took to my heels because I thought that I heard some of the other boys. She would scarcely speak to me when I saw her the next time. But it was Mary's fault. She was always on the lookout for me. 'Run, now, Tommy,' she said, in a whisper that was enough to make any man feel that his motives were unworthy and would not bear the light of day. 'Run, now. I hear Dick and Johnny Cantrell coming.' So I ran. Is it to be wondered at?"

But Cecily must have got over her resentment on that occasion and many another. She wrote regularly to Tom when he was away at school, and he wrote to her — pretty regularly, for a boy at school. Funny little letters they must have been at first, and for a long time after. The correspondence continued until Tom took his degree. It would have continued longer, but that Tom came home then, and made writing unnecessary.

He found Cecily a tall girl of sixteen, just blossoming, and he became devoted to her, as was to be expected. At least, Cecily seemed to expect it, and Tom had not the slightest inclination to disappoint her.

Up to the time when Tom finished college, there was no fault that could reasonably have been found with him. He might have worked harder, to be sure; but, as he said, what for? There was no answer. He had got his degree, creditably enough. The trouble was that he seemed to feel that his work was done,

and that thereafter, forever, he had nothing to do but play. Why should he work? He had money enough.

Now that is a matter that I touch upon somewhat reluctantly. It is a delicate question whether a man is under any obligation to work unless he has to or wants to. I might offer, in my own defense, the fact that I taught in a school for some years before deciding to have no regular occupation. I got very little gratitude for it — and not much else. No. I shall contribute nothing to the discussion of that question.

Cecily had no such hesitation. As time went by and Tom made no move, she began to prod him, to his intense surprise. He had supposed that his attitude was well understood — and approved. It must have been during an interval of forgetfulness, on Cecily's part, that they became engaged; either she was thoughtless or she was guilty of shameless duplicity, intending to get a better hold on him in order to reform him. I should not suspect her of duplicity. It may have happened about the time that her father died.

Cecily's father was never a rich man. He was comfortably off, and he gave Cecily the best that was to be had of everything, even to masters in music and painting such as many a richer man would have felt unable to afford. She had qualified in portrait-painting by the time she was eighteen or nineteen. She seemed to have a positive genius for it. She drew a portrait of me in five minutes one afternoon, and then Eve stole it. Eve did not even let me see it; she said it was too good.

Cecily laughed. "You shall have one, too," she said to me, with a roguish glance; "but not of yourself. It might make you vain."

And thereupon she drew, in another five minutes, a portrait of Eve. I showed it to Eve, keeping a firm hold upon it.

"You need not hold on to it so tightly," said Eve, smiling at me. "I would not take anything away that gives you

pleasure. Do you think it is good?" she added.

Good! That portrait hangs, framed, in my study. It is as nearly perfect as anything of the kind can be. No mere pencil drawing can do Eve justice. She needs color. But for a pencil sketch, done in five minutes, it is perfect. Yes, Cecily is a genius at portraits. And portrait painters are born, not made. There is reason in Cecily's contention for a career.

That developed genius of Cecily's may account, in some measure, for the fact that her father left almost nothing for his widow and his daughter besides the house they live in. At any rate, it indicates what manner of man he was, and why he left no more. "A free spender," old Judson called him; and a free spender he was, in ways that are worth while. Cecily's desire to fulfill her manifest destiny, as she put it, is easily accounted for. The consciousness of power and the pressure of necessity both urged her. There was no evident connection between the pressure of necessity and Tom Ellis. She could have been relieved of the one by marrying the other. She could have done that at any minute. He urged her to take that step; he urged her so often that she tired of hearing.

"Tom, Tom," she said impatiently, but smiling, too, "still harping on my daughter? You know I won't. If you'd do something, — or only try, — I might consider it. But, now, — I can't."

"Why should I do something?" Tom returned. "I take it that you mean something in the way of a business or a profession. I don't need to, and I don't see why I should. I find a plenty to do. There will be more as I get older."

"As you like," said Cecily.

There it rested for a time. Tom was obstinate, — he preferred to call it determined, — and Cecily was no less so. But there was nothing mean about Tom, and he was quite ready and willing to support Cecily's mother, if they would only let him. Mrs. Snow would have been willing enough, for she was fond of

Tom; but she had very little to say about it. The idea did not commend itself to Cecily.

II

That state of affairs, manifestly, could not continue forever. It had already continued longer than Tom thought wise, and he made up his mind to settle it. He went into the Snows' last night for that purpose. It was early, and Mrs. Snow and Cecily were sitting on the piazza, watching the western sky. The red was just fading out of it. Mrs. Snow smiled as Tom came up the steps.

"Good-evening, Tom," she said. "I suppose it must be about time for old ladies to go in. But I don't want to go quite yet."

"Don't," said Tom. "Stay and lend me your moral support — and whatever influence you have with this young person. I shall need it. But," he added, smiling, "I don't believe that anybody really has any influence with her."

Cecily laughed. "How absurd, Tom!"

Tom deliberately placed a chair near her and threw himself into it, stretching his long legs. "Cecily," he began slowly, "I've come to ask a favor. I did n't mention it last night because — well, for good reasons. The night before last, I had not thought of it."

"Very remiss on your part. You know, Tom," Cecily said sweetly, "that I will do anything, in reason, for you."

"Marry me," said Tom, as though he were proposing no more than an ice-cream. "We'll run away, to-morrow, and we won't tell your mother anything about it."

Mrs. Snow chuckled. She seemed much amused.

Cecily laughed again. "O Tom, you are so deliciously absurd, I almost could."

"I promise to be blind and deaf," her mother said.

"You need n't be, mother dear," said Cecily.

"Come on, Cecily," Tom urged. "Let's."

Cecily shook her head slowly. The red was gone from the west, and he could hardly see her face.

"Oh, no, not really, Tom, dear," she said, sighing gently. "I said anything in reason. That is not in reason. You lack ideas, Tom."

"Yes," he answered softly, "I know I do. I have but one idea."

"I wish I could, Tom. I wish I could," Cecily cried, impulsively reaching over to lay her hand on his arm. "You are so good!"

Tom made no move to imprison the hand — which she may have expected or she may not. "Not good enough, it seems," he said. "Well, — why not, Cecily? When will you?"

"Run away with you, Tom?" she asked calmly. "Why, never." She had withdrawn her hand.

"Marry me," said Tom, as calmly as she had spoken. "If you don't want to run away with me, have a big wedding, if you like — church, bridesmaids, and all the trimmings. I will even agree to give a dinner the night before, although I hate them."

"Never that, either," Cecily replied wearily.

"Any way you like, Cecily," said Tom desperately, leaning towards her. "I only want you."

"Tom, dear," said Cecily, then, "I — don't — know. I really don't. I'm afraid — afraid that I don't care enough."

"Don't care enough!" Tom cried. He had not thought of that. "Then I suppose there is no more to be said."

"Oh! Cecily!" said her mother reproachfully.

"I'm only afraid," added Cecily in some haste, "that I don't care enough to overcome my objections."

"State your objections," said Tom, in deep dejection. "What are they — the same old things?" He looked up, but he could not see her face. He did not need to. "Objections overruled," he said decidedly.

Cecily laughed nervously. She recovered herself.

"Oh, I did n't mean to laugh. They are the same old things, Tom," she said softly. "The same old things. Probably neither would be fatal, by itself. But if you'd only *do* something! It seems to me —" Tom grunted impatiently. "Well, then, there is my painting. It is n't only that I love it. You may think me terribly conceited, but I don't think I am. I *can* do portraits." Cecily spoke appealingly.

"Of course you can," Tom agreed. "Have n't you done several speaking likenesses of yours truly? It would n't be right for you to give it up. Cheat future generations out of their birthright of family portraits? Never!"

Cecily gave a short little laugh. "There!" she said, triumphantly. "There!"

Tom gave up his bantering. "But, Cecily," he urged, "I never had the slightest idea of interfering with your painting. You should go on with it just the same — just the same. I should think you would do better. You would be free from any possible anxiety. And I hope that you would be happier — a little. I would do my best."

Cecily sighed. "I know you would, Tom."

Tom turned to her mother. "Can't you help me?"

"Cecily, dear," she said, "Tom is right. You would be throwing away your happiness for nothing. You would get restless and impatient and discontented — perhaps without knowing why — and your work would suffer. I know, dear."

Cecily did not reply immediately. "I can't agree with you, mother," she said at last, quietly. "I wish I could."

"I am considerably older than you, Cecily, dear." They knew that Mrs. Snow was smiling, although they could not see her face. "Long before you are as old as I am, you will agree with me. And you will be sorry — and so shall I, dear."

It is a pity that experience cannot be inherited. Cecily made no reply.

"Cecily," Tom said, grinning, — if it had been light enough for Cecily to see that grin, — but it was not, — "Cecily, I have a business proposition to make. I will purchase your portraits of me. And I will adopt a profession."

"Oh, will you?" There was no mistaking the joy in Cecily's voice. Tom instantly regretted his joke, but he carried it through.

"I will become your model," Tom continued. "It is a very worthy profession. How many portraits of me have you — in stock, if I may use the term?"

Cecily laughed in spite of herself. She is very ready with her laugh.

"Proposition turned down," she said. "There are about two dozen portraits, some of them life-size. At the market prices, it would bankrupt you, Tom."

Cecily used to paint Tom whenever she had nothing else to do. That was pretty often.

"Oh, I guess not," replied Tom easily. "Call it a bargain, Cecily."

She shook her head; then she remembered that Tom could not see her. "It was n't nice to make a joke about the profession," said Cecily, on the verge of tears.

"I know," returned Tom contritely, "and I ought not to have done it. But there is Adam. He has no occupation, but he finds enough to do. I never heard you find any fault with him."

"Oh, Adam!" said Cecily. "Adam is an exception."

Now, that was out of the kindness of Cecily's heart that she called me an exception. She does not really think it. But there you are. I know what people think — or what they think they think. I prefer not to state it. And I don't care. I do work, after a fashion, and I have my time all planned out. But I have not taken my neighbors into my confidence, and I am looked upon, I have no doubt, as a horrible example of a lazy man who has married money. When I suggested that view of the matter to Eve, she was quite indignant. She would have delivered a

lecture to the villagers, if I had been willing, and therein she would have related, perhaps with sundry embellishments, the only true story of — that is, our story. I am not ready for that.

But I don't care what they think of me. I have had my time all planned out for some while. It will be pretty thoroughly occupied with teaching my son and seeing that he has enough Latin and Greek. Now that those studies have gone out of fashion with the colleges, there is nobody to see that a boy gets enough of them unless his father sees to it. There is nothing to take their place; nothing else that will do, for a boy, just what they did. Modern methods! I snap my fingers at modern methods. I have seen enough of the results of so-called modern methods in my own teaching. There are no results. There — But let us come back to Cecily.

Cecily sighed.

"There is n't any use in our arguing this over and over, Tom. I'm worn out with it. Our engagement will have to end."

"When?" asked Tom, soberly.

"Now, Tom," answered Cecily. "It has ended." She had been struggling with her finger. "Here's the ring. I'm going in. I'm tired."

"Thanks," said Tom. "Now, I wonder if I can hit Adam's house with it."

He might have known he could n't. It is a long throw from the Snows' house to mine, even for a crack thrower, such as Tom Ellis was a few years ago. But he tried it.

"Oh!" cried Cecily.

"Good-night," said Tom quietly. "I will go, of course. Good-night, Mrs. Snow."

So Tom was gone; and Cecily went in, feeling very much alone. Nobody was on her side, but everybody was against her. And, thinking that, she went to her own room and cried. What for? She had had her own way. That is nothing to cry about.

III

"Adam," said Eve to me, the next morning, "I'm worried about Tom."

I was doing nothing, of course — hoeing corn. If any one thinks that is doing nothing, just let him try it. I had already gathered our day's harvest, and my son had run out with each separate ear, and then run back for another. The stalks were taller than my head, and much too close for the wheel-hoe. I cannot use it after my corn gets above my waist. So I was using the hand-hoe — hoeing in the old-fashioned, back-breaking fashion. I straightened up, with a sigh.

"What's that, Eve?" I asked. "Oh, Tom. What's the matter with him?"

Eve had come into the corn, stepping daintily. "Is n't it nice in here, Adam?" she said. "Nobody can possibly see us. Kiss me — but don't touch me," she added hastily. "Your hands are too dirty."

They were. I had pulled out an occasional weed with my fingers, digging in the earth for it. The roots of this dog-grass — but I laughed and put my hands behind me, and bent over her, and kissed the sweet upturned mouth. There was a cry from the end of the row, and our son came running in between the hills.

"I want," he cried, holding up his arms.

"And you shall have it, little sweetheart," said Eve. She folded him in her arms, regardless of his hands, which were almost as dirty as mine.

"What is it about Tom?" I asked.

She rose, keeping her hold on her son's hand. "He seemed so downhearted," she said. "And, now, I am sure he has gone to the wharf, and — and I want you to see that he — is all right, Adam. There's a dear."

"Afraid he will drown himself?" I asked, smiling at her.

"Not really afraid," Eve answered, laughing a little; "but — you go down there, Adam. Will you — just to oblige me? I shall feel easier."

I laughed, and dropped my hoe, and went in to wash my grubby hands. I had

no fear that Tom would drown himself, or even try to. He would have a hard time doing it, for Tom is a splendid swimmer, and I have yet to see the swimmer who is able to drown himself. His instincts are sure to get the better of his intentions. It was most likely that Tom's perfectly innocent intention was merely to go out for a lonely sail. The water had been like glass all the morning, up to an hour before, and there was very little wind, even now; but it seemed the most reasonable explanation.

"Come, son," I said, holding out my hand. "Want to go down to the wharf?"

"Oh, yes," he cried. "I do." And he took my hand and we said good-by to Eve and set off together.

We saw Tom, when we were near enough, sitting upon the string-piece of the wharf — our only wharf — and gazing out over the water. Eve would have been reassured at the sight. And, as his gaze fell upon his boat, lying at her mooring out upon that quiet water, her sails unfurled, waiting for him, he seemed to settle himself only the more firmly against the pile at his back. I knew just how that pile felt; many a time I had sat upon the string-piece, with my back against that very pile. On such a day as this, it would feel hot against my back, but it would be some comfort to me, and I would drowse and dream, with the quiet harbor before me. It is a peaceful place, with no marks of progress upon it. The world might be standing still for all that harbor and that wharf show. But what do we care for progress? Out upon it!

He looked up as we approached, and nodded and said nothing. I said nothing, either, but I sat beside him, and my son between us, with my arm around him. And the little harbor seemed filled with peace, too, with the few boats that were left in it lying at their moorings, their cables slack. My son, after a brief greeting to Tom, had been overcome by the drowsiness of the place, and he slept. It was no wonder. I might have gone to sleep myself, but for the necessity of keep-

ing him from falling into the water. Some ancient windmills on the farther shore turned lazily in the gentle southwest wind, protesting as they turned. I could hear their groans as I sat there. Harbor and country shimmered in sunshine; and I found myself dozing and on the point of falling off. I roused myself.

We sat there for a long time, steeping ourselves in sunshine. Time was nothing to us.

"There she comes," Tom remarked.

I cast a glance down toward the bay and saw a sail sauntering into the harbor.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Alice Carbonnel," said Tom.

"Oh," said I. It was not a complete answer to my question. But Tom is not to blame for that, for we did not know any more of Alice Carbonnel than her name, although it was not our fault that we did not. She had come sailing in one day, out of a clear sky, so to speak. Nobody knew where she came from, or why she had come — or when she would go, or whither. She was a mystery; and we — and by we I mean the village — were curious about her accordingly. Old women, young women, girls, and men gossiped freely. Even Eve and I have wondered, mildly. But it is all to no purpose; and, although both Eve and I have met Miss Carbonnel — so has Tom, it seems — we know no more about her than about the Sphinx. She is a tall girl, statuesque and beautiful, of a calm demeanor and of few words — your statues never did talk much — and a mystery. That may account for Tom's behavior and for mine.

The sloop came on swiftly, in spite of the lightness of the wind, with Alice Carbonnel at the wheel. As she approached her mooring, the girl stood up, tall and more like a statue than ever, and as calm as the calmest of old skippers; and there is nothing calmer. She gave some quiet order — we could almost hear it — and her two sailors quickly took in jib and staysail and had them stowed in a jiffy. She made her mooring deftly.

Soon there was a boat with Miss Carbonnel in the stern of it and a sailor rowing. They made a landing hard by where we were sitting and Tom jumped to his feet, quickly, to hand her ashore. I would have done it, but that my son was lying within my arm. Indeed, I must have started to get up, for, the first thing that I knew, my sleeping son slipped over the string-piece and plumped into the harbor. I had just time to hear a little cry from Miss Carbonnel before I hit the water, too.

I overtook my son before he had done going down. He was under water less than ten seconds; but it is a little of a shock for a sleeping youngster to be wakened by a plunge into the harbor. He held his breath instinctively, while under water; as soon as his head was clear of the surface he yelled lustily. I tried to divert him.

"See, son," I said, laughing; "we're all wet. What do you suppose mother 'll say?"

He stopped crying and began to laugh at the absurdity of it. "Yes, we're a' wet, are n't we?" He called delightedly to Tom. "We're a' wet. See! What will ya say?"

Tom was laughing — very naturally for a man who was supposed to be in the depths because of a disappointment in love. How deep does it go? "I should say so, youngster. You'd better get out. See if you can swim to me."

So my son struck out, bravely, — I have taught him the motions of swimming, but he is not able to keep himself afloat, yet, — while I, swimming almost on my back, held up his chin, and incidentally kept a hand on the slack of his little breeches. Miss Carbonnel, seeming more human and less like a statue than she had, wore an anxious look until he was safe in Tom's grasp. Tom drew him up on the float, holding him at arm's length. He seemed to be afraid that my son would shake himself, dog-like. I got myself ashore as gracefully as I could, and there we stood, dripping.

Alice Carbonnel, with not even a glance at me, stooped her tall body — more gracefully than I had supposed possible — and put her two hands under my son's arms.

"But, Miss Carbonnel," I said hastily, "he is as wet as he can be. Your dress —"

"It is no matter," she said, not glancing up, even then. "Water will not hurt it. Little dear," she said to my son, with a smile that illumined her face, — this beautiful statue had a soul, it seemed, — "little dear, you had a swim for it, did n't you?" She gave him a gentle shake which brought the water out in a shower. Her hands were running rivers.

My son was hanging back a little, half afraid, but half smiling, too, and looking at her with his head a little down, as children will. "Yes," he said; then he changed, suddenly. "I like you," he murmured.

Tom was grinning like any idiot.

"Do you, dear?" laughed Alice Carbonnel. "Well, I'm glad, for I like you, too. And I liked you first. Now you must go home and get on some dry clothes, and, pretty soon, I will come to see how you are. May I?" she asked, looking up at me. It was the first glance she had vouchsafed me. Her calm, even manner of speaking had returned, instantly, and even the smile was gone from her eyes.

"Eve will be much pleased," I said; "and I think my son will be pleased, too."

She turned to him, again. "I will come pretty soon. Will you give me a kiss?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a' wet. But I don't care," he added. He was willing to waive the matter; my son has a liberal spirit.

Not to indulge in half-way measures, he put both his arms about Miss Carbonnel's neck and kissed her. As was to be expected, her dress was soaked. I hastened to apologize.

Miss Carbonnel was laughing. "It is no matter," she said. "It was worth it, don't you think?"

It was not every one who would have been so indulgent. I went and picked up my hat and coat, which lay where I had shed them. "Come, son," I said; and, bidding good-by to Miss Carbonnel, we started for home. I would not say a word to Tom. I was ashamed of Tom. No one would have imagined, from his appearance, that he was supposed to be cast down. He was acting as if Alice Carbonnel were the only woman. Idiot!

IV

We were partly dry by the time we got home, but not attractive figures. Eve did not chide me — or it was of the mildest.

"Oh, Adam, Adam!" she cried. "What a father you are!"

She heard my tale while she was removing our son's wet clothes. She rubbed him briskly with a towel, and had him dressed again before I had my own wet things off.

"Oh, Adam, Adam!" she said again. "I shall have to go with you both, the next time." She was half-way downstairs. "Where is Tom?" she asked.

"Tom is salving a wounded heart," I called in answer. "He will not drown himself. I left him with Alice Carbonnel. He appeared to be content enough."

"Hush, Adam," said Eve, running upstairs again. "Cecily is downstairs."

"Oh, thunder!" I exclaimed. "Why did n't you tell me?" I had put my foot in it, now. I am continually doing that. Who would have thought that Cecily would be downstairs?

I did not hurry down, but there was no escape for me. I found Cecily there. There was a suspicious redness about her eyes, and the corners of her mouth drooped pathetically. But she smiled brightly at me.

"I waited for you, Adam," she said. "I wished to relieve your mind. I suppose — in fact, I know — that Tom has told you our engagement is broken. I broke it. If he can console himself by being with Miss Carbonnel I am glad.

There is no reason why you should n't have said that — about leaving him with her — to me, but I know, very well, that you would n't."

She laughed, and I would have said something, but, for the life of me, I could n't think of anything to say. Commonplaces would have sounded silly.

Cecily saw my predicament and laughed again. "I am laughing at you, Adam," she said. "You want to say something comforting and appropriate, and can't think of the right thing. I'll forgive you if you will be properly sorry that I am going away."

"Going away, Cecily!" I exclaimed. "I promise to be as sorry as you can wish. When? Where are you going? And what for?"

"To-morrow. To New York. To make a beginning," answered Cecily. "I've been crying my eyes out about it. I don't want to go, but I shall never want to any more than I do now. I may as well make the break right now. I came in to say good-by and to ask Eve to use her influence. I can't afford to be proud."

"Eve will use her influence fast enough. I wish I had some to use. It would be something to be proud of when you are famous."

"If you would n't mind waiting," said Cecily. She drooped a little when she said good-by, but she did not cry. Eve proposed seeing her off, but she said that she would prefer that we did n't. It only made it worse to leave your friends behind — visibly.

"Well," I remarked, when she had gone, "that seems rather sudden."

"Poor Cecily!" said Eve. She said no more for some minutes. "I have no patience with Tom," she added. "The idea!"

"Would you have him moping?" I asked.

Eve looked at me, considering. "Why, yes," she replied; "at least, for a few days. It would n't have hurt him."

"It is rather a quick recovery," I acknowledged.

"It is n't decent," said Eve, with some heat. "I should n't have thought it of Tom."

"N-o," I returned; "still, there is something to be said for Tom. Miss Carbonnel is a very beautiful girl — and a very attractive one."

Eve gave me a quick glance. "You found her so?" she asked.

"You would have found her so if you had seen how she took to your son," I answered somewhat hurriedly. "And he took to her — with both arms."

Eve laughed. "After he fell overboard?"

"After he fell overboard. She would have nothing to do with us before. He got her pretty wet."

"I am ready to love her for that. It was not her fault that Tom —"

"It was not," I said. "Then she asked if she might come in to see how he did after his bath, and I said that you would be glad to have her."

"You told the truth, Adam," said Eve, smiling at me. "You always tell the truth. I brag of it."

"Thank you," said I. "I can admire beauty — I do admire it — whether it is my wife's or another's. Miss Carbonnel may be here at any time, now."

For I saw Tom Ellis just coming in at the gate, and I put two and two — or one and one — together.

Eve's greeting to Tom was a little chilly. Tom perceived that fact — he is no fool — and smiled a smile of amusement.

"Am I out of favor?" said Tom. "Then I will withdraw to more congenial companionship."

"Miss Carbonnel's?" asked Eve.

"The kiddies," answered Tom, laughing. "Where are they?"

Eve melted at once. "Tom," she said, "I'm as provoked with you as I can be; but it is impossible to stay angry with you."

"I'm glad of that," returned Tom simply.

"I'll send the children out," Eve continued. "Do you want them both?"

"I want all you've got," said Tom. "I need 'em."

"Bless your heart," said Eve; and she went in to find our son and our daughter. She even carried her daughter to the pine and set her down on the needles beside Tom.

"There!" she said.

"Thank you," said Tom; and they began to play in the needles, very well content, apparently, Tom and my son and my daughter. I heard the laughter of all three as Eve came back to me.

Eve heard it too, and smiled at it. "Is n't Tom dear, Adam?" she whispered. "Who would suppose that he would want to play with our babies, now? But I have my ideas about him," she added. "He is not so simple as he seems."

"You should know," I answered. "You have known him as long as I have — and better. I have my ideas about him, too." Our gate clicked and I looked up. "Here is Miss Carbonnel."

Miss Carbonnel came in, looking more like a statue than ever; a very lovely statue, with a half smile on her face as she met Eve, and a look in her eyes that would have been wistful if she had been anybody else, — as if she were not sure of her welcome, — and an incipient dimple in her chin. It would hardly do for Alice Carbonnel to have full-blown dimples. If it would have been the thing to have dimples, she would have had them — naturally; none of your made-to-order dimples. She was as perfect, in her way, as Eve was in hers. I cannot say more. And it was a very good way, too.

Eve almost stared at her — not quite. Trust Eve for that. But she had never had a good look at her, near to, before. We had met Miss Carbonnel at one of those solemn functions, which are my particular detestation, where you cannot move about the rooms without actually elbowing your way, where you are lucky if you get a glimpse of the person to whom you are presented before you are shoved ahead by the other persons who wish to be presented — or who are supposed to

wish it. I always escape from such functions as soon as possible, and Eve usually escapes with me. Eve is very good.

I did not wish to seem backward in greeting Miss Carbonnel, and I did not wish to seem in too much haste, either, — for various reasons; so I strolled up, some way behind Eve, and, when I had mentioned our joy at seeing her — and one or two other things — I excused myself. Miss Carbonnel bowed her head graciously, but neither she nor Eve seemed to think it a matter of the slightest consequence whether I went or stayed. I went; and, as I turned to go, I heard Miss Carbonnel asking after our son.

Eve laughed. "Pukkie?" she said. Pukkie, I may mention, is not the boy's name, but it is what he is called by every one who knows him well. It was a mark of great favor, on Eve's part, that she had called him that to Miss Carbonnel. "Pukkie? He is behind that pine with Tidda. Shall we go down there?" I thought that I knew why she laughed. Her reasons were complex, but, in the end, she was laughing at herself.

"And who is Tidda?" asked Miss Carbonnel, starting off with Eve. "Your maid, perhaps?"

"Tidda is Pukkie's sister," Eve replied. "She is very young."

"Oh!" cried Miss Carbonnel, in surprise — in pleased surprise, I thought. "A baby?" She hurried a little — just the least little bit.

I went off to my garden and hoed corn violently. I had not intended to hoe corn again that day. I had my corn to myself — until Miss Carbonnel went. Tom went with her.

Then Eve came into the corn. "Adam," she said, "I think your Miss Carbonnel is lovely. You have my permission to admire her as much as you like."

"Thank you," said I. "But she is not my Miss Carbonnel. What happened at the pine?"

"It was what did n't happen that made it so interesting," replied Eve. "I can't

tell you. You should have been there to see." I had been dying to be there, but I had made it impossible. I had no one but myself to blame. "Now," Eve went on, "I am going over to father's, to get some letters for Cecily. She does n't know it. Will you come?"

So we went down the steep path at the side of the bluff, and along the shore, hand in hand, until we came to my clam beds; then up, through the greenery, to the great house on the hill, with its piazzas covered with costly rugs, with its wooden men in many buttons at every turn; with the quiet, simple, taciturn owner of all that luxury — Old Goodwin, Eve's father. He listened and smiled.

"That's too bad," he said. "Cecily Snow?" And he went in to write the letters.

The next morning I was up early. While I was getting into my clothes I chanced to look out of a front window, and there I saw Cecily. She was on the lawn in front of the house, and she seemed to be searching for something in the grass. It had not been cropped for some days, and the dew lay heavy upon it. I called to Eve.

Eve was already dressed. She gave one look out of the window. "Oh," she cried; and she ran downstairs, and I heard the front door open.

"What is it, Cecily?" she asked. "Have you lost something?"

Cecily seemed surprised. "Oh!" she said. "I thought — I did n't suppose you would be up so early."

"Have you lost something?" asked Eve again. "Let me help you look for it. Why, the grass is soaking, Cecily. Your feet must be sopping wet. Wait until I get some rubbers. But what is it that you are looking for?"

"Nothing," Cecily answered, with a queer little smile; "nothing much. I thought I might find — but it is n't of any consequence. Don't bother about it."

And Eve, who can see as far through a hole in a millstone as anybody, did not

bother; she did not even smile. Cecily was going out.

"Wait a minute, Cecily," said Eve. "I've got something for you. Perhaps you would rather take them with you than to have me bring them." And she went to get the letters. Then she explained to Cecily what they were.

"Thank you, Eve," said Cecily, looking down. "You are very good to me — you and Adam. Will you say good-by, again, to Adam, for me?" She stepped forward, to kiss Eve, and raised her eyes. They were swimming in tears. And she turned, hastily, and went out.

V

So Cecily was gone. I could not think of her without some pity, although she probably would not have wanted my pity. She was a brave girl, making the plunge all alone, that way, in a great city, and taking her fate in her hands. If it had been Tom, now — but my feelings toward Tom were much mixed, I found.

Tom was becoming no better than a spaniel to follow Miss Carbonnel about, or a pet dog of some more quiet kind; for he followed almost too closely at heel for your real spaniel. I had no means of judging how she liked it. Miss Carbonnel came in again a few days after Cecily's going. She and Eve seem likely to become quite intimate; for Eve likes her, so far as I can tell, and, judging from her behavior, she likes Eve tolerably well. But everybody likes Eve — tolerably well.

Miss Carbonnel came in, as I have said, a few days after Cecily had gone away. She dropped in, as it were, casually; although I am reasonably sure that her dropping in was carefully planned. When Tom came wandering in, just five minutes later, I thought I saw the shadow of a smile flicker across her face. Whether the smile, if it had been born, would have been one of amusement at his curious behavior, or one of annoyance, or would have been some index of her pleasure, I

could not determine. It might very well have been any one of them.

Tom strolled down to the pine, unconcernedly, — for it was at the pine that we were sitting, of course.

“Hello, you inhabitants of the Garden of Eden,” he said, smiling quietly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to come there. Which, indeed, it was — if it had not been for Miss Carbonnel. “Not cast out yet, I see.”

“We shall be,” I replied, “if you keep on in your evil courses.”

Tom turned and fixed me with his eye, and gave me a knowing glance; but what it was supposed to express I was at a loss to understand. I was no nearer to an understanding of what he would be at, than I had been before. He saw Miss Carbonnel when he turned, and seemed surprised.

“Oh,” he said, “good afternoon, Miss Carbonnel.”

“Oh,” said Miss Carbonnel, “good afternoon, Mr. Ellis.” She smiled, then. She did not say that Tom had been with her that morning — nearly the whole of it; she did not give a hint of it, in any way. But I happened to know that he had. I regarded her behavior as suspicious.

“Hypocrite!” I cried. Tom took no notice of me.

My daughter cried out to him from her usual seat upon the pine needles. Her attention, up to the time of Tom’s coming, had been devoted to Miss Carbonnel.

“Hello, Tidda,” said Tom, casting himself down beside her. “So Pukkie has basely deserted us.”

“Have n’t!” called Pukkie, from his seat beside Miss Carbonnel. “Have n’t ’serted.”

“Well, then,” urged Tom, “come on.”

Pukkie shook his head. “No,” he said. “Not now.” And Miss Carbonnel put her arm about him and Eve smiled.

“All right for you,” said Tom. “I won’t tell you what I’ve got in my pocket.”

My son did not seem to care what Tom

had in his pocket; and we sat there, Miss Carbonnel and Eve and Pukkie and I, saying little, and that little of no consequence; and Tom, not addressing a word to us, but engrossed in Tidda’s conversation and responding to her gurgles as if they made sense.

Presently Miss Carbonnel roused herself from a long silence, and rose. “I must go,” she said, with a little sigh.

“Wait a moment,” said Eve. And she sent our son to call the nurse-maid. “I hope you will come in again, soon. I should be glad if you would come often.”

“To-morrow?” asked Miss Carbonnel, with a doubtful little smile — the same smile that would have seemed wistful if it had belonged to anybody else.

“Yes,” Eve replied, “to-morrow. And as often as you will.”

“Thank you,” Miss Carbonnel said gratefully.

Then the nurse appeared. She was not a young woman. There was something familiar to Tom about her as he saw her come from the house. Suddenly, he sprang to his feet.

“Mary MacLandrey!” he cried. “I did n’t think it of you,” he said to Eve.

Eve only smiled at him. “Yes,” she said. “My nurse wanted a vacation. You recalled Mary, you remember. I have to thank you for it.”

“Yes,” said Tom, “I remember. No thanks required.”

Mary saw Tom and beamed upon him.

“How d’ye do, Mary,” said Tom.

“Very well, I thank you, Mr. Tom,” replied Mary, in a subdued voice, as was befitting. “I hope you’re the same. How is Miss Cecily?” she added, in a still lower voice. “I hear she’s gone away. How is she doing in New York, do you know, Mr. Tom?”

Tom shook his head. “I don’t know, Mary,” he answered. “I don’t know.”

Eve and Miss Carbonnel had gone on toward the gate. I had lingered to see what Tom would do. Now, he almost ran after them. Mary looked as if she had been struck by lightning.

"Well, I never!" she murmured at last. "Well, I never!"

Tom went out at the gate about fifty feet behind Miss Carbonnel and gaining fast.

"Like a pet dog," I said to Eve, as we went back to our seat, "who has inadvertently been left behind."

Eve laughed. She is very good about that. She does not mind if I use the same simile over and over.

In a few minutes, there were signs of activity on the great white sloop, which lay in the water like a rock; and a boat put off from her and came back with Miss Carbonnel — and Tom, of course. In another ten minutes, the sloop passed us. Miss Carbonnel was steering and Tom was leaning back, looking up at the main-sail, which was as flat as a board. I was prepared to wave to them; but they did not look up. They sailed out together before our eyes. Mary had gone, with the children.

"A pretty boat," I remarked. "A very beautiful boat. But I notice that Miss Carbonnel has not asked me out in her."

"She had better not ask you," retorted Eve.

"It is a pity that Mary did not wait," I said. And Eve laughed again, and the sloop passed on and was hidden behind the point.

Tom has a boat, as I think I have mentioned; a very pretty boat, too, but not so large as Miss Carbonnel's. One man can manage Tom's boat handily. She has not stirred from her mooring since that day when we sat on the string-piece of the wharf and watched Alice Carbonnel, and my son fell overboard. Tom has been out almost every day, but not in his boat. She lies at her mooring, gathering weeds. She seems likely to lie at her mooring, gathering weeds, for the rest of the season; until long green streamers hang from her keel. When the season is over, I suppose Alice Carbonnel will disappear as mysteriously as she came. I do not know. And it struck

me as queer that neither Tom nor Miss Carbonnel said anything, so far as I could perceive.

VI

Tom was still looking up at the main-sail as the sloop passed out of sight beyond the point, and Miss Carbonnel steered. At least, she kept her hand upon the wheel, which she moved a little, unconsciously, as the boat seemed to need it; but, all the time, she looked out ahead, with a little half-smile upon her lips, and seemed to be thinking of something else. Her thoughts must have been pleasant ones. She said nothing at all until they were well out of the harbor. Then the half-smile became a whole one, and she turned and gave Tom an amused and kindly look.

"Mr. Ellis," she said.

Tom started and came down from the great sail with a thump. "Yours truly," he returned soberly.

"Mr. Ellis," Miss Carbonnel began, again, still smiling, "do you think it is quite — quite nice —" she laughed openly — "to be following after me as if you were attached to me —"

Tom looked surprised. "I am," he said simply. "Have you forgotten?"

Miss Carbonnel had some right to feel annoyed, one would think. She did not seem annoyed — only amused. "No, I have not forgotten," she replied. "I had not finished. I was about to say — as if you were attached to me by a string."

"Oh," said Tom.

"Yes," said Miss Carbonnel. "As if you were my pet dog," she added severely.

"Seems nice to me," Tom replied, clasping his hands behind his head and once more looking up at the sail above him. "Seems nice to me," he repeated. "I don't find it so bad to be your pet dog — your pet anything." He looked critically at the mainsail. "That sail sets well — or should I say that it sits well? I don't know."

"Oh," exclaimed Alice Carbonnel,

with a quick motion of impatience, "you always were incorrigible — and you have n't got over it. Yes, that sail is well cut and so are the others. My sailmaker attends to that. And the boat is a very good boat, — a beauty, if you prefer, — and I have two men in the crew and no skipper but myself, and it is a beautiful day and I like your friends — very much. There! Now, I have answered all the small talk that I believe you capable of."

Tom laughed. "Crushed!" he cried. "You are n't engaged, Alice?"

She did not appear to resent the use of her name. "I am not engaged," she answered. "Do you find that strange?"

"No," he said. "It must be of your own choice."

"It is. Is there anything else?"

"Yes," said Tom. "Why did you come here, Alice? I have been curious to know, and everybody wonders."

"I came," she answered, speaking slowly, "to see — But I will not tell you — yet. It was not to see you."

"Oh," said Tom.

"No," said Alice Carbonnel, "it was not to see you. If you thought that it was, you flattered yourself."

"Oh," said Tom, again. "Well, everybody wonders. I suppose you don't care."

"Up to a certain point," returned Miss Carbonnel, "I do not care. It is not important what people say. Beyond that point, I do care. That brings us back to what I started to say to you. We are dangerously near that point."

"Well?"

"Well," she said, smiling, "if you insist upon following me about, — as if I had you on a leash, — people will be gossiping unbearably, even for me."

"People are gossiping about us now," observed Tom calmly, "Almost everybody is. I should n't wonder if Adam and Eve were talking us over at this moment."

"I hope not," she said, in a low voice, looking away. "I hope not. That is the point at which I should like to have it stopped."

"And that is just the point," Tom remarked, "beyond which I should like to have it go on. I *want* to be your pet. Please let me be your pet."

Alice Carbonnel laughed. She could not have helped it. "You absurd boy!" she said. "Tell me why you want it, and perhaps you may be."

"I'll bargain with you, Alice," said Tom. "When you are ready to tell why you came here, I'll tell you why I want it."

"I might be able to guess it."

"No guessing allowed," said Tom. "No guessing in the game. I might be able to guess a thing or two."

Miss Carbonnel looked away and was silent for some time. "It's hurting me," she said at last. "It's hurting me in ways that you can't know about."

"I'll take care that the hurt is not permanent," Tom replied quietly. "I will take all the blame — in plenty of time. It has n't hurt you in the way that you have in mind."

She looked at him sharply, as if to know what he meant by that. Then the look softened. "Well," she said, slowly. "Well, I agree to your bargain. I have your word. You were always a good boy, Tommy, and kept your promises."

"I have always meant to," Tom replied. "You have my word. I won't let it go too far. Remember, now, Alice," — Tom grinned as he spoke, — "you have me on a leash."

Alice Carbonnel smiled and gave a little sigh. "I'm not likely to be allowed to forget it. Now, we'll go back."

She turned the boat about and headed for the harbor.

If any one had even hinted to Cecily that there might have been episodes in Tom's life which she did not suspect, she would have been very indignant.

VII

One morning, Eve came to me with a letter in her hand.

"From Cecily," she cried, waving the

letter triumphantly. "If Tom comes in this morning, let me know. I want him to hear it — parts of it."

"But, Eve," said I, "do I have to wait until Tom comes in? Are n't you going to let me see it?"

"I thought you would n't mind waiting, Adam," said Eve. "I want you to hear it for the first time when Tom is here. You really don't care, you know!"

"Oh," said I.

"And Tom —" added Eve.

"Does?" I asked.

"He may," said Eve.

"Oh," said I, again; and I cast my eyes down toward our gate, and, at that moment, I saw Tom sauntering in, his hands in his pockets.

"I will wait, then, Eve," I said. "But do you want Miss Carbonnel to hear parts of Cecily's letter, too?"

"N-o," replied Eve, slowly, "although there would be no particular objection to it."

"Because here is Tom, now," I continued. "I would advise immediate action. Miss Carbonnel is to be expected at any time — in from five minutes to half an hour. They seem to hunt in couples."

Eve laughed, — I could not decide what it was that she laughed at, — and turned and greeted Tom.

"I was just about to read Adam a letter," she began shamelessly. "Perhaps you would n't mind. You might possibly be interested to hear some of it, too. It's from Cecily."

Tom gave her one of his slow smiles. Tom's smiles are very pleasant. They are an index to his nature — simple and honest and sweet-tempered. They make it hard not to love him, even if he does seem to be too easily reconciled; to be playing rather fast and loose with an attachment which should be fast and not loose at all. But I don't know why he should not be devoted to Miss Carbonnel. Cecily will have none of him.

"It is just possible that I might be in-

terested," said Tom, in a tone that left me guessing what he meant. "Do we sit in the usual place?"

Accordingly, we went to our usual seats by the pine. The harbor was spread out before us. I saw Alice Carbonnel's boat lying on the quiet water with no signs of life about her. Tom saw her, too. He looked away again, quickly, but he continued to be conscious of her, although his gaze fell at once upon the distant hills. The day's wind had just begun to blow, but it was no more than a gentle air, as yet, — a cool breath laden with the perfume of the salt sea, and it was in our faces as we sat there. It might be blowing great guns by the afternoon.

"The lights may now be lowered," said Tom; and Eve drew the letter from its envelope, the leaves fluttering gently in the soft air, as though the smell of the salt gave it life again. Cecily always responded to that.

Eve began to read to herself, quickly, with a low "m-m, m-m," until she should come to something that she thought would interest us. "This part would n't — oh, here," she cried. "Listen! 'I am pretty well settled, at last. I have a most gorgeous studio, well lighted and high and furnished in good taste, if I do say it, with a few really fine rugs and tapestries. Of course, I can't afford it, but I *must* have a fit place and fit surroundings for the royalties whose portraits I am going to paint. And the rugs and tapestries are hired — rented — whatever you call it — with the studio — all but one rug and one piece of tapestry, which I could n't resist. I shan't tell you what they cost — much more than I ought to have paid. And there are just two chairs of state, in one of which my waiting patron will sit while my subject — my victim — will sit in the other. Altogether, my studio is bare — very bare — but it is *good*. I am afraid I have put all my eggs in one basket, but it is a good basket.'

"Adam," said Eve then, looking up from her reading, "don't you suppose

Cecily would let us make her a present of some really good things that she would like? If we only knew what she would like! I'm afraid those chairs of state — but they may be good. Only she does n't say much about them."

Inodded; and Tom's attitude expressed a surreptitious interest.

Eve went on. "'I have been a little bothered about one thing, which still bothers me. I ought to have some examples of my work to show. Almost everything I have is of Tom, — certainly the best things. And some two dozen portraits of the same man, varied, as they are, in pose and size, are — well, they are not the *most desirable!*'" Tom laughed at that; I thought he would have winced. "'But I have done what I could with what I had. Nobody can do more than that.'"

Then Eve's voice suddenly subsided, and she skipped. I wondered what it was that she skipped. Probably Tom wondered, too. But I had the advantage of Tom. I could find out and he could n't.

Eve turned a leaf and began again. "'I have an apartment — a flat, to put it plainly — that is very good, for a flat. It is a long way from my studio, and it does not compare with my own home. But I shall come back soon' — I thought I saw Tom start — "'to bring mother on — if she wants to come. She says that she does — now. She finds it pretty lonely there. I hope she won't find it lonelier here. There is such a crowd here, every one bent upon his own business, with no time to give' — But this is not of interest to you two men," said Eve. "She finds it pretty lonely, I judge."

"Eve," I said, "you should go in and see Mrs. Snow."

"Why, Adam," she protested, "I do go. I was there yesterday" — she glanced at Tom in some amusement — "and I found —"

Tom interrupted her. "Let's hear some more," he said. "There's nothing, yet, about her work. What about orders?"

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Eve turned back to the letter. "She has presented all the letters father gave her. She had rather a hard time doing it, for almost everybody was out of town more than half the week, and, when they were in town, they did n't want to waste any of their precious time in seeing her. Father's letter usually settled it, though," Eve remarked, turning another leaf. "They are apt to. And she has one order — but there's no work to be done on it until the last of September. He's out of town now, and can't sit for her. She hopes to get others, later."

Eve skipped, in silence, until she came to the last page. "Oh," she said, "she has a telephone in her studio and says she means to call us up, as often as she can afford it, and get the news about us and the children and — and everybody," Eve finished, rather lamely. "We must call her up once a week. She says it is such a different thing actually to talk with your friends and hear a familiar voice — it is much more satisfactory than letter-writing."

"Has it beat a mile," observed Tom.

"And she gives her number," Eve continued. And then she read Cecily's number very carefully. She read it twice. I thought it rather strange. But Tom did not seem to be listening.

"May I join you?" said a low voice. There was Alice Carbonnel. She had come without announcement, — she had given that up, some time before, — and none of us had heard her come. Tom may have been aware of it. That may account for his apparent lack of attention. I had given Miss Carbonnel a half hour to get there. The time was scarcely up.

VIII

Cecily came home early in September. The word "home" slipped out unconsciously. I do not know why I should call it Cecily's home. She means, definitely, to live in New York, and she came down only to get her mother, and to try to dispose of their house here. She said so,

again and again, so that I was forced to take her seriously. If no other purchaser turns up, perhaps Old Goodwin will buy it. He is forever doing services of that kind for other people — quietly. The fact that they generally turn out well for himself makes them none the less services. When he has done that for Cecily — if he does it — she will have no home, so far as I can see. I cannot conceive of anybody's calling New York "home." The very word might well be lacking from the language if all places were like New York. It is one vast tenement.

I was rather shocked when I saw Cecily. She has always been the picture of health and well-being; not so tall as Alice Carbonnel, — about Eve's height, — but of a well-rounded figure, although not inclined to plumpness. Cecily was — well, she was just right. I cannot describe her any better. Now, after only five or six weeks in New York, she was thinner, almost on the road to gauntness. Her clothes hung upon her, and I thought that I saw dark shadows under her eyes. I ventured to suggest something of my thought — merely to hint at it.

Cecily smiled a cheerful, pitiful little smile. "I suppose I am not used to being cooped up in a great city in the hot weather," she said. "But I shall get used to it. It has been hot." She sighed. "Thank you, Adam, for caring enough about it to notice," she added.

Eve noticed, too, but she did not speak of it. Therein, I suppose, lies one of the differences between a man and a woman of equally good intentions. A man is but a clumsy creature, at the best.

We had been at the Snows' to welcome Cecily home; and another thing that I could not help noticing, although, of course, I did not hint at it, in any manner, was Tom's absence. Tom had always been there, before, loafing about as though the house was a second home to him. I cannot recall a single occasion when we had been there that Tom was not there before us. His presence would not have been so noticeable as his ab-

sence. It is to be supposed that that fact was sufficiently impressed upon Cecily without mention of it by me.

"Poor Cecily!" said Eve, as we sauntered home, the light of a young moon lying faintly white upon the road, and making a trail of silver out upon the harbor — we can catch glimpses of the harbor from the road. "Poor Cecily! I wish that we could do something to make her few days here particularly pleasant."

"Might have a clambake," I replied, with a short laugh. "I am ashamed to say, Eve, that it is the only thing I can think of." Clambakes have become rarer, with me, than they used to be. "At least, it is better than a picnic."

"Better for you, at any rate," said Eve, smiling, "and, at least, as good for the others. Well, let us have a clambake. We'll dig our own clams, too."

So on the second day thereafter, we were all assembled at my clam-beds, the whole crowd of us: Old Goodwin and Alice Carbonnel and Cecily and Tom and the rest, even down to the children and their nurse. It was low tide, of course, but there was no poetry in it, for the morning was half gone. Old Goodwin splashed about in his high boots, and Pukkie splashed about with his little breeches rolled up as far as they would go, and he got as muddy as even he could have wished. Old Goodwin and his grandson had famous times, together; better than I had, for I was intent only upon getting clams enough. Tom was intent upon clams, too. It would have been somewhat awkward for him to sit upon the bank between Cecily and Miss Carbonnel. And I noted, in the intervals between clams, that Cecily was looking out over the water and was saying nothing.

Clambakes are not as much fun as they are cracked up to be; not as much fun for the man who does the work. To be sure, Old Goodwin came over and helped, when the work was more than half done. His help is not to be despised, for he pitches into any work that he undertakes, of whatever kind, with all his might.

Tom did not help much. He is not greatly to be blamed. I should have had no heart in the work if I had had the problem before me of being properly attentive to two girls, both of whom were to be present. It was a problem requiring the nicest discrimination, on his part. If I had been in his shoes, I should probably have solved it as Tom did — or as it was solved for him.

Old Goodwin took matters into his own hands — possibly through ignorance of the true state of the case. He got Miss Carbonnel off at one end of the table, opposite himself, and he and she, being old hands at the business, disposed of a prodigious quantity of clams between them. I could not determine what part Miss Carbonnel had in it; but I have observed that your tall and stately girls can eat a good many clams, when they eat any. They kept Tom busy with bringing them their supplies, so that he had very little chance for a word with Cecily, and scarcely a chance to eat. Old Goodwin seemed to drop his habit of silence. He found a good deal to say to Alice Carbonnel and she to him. I could not help noting that, though I do not know what they talked about. They never happened to be saying anything when I was near. I saw plainly that Eve was surprised at it, too.

Cecily made a point of saying something nice to Tom before she went; she made too much of a point of it, perhaps. Eve made off, quickly; I was making off, likewise, as fast as I could. I heard Tom mumbling something, I did n't know what, and I don't believe he knew, either. Before I got away, Cecily called to me.

"Adam," she said, when I had come near, again, "I want to thank you and Eve for the rugs. They are beautiful, Adam, beautiful. I should n't dare accept such a present from any one else." There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "And the chairs, too. My poor old chairs of state! They were pretty decrepit and pitiful. I did n't dare say much about them. But now I am set up. I do thank you both, Adam, from my heart."

She turned away and wiped her eyes and smiled. Poor little girl! I followed Tom's example, and mumbled something, I did n't know what.

But Cecily was not done with her thanks. "You are so good to call me up once in a while! I value it. I know it is you because I can almost recognize your voice." She was thoughtful for a moment. "I suppose it is n't possible always to recognize a voice. I wish it were."

"Not always," I answered brazenly. "The last time Eve was in New York, she called me, and I did n't know who it was, at all. Now what do you think of that? But I will take pains to speak naturally, the next time."

"Oh, thank you," she said.

I have not called Cecily up. I am ashamed that I have n't. Eve may have — but she almost recognized my voice, did she? And those rugs — she says they are beautiful. I did not send them, and I am ashamed of that, too. Neither did Eve send them. Who did?

IX

The mystery is solved — the telephone mystery; the affair of the rugs and the chairs is not, to my satisfaction, at least. Eve thinks that she knows who sent them. I did not agree with her, at first. Now, I am in doubt. She is right, probably. She generally is. I am almost ready to acknowledge it, now that we have found out about those calls.

We agreed to watch the telephone; and, about ten days after Cecily's return, Eve came running to me in some excitement, her eyes sparkling. I was in the garden, doing nothing, of course.

"Come, quick, Adam," she said, in a whisper. "He's calling her, now — this minute."

I arose from my hoeing, rather confused. "Who's calling who — or whom?" I asked. I am afraid I was stupid about it; but my whole attention had been given to my garden.

"Calling Cecily," Eve answered im-

patiently. "Hurry! Don't make any noise. You will scare him away."

As if it were a strange bird that I was going to see! But I had recovered my wits, in a measure, by that time, and I followed Eve to our telephone room. It is a little bit of a room, scarcely larger than a good-sized closet, — about eight feet by ten, perhaps, — at the end of the hall. To make it thoroughly sound-proof, Eve had a heavy curtain hung just inside the door. That probably accounted for the fact that the previous calls had been made without our knowing it.

Eve softly opened the door, — very softly, — pulled the curtain aside the least little bit, and beckoned to me. There sat Tom, at my telephone, putting in a call, in my name. As I looked, he was in the act of giving my biography to the operator, and a description of me which I should not have recognized.

"The color of his hair?" he asked. "Well, — I don't know. He has n't enough of it left to tell the color. I should think that it must have been brown."

Then he seemed to be listening. "Yes," he said, "just plain brown — dirt-color. Put it down as dirt-color."

There was another pause. "Five feet, eleven and a quarter," said Tom promptly. "Weight, one hundred and seventy. Hearty eater. He's fondest of corned beef and cabbage, I think, and pie for dessert. Dinner at half-past six. Sometimes has it at two on Sundays. Was a fairly good ball-player once, but past his prime now. What's that?"

"Oh, his business?" Tom continued. "Well, he has n't any. No, can't get anything to do. No, I don't see how he lives. Mystery to me. I can't tell you his age, exactly, but he must have been born on a Saturday. Oh, all right."

Tom hung up the receiver and swung half around in his chair. He saw me and grinned.

"Hello, Adam," he said. "Just waiting for them to call me. I'm afraid you will have to bear the odium of this call."

"Who pays for it?" I asked, with some asperity. "Do I do that, too?"

"Of course," he returned calmly. "Would n't you do as much as that for a friend, in a righteous cause?"

"If I were sure that the cause was righteous," said I, somewhat mollified, "I would do more than that. But you need n't have libeled me so outrageously."

Tom grinned again, but said nothing. His voice does bear a certain resemblance to mine. That may account —

The telephone bell rang viciously. He swung around.

"Hold on, there," said I. "If I am to pay for this, I'll just have a little talk, myself, to put myself right with Cecily. There's no knowing what you may have said to her."

"Oh, I say!" he cried.

I already had my hand on the telephone. "You wait, Tom. I'll give you a chance when I am through." Tom waited. Eve stood in the doorway.

Cecily's voice came to me clearly. It was good to hear it. I had not realized what it might mean to her; I had not realized what it might mean to Tom, either. I was not at all sure, yet, that it did mean to Tom all that it might mean. It was for that reason, I firmly believe, and not from any remnants of exasperation on my own part, that I told Cecily the whole truth about the calls.

"Oh, Adam!" she said, in a faint little voice, when I had done. "Oh, Adam! What have I said?"

How was I to know what she had said? It might have been easier for me if I had known. As it was, I could not measure the relative amounts of shame and relief that her voice expressed. It expressed both. I knew that.

"It is just as important, Cecily," I replied, "to consider what Tom has said."

"Ye-s, but — but I can't remember whether I said it or only thought it. Oh, dear, of course you don't understand what I am talking about. I should like to talk to Eve, before you cut me off."

I called Eve, at once, and gave my place to her. She talked with Cecily for some time, but she spoke very low, so that I could not have guessed what she was saying without listening very closely. I could n't do that, because Tom was there. At last Eve was through, and she beckoned to Tom. He looked very sheepish, as he sat down.

"Now, Tom, make your peace with her," said Eve. "You may have hard work."

Whether Tom succeeded in making his peace with Cecily, or whether he even tried to, I don't know. We went away, and left him at the telephone. He did n't say anything worth mentioning while we were present.

X

After all, it probably did very little good for us to catch Tom at his nefarious work — red-handed, as it were — telephoning in my name. I had half a mind to have him arrested on a charge of — but I don't know what the charge would be. There must be some indictment which could be found against a man who does such a thing.

Tom laughed when I threatened him. "Go ahead, Adam," he said. "I'm game. False impersonation, or something of the kind. There are stacks of things you could charge me with. I'll stand for it."

I could do nothing with him. There was no information to be extracted from him. The effect of his talk with Cecily was not noticeable, during the next six weeks or so. I began to doubt whether he made any effort at all to make his peace with her, and Eve was less confident than she had been. Although we called Cecily up regularly and hinted at it, — and then asked her the question, plump, — her answer was always non-committal. She said that Tom had done nothing that did not please her.

Altogether, I do not feel that our interference did Cecily any good. Inter-

ference, however well meant, seldom does anybody any good. I talked the matter over with Eve, and we agreed to let matters take their own course in the future, and to wait and see what happened. We have waited a long time for something to happen, and nothing does. I got impatient and complained to Tom about it.

"Be patient, Adam," he replied, smiling in his quiet way. "If you only wait long enough, I have no doubt that something will happen — although I have n't the least idea what it will be."

I was forced to be content with that, while Tom went off to sail with Alice Carbonnel. It was their last sail together, for Miss Carbonnel had her boat laid up the next day, and it had already got too cold to sail with comfort. Tom took charge of the operation; and, when it was done, and the sloop all properly covered in, he did the same for his boat.

I helped him with his boat. She had not left her mooring for nearly four months, and I should not have been surprised to find weeds upon her long enough to reach to the bottom of the harbor. They were not quite as long as that, although there were weeds in plenty; but Tom said nothing. He only began to scrape them off. I started home. I did not see why I should delve in green slime to make up for his own reprehensible neglect.

On my way home, I passed the Snows', and saw a load of lumber going in. I was glad, for the fence is in need of repairs, and the house must be in need of them, too. Cecily and her mother have not been able to make any repairs since Mr. Snow died.

I found Miss Carbonnel with Eve, which is not an uncommon occurrence.

"Cecily must have sold her house," I remarked. "I wonder who is the new owner."

Miss Carbonnel smiled. "I am," she said.

I do not know why that announcement should have surprised me, but it did. I was unable to think of anything to say

for some minutes, but I looked at Eve. It seemed to me that all of our cherished schemes were tumbling about our ears. If it did not mean that, what did it mean?

Miss Carbonnel saw my embarrassment. It was not difficult to see it. "Mary MacLandrey is coming to live with me," she said.

That mixed me up still more. Surely, she would not have chosen Mary — she would not have happened to choose her, with Tom in such close attendance, if —

"I came in especially, to-day," Miss Carbonnel continued, "to ask you both to use your influence with Miss Snow. I have a fancy to have my portrait painted, and I should like to have her paint it. I wrote her about it, and I have a note from her, this morning. She does n't seem to want to come."

She paused and looked at us — at Eve. Her look was calm and level, but I fancied that I detected in it a certain perturbation of spirit.

"No," said Eve; "I can understand that she might not want to come."

"But why?" asked Miss Carbonnel.

Eve looked at her. "Well—you know — she was engaged to Mr. Ellis — until she broke the engagement, last summer. For the sake of her career," Eve added.

"Oh," said Miss Carbonnel; and she smiled, a very winning smile. "Oh, I was afraid that she might have taken a dislike to me."

It was conceivable that Cecily might have taken a dislike to her. What her meaning was, if she had any meaning beyond what her words expressed, I could not guess. She appeared to be relieved. I hoped she had proper grounds for her feeling — that it was not merely relief at finding that Cecily was not in her way.

"Would you mind," she asked, "sending her some word, — in my favor, perhaps?"

Eve readily agreed — more readily than I should have done. She called Cecily up, and talked with her for a long time. That talk must have cost me about fifteen

dollars; but Eve assured me that it was all for Cecily's peace of mind, and if I can purchase peace of mind for Cecily for fifteen dollars, I should consider the money well spent.

So Cecily came down. Miss Carbonnel had attended to the repairs, herself. It was astonishing to see the celerity with which carpenters would work, with her eyes upon them; and when Cecily got there, the house was ready. Miss Carbonnel was already occupying it. Cecily stayed with us, and the sittings began at once, in her old studio.

They did not talk much during those sittings, although Miss Carbonnel made several attempts to engage Cecily in friendly conversation. Cecily, herself, told me about it. It was in reply to some question of mine. She always seemed tired — too tired — when she came back, in the afternoon.

"No," she said, her lip curling ever so slightly, "we do not converse. I don't feel up to it. I really don't know what we have in common, to converse about."

She spoke sweetly enough, but there was the little compression of the lips that I knew so well — in Cecily.

"Why?" I asked innocently. "Does n't Miss Carbonnel seem inclined to talk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as if she were weary of the whole thing, "she is ready enough. It is my fault, no doubt. I must work, — and get back to New York just as soon as I get this done."

"But, Cecily," I persisted, "I thought it was considered part of the business of the portrait-painter — now-a-days, at any rate — to express the character of his subject. I don't see how you are going to do that without the exchange of a few words. I have known Alice Carbonnel longer and better than you have, but I don't feel that I know, in the least, what to make of her."

"That may very well be, Adam," said Cecily patiently. I laughed; the implication was so obvious.

"Well?"

"Well," said Cecily, rather sharply, showing some irritation. She has not been accustomed to speak sharply to me. "She — and Eve — insisted on my coming here, to paint her portrait. I don't know why she should have wanted me. I did n't want to do it, and I declined. Now I have come and I shall make her picture as beautiful as she is. She can't complain. I shall finish it as soon as possible and go away again. What more can she expect?"

Cecily needed something soothing. "I have no reason to think that she expects any more," I replied. "I was thinking of your reputation."

"Oh, bother my reputation!" cried Cecily. She turned quickly, and ran up the stairs. On the way, I thought I heard her say something about the portrait's being designed for a wedding present for Miss Carbonnel's husband. I did n't know what there should be in that fact to trouble Cecily.

Nevertheless, it troubled me, and I went to Eve. "Yes," she said, "and I must confess that I am worried. Alice Carbonnel has told Cecily that she is to be married soon, and that she means the portrait for a wedding gift to her husband. And, Adam," she continued, in a whisper, "Tom goes there every day and devotes himself to Miss Carbonnel during the sittings. I'm losing faith in Tom. It's wicked."

Common decency should have kept Tom from doing that, but he did not seem to be able to keep away from Miss Carbonnel. I did not know what to think. Cecily said nothing more about the matter. She worked feverishly. She painted not only what she saw, but she showed the spirit that she thought was there, too. She was bold. I should never have dared to paint Alice Carbonnel, even if I could paint a portrait as well as Cecily could — and did. I had not fully made up my mind about her. Cecily seemed more weary every night. Her condition made us anxious.

The portrait was finished sooner than

we expected, but not any sooner than Cecily wished. We were asked over to see it. As we had not had even a glimpse of it, we were especially anxious to go. Cecily told us not to wait for her; she said that she hoped she should never see the old thing again.

Mary told us to go right up to the studio, and we did. We found Alice Carbonnel standing before her portrait, thoughtfully. There was dissatisfaction — keen disappointment — expressed in her attitude, as she stood there. Finally, she turned, and looked at us. She seemed too downcast to think of greeting us. Her eyes were those of a troubled child, and the tears were very near the surface.

"It is as beautiful as any one could wish," she said, sighing; "but, oh, have I no more soul than that?"

While Eve said — But I don't know what she said — I don't see what she could say to give her comfort — but she said something, and I looked at the portrait. It was a beautiful picture, and, at first sight, I found nothing lacking. But, as I looked, the impression grew upon me that it was the picture of a beautiful statue, cold and hard as marble. Indeed, it was something worse than that — a Rhine maiden, perhaps. It showed all of Alice Carbonnel's beauty, but — did it? I found something in the girl, herself, that I could not find a trace of in the portrait. It was impossible to believe that that was all of her — that she had no more soul than that. Nobody who had seen her with our children about her, for instance, could believe it. I tried to recall whether Cecily had seen her so, but I could not. I should have hated to think that Cecily could have done it of deliberate purpose. But I was not sure.

We stood there, looking at the portrait, in silence, for some time. It would have been difficult to say just what we thought of it, with Alice Carbonnel there, beside us, and with the painter of the portrait our friend. We felt, in a measure, responsible.

At last, Miss Carbonnel sighed again. Evidently, her heart was heavy.

"Well," she said, "I must go and write a letter for this afternoon's mail. I hope Tom is satisfied!"

That last sentence was not meant for us. It seemed wrung from her.

XI

Again Alice Carbonnel stood, silent, before her portrait. Except for her, the studio was deserted; and, as she looked at the pictured girl sitting there before her, in all her beauty, with a cold half-smile on her lips, her eyes filled. That half-smile expressed coldness, cynicism, a something else that she could not name, but she liked it less than either coldness or cynicism. She could conceive the pictured girl, there, before her, as capable of any cruelty; as taking delight in the torture of the innocent. Cecily was a genius at portrait-painting. These gifted people have us at a disadvantage. If Cecily's eyes were not yet fully opened, she would see more generously, in time. Meanwhile — well — some other people must suffer, as well as Cecily.

Two tears slowly ran down Miss Carbonnel's cheeks, and she nervously crumpled the letter that she held in her hand. "How could she?" she murmured. "How could she?"

There was a step outside the door. Tom had been ushered in by Mary — with a poor grace, as Cecily was not there — and had come right up, as was his custom. Miss Carbonnel did not make any attempt to wipe her eyes or to conceal her feelings. She turned toward him.

"Why, Alice!" he cried, in surprise. "What's the matter?"

She smiled with some bitterness, and nodded toward the portrait. "As others see us," she said. "I did n't know I was like that."

Tom gazed at the offending portrait for some minutes. "Well," he said, at last, "I have known Cecily to do better

work. It's beautiful enough to satisfy anybody, but there does seem to be something lacking."

"Only my soul," returned Alice Carbonnel, with the same bitter smile. "A small matter, not worth mentioning. I hope you are satisfied, Tom."

"With the picture?" Tom asked lazily. "Well, no, I'm not. But it is n't mine."

"With the picture," replied Miss Carbonnel, "or with what the picture has done. I don't see how she had the heart to do it." She sighed. "I must try to forget it."

She felt for her handkerchief and dropped the letter; but she did not move to pick it up. She wiped her eyes. Tom stooped to pick up the letter that she had dropped. As he stooped, there was upon his face a quiet smile of satisfaction. It was not like Tom Ellis to feel quiet satisfaction at another's grief — and that other Alice Carbonnel. His smile changed as he saw the letter, which lay at his feet with the superscription up.

"Harrison Rindge!" he cried. "Harrison Perkins Rindge! I begin to see a great light. What are you writing to him for? I beg your pardon, Alice." He put the letter in her hand. "I could n't help seeing it. It's none of my business what you are writing to him for."

Her smile had no bitterness in it now. "I don't mind telling you," she said, "that I am writing him for comfort in my affliction. I must mail the letter right away. It is almost too late for to-day's mail, now."

Tom looked at his watch. "It is too late, Alice. The mail closes, at the emporium, in just two minutes, and it would take you half an hour, at least, to get there. I'll tell you what I'll do." He put his watch in his pocket, with a motion of decision. "I'll guarantee that that letter goes on the New York express this afternoon."

"Can you do it, Tom? I've a good mind to let you try. You're sure you won't stop and read it, as soon as you're out of my sight?"

"Yep," said Tom. "You'd better trust me, for a change. I have a notion that there's as much for me in that letter as there is for you. I'll get it there, if I have to steal one of Old Goodwin's cars to do it."

Miss Carbonnel laughed. "Try it, then. If you get it there, I'll forgive you."

XII

Eve came to me in the middle of the forenoon of the next day, waving a telegram.

"From Harry," she said. "He's coming down and he's going to stay here."

"What does Harrison Rindge mean by being so sudden? Have n't we been at him, for months, to come down here? I wonder what can be the cause of his change of heart. When is he coming?"

"That's the point," said Eve. "He is coming on the noon express, to-day. His reasons can wait. We have n't any too much time, if we are to meet him. Change your clothes, Adam. I should hate to have you appear in your garden clothes, to meet a New York train. I have to see about his room. Then we'll go over to father's and borrow a car."

I went, grumbling. At the worst, those New York people would think that I was the hired man. My garden clothes are hardly appropriate for a chauffeur, either. Eve has grown very particular.

Harrison Rindge is Pukkie's godfather. "That other rich man," we used to call him; I once saved him from a watery grave — much against my will. I know him better, now. Old Goodwin has always known him.

Old Goodwin did better than merely to lend us a car. When he heard that it was Harrison Rindge that the car was for, he offered to go himself. He is the best chauffeur that I know.

It was one of the older cars that we had. Old Goodwin drives at such a rate that

he nearly uses up a car in a year. His this year's car was laid up with a spavin or something — he had been reckless with it, and it had got its leg in a hole and had strained a tendon. The old car ran like lightning, giving, to Eve and Pukkie and me, fleeting glimpses — very fleeting, indeed, those glimpses — of a country, now sere and bare and brown; now, as we mounted a hill, a sight of the bay, and, now, stretches of woods. The leaves rose in a cloud behind us, and some considerable portion of that cloud settled gradually in the back seat. I was sitting in the back seat.

It is over four miles to the station. We were late, of course, — rather, I should call it a very nice piece of calculation on Old Goodwin's part. He hates to wait, anywhere, for anything. Right ahead of us was the last curve to be rounded before we came in sight of the station. We were pelting along toward that curve when the train whistled and Old Goodwin settled back in his seat with a motion of satisfaction. Indeed, he was just starting to say something — probably about his promptness — when Eve and Pukkie and I were thrown into the air. We did not come down on the seat. Pukkie, I have reason to believe, landed among the various treadles with which the floor before the chauffeur's seat is dotted. They are for doing something to the car, I believe; they all worked, apparently. Old Goodwin's wheel held him in. There was a tremendous commotion in the car's insides, and it stopped short, — it had already done that, — and we got out, hurriedly.

We were all very quiet while Old Goodwin made his examination. It lasted a long time; then he extricated himself.

"Dead," he said with cheerfulness.

At the word there came a little scream, and we all looked up. There were Harrison Rindge and Alice Carbonnel, and he had her in his arms, and her face — had been turned up to his, I judged. Now, it was turned toward us, and it was

very red. They had imagined themselves temporarily out of the world, I suppose, being cut off from the station by the turn in the road. We had been so quiet, all of us, that we had not impressed ourselves upon them until Old Goodwin made that remark.

Harrison grinned, wider and wider, as he approached us. Miss Carbonnel came with a very pretty shyness. She was still blushing as she spoke.

"Well," she said, "I don't know that it matters very much. You would have known it before night. But we did n't mean to — to — inflict that upon you."

Eve smiled at her. "You almost took my breath away. But I am very glad, — more than you can imagine. My congratulations to you both." She turned to Harrison. "I am glad, Harry, that you have succumbed, at last. I don't see how you could help it."

"I could n't," replied Harrison. "I did n't want to. You should make a very pretty curtsey, Alice, for that."

"I do," said Miss Carbonnel, smiling and curtseying, there, in the middle of that country road. "Thank you, Eve. May I call you Eve — now?"

Eve smiled back at her; indeed, we were all smiling, continuously. "Of course. I should hope you would, now. But I feel just a little hurt. How long has this deception been practiced upon us? How long have you two people been engaged?"

She looked from Alice Carbonnel to Harrison; and Alice looked at Harrison and laughed.

"You might as well tell them," she said.

"I will, truthfully," he replied, grinning again. "I am not a good judge of time, under the circumstances. When you caught us, Eve, we had been engaged about a minute, I should think. Not more than five, anyway."

"Oh," Eve cried, chagrined, "I'm sorry. You don't *know* how sorry I am!"

"Sorry!" Harrison echoed.

"Yes," said Eve. "Sorry that we should have been in the way."

"Oh," said Harrison, and we all laughed; all but Pukkie, who did not understand what was going on, at all.

We left the car in the ditch — it took the six of us to push it there — and walked back, those four miles. I walked with Harrison, and presently Old Goodwin joined us. It was the pleasantest, gayest four-mile walk I have taken in many a day, but it was rather long for Pukkie. When he got tired, Harrison and I took turns in carrying him. It is astonishing how heavy a boy gets to be when he is nearly four. Alice Carbonnel dropped back and walked with Eve. She seemed to wish it.

"You must have been surprised," she said, "at — at everything."

"Yes," Eve answered, "I was. I won't deny it."

"I'm going to confess," said Miss Carbonnel. "Harrison asked me last spring, and I was n't ready to give him an answer, although I liked him well enough to give him his answer then and there." Harrison looked back and smiled at her, and she smiled back at him. "It was because — because I knew that he had been devoted to you, and I did n't know you, and — in short, I was n't used to playing second fiddle — to anybody."

She laughed shortly, and Harrison turned around to protest. "I'm talking to Eve," said Alice, with a smile; the kind of smile that makes you wish you could leave them alone for five minutes — or more. "You're not supposed to hear, Harrison."

"Now that Harrison is out of hearing," she continued, "perhaps I can talk freely — without fear of interruption. Well, I put him off for six months, and I came down here. He did n't know where I was."

"Oh, yes, I did," called Harrison, over his shoulder; "and I was n't afraid. Possibly you have observed, Eve, that I have

not accepted any of your invitations for the past six months."

Alice Carbonnel only smiled at Harrison's broad shoulders. "So I came down here," she repeated; "and I met you and — and everything. You know the rest. I found that I was quite willing to play second to you, Eve, and I wrote Harrison yesterday that he might come down if he still wanted to. And here he is, and everybody is happy."

Evidently Eve did not know what to say to the first part of that speech. The facts of the case were rather complicated. So she said nothing. But Alice Carbonnel's last statement was scarcely true.

"But, Alice," she said, "what about Tom? You don't explain his —"

"Oh," Alice answered, as if she had forgotten Tom, "I met Tom once, five or six years ago, during one of his college vacations. We spent the summer at the same hotel. He was — rather devoted. It didn't mean anything, of course."

"Of course," Eve murmured. She was rather silent for the rest of the way home.

We found Tom mooning about the place. Cecily was going back that afternoon, and Tom knew it. That may have had nothing to do with it, for he seemed to be cheerful enough. He shook hands with Harrison and congratulated him, although nobody had said anything to him about the matter. I wondered how he knew.

As we all stood there, silent but cheerful, Cecily came out. She must have been waiting, just inside the door, for us to come back. I did not know how long Tom had been there, but Cecily must have known that he was there, going about like a mild ravening beast, and she had not dared to show herself, before. She knows Harrison Rindge, of course, pretty well. Most of my friends know him.

He came forward and took her hand. "Are n't you going to congratulate us, too, Miss Snow?"

He stood there, smiling at her, and Alice Carbonnel was smiling at her, too. The situation was sufficiently obvious. Poor Cecily seemed to be a little frightened. She murmured something, casting her eyes down.

"How does the painting go?" Harrison asked, thinking, I suppose, to put her at her ease.

"Oh!" cried Cecily, raising her eyes appealingly. They were full of tears. She turned impulsively to Miss Carbonnel.

"Miss Carbonnel," she said, "the picture — your portrait. I ask your pardon. I want you to let me do another. It will be — different."

Harrison Rindge, evidently, did not know what she was talking about. I did; so did Miss Carbonnel.

"You are very good," she said, with real relief in her voice; "but what will you do with the first one — destroy it?"

"I should like to keep it," Cecily answered, in a low voice, "if you will let me. To remember my mistakes by," she added, smiling a little. "I shall not show it."

"I should consider it a favor," Miss Carbonnel said, "a great favor —"

"On your part," Cecily interrupted.

"No, on yours. That" — I had never, but once, seen Alice Carbonnel show so much emotion — "that hurt me. You don't know how it hurt."

"I do know," answered Cecily, her eyes again cast down. "I meant it to hurt. I am ashamed of myself. The new one will make up for it. I guess Eve will let me stay."

"If she will not," said Miss Carbonnel, smiling at her, "there is room in the house across the road."

"Thank you," returned Cecily. And she took Pukkie by the hand and wandered off in the direction of the lawn. When she had disappeared around the corner of the house, Tom followed, shamelessly.

"Miss Carbonnel," I asked, "I am

curious to know why you did n't say *your* house."

"I thought," she replied, "that it might hurt her — and, besides, it is n't mine. I am only a blind. The house belongs to Tom."

XIII

My lawn lies between the house and the hedge; beyond the hedge is the road. The lawn is not used much, except by the man who pushes the lawn-mower over it twice a week, people who are used to us preferring the gate, farther on. The lawn is rather for ornament than for use, and, helped by the hedge, it serves that purpose very well. It is sheltered from the winds, and, that morning, the sun of our late Indian summer lay warm upon it, and penetrated to the inmost recesses of the hedge. The hedge had lost all its leaves, long since, and the tangle of bare twigs showed plainly, reddish-brown in the sunlight.

When the house concealed her from us, Cecily stopped, and wiped her eyes and smiled. It had been the clearing shower, and she looked happier than she had for some weeks.

"Oh, Pukkie, Pukkie," she said, sighing, "now I don't know what we're here for, except that I had to go somewhere, away from everybody. Why did we come here? Do you know?"

"No," answered Pukkie promptly. "I want to go back where Miss Carb'nel is."

"What!" Cecily cried. "Mercy on us! Everybody seems to want to." She spoke a little impatiently. Then she stooped. "See here, Pukkie. It's nice and warm and sunny here. Stay here, and walk about with me for five minutes, and then I'll go back."

"Well," said Pukkie, "I will."

So they strolled across the lawn and back, and they found themselves close to the hedge. They slowly walked the length of it and turned.

"Is it five minutes yet?" asked Pukkie anxiously.

"No, you impatient little soul," Cecily answered. "It's about one." Her mouth was beginning to droop again.

"Oh," said Pukkie, "I thought it must be five. Excuse me."

"Bless your heart!" said Cecily. Her eyes wandered from Pukkie to the brown-red twigs of the hedge that were lighted by the sun. A dazzling point of light shone from its midst — from its very heart. As Cecily took a slow step forward, the point of light changed from blue to green and then to red.

"O Pukkie!" she cried. She felt a sharp pain at her heart, and she gave a little gasp. "O Pukkie!" she cried again; and she stooped and kissed him ecstatically.

Pukkie had already stopped short. "Are you sick?" he asked. He looked troubled. "I'll call mother."

"No, no," Cecily said hastily. "I'm not sick. Look there!" She pointed.

"Oh!" He gave a little squeal of delight. "What is it?"

"Get it, Pukkie," she said. "It's mine. Get it."

It was at about the height of his head, and nearly in the middle of the hedge, and hard to get. But he reached in. That throw of Tom's had not been so bad, after all.

"It won't come out," he complained. "Some little baby branches grow out, right over it, and they won't let it come. If I was big enough to have a knife, I could cut those branches off."

Cecily laughed nervously. She had n't a knife, either; but she could get one.

"Wait, Pukkie," she said. "You wait — and don't tell anybody — and I'll get a knife."

There came a voice — a familiar voice — from behind her. "What's the matter, Puk? I've got a knife. What do you want to cut?"

Cecily turned quickly, and went red and white and then red again. She tried to speak, but she could not.

"Oh, here!" Pukkie called joyfully.

"Cut these off."

Pukkie kept his hold on the ring while Tom stepped forward, and cut off the twig just beyond his fingers.

"I guess Adam won't miss this," he observed; "although he might give me fits for spoiling his hedge, if he knew it. Give it here, Puk."

But Cecily had recovered her speech. "No!" she cried. "Give it to me, Pukkie. It's mine." She turned to Tom. "You threw it away," she said. "You—"

Tom paid no attention to her. "Give it to me, Puk," he repeated.

Pukkie hardly knew what to do; but he responded to the authority in Tom's voice, and laid the ring in his hand.

"Thank you, Puk." Tom turned toward Cecily, with his old slow smile. "Now, Cecily," he said gently, "you shall have it. Hold up your finger."

Cecily stood, wavering, the red and the white chasing each other across her face. She stood wavering for a minute, perhaps, while Tom smiled at her and waited. Then she burst into tears, and Tom gathered her into his arms. What a thing to do, right out in front of the house, in plain sight of any one who happened to be passing! But people are not apt to be passing. It is lucky, for I doubt if it would have made any difference to Tom.

Cecily wept, softly, for a few minutes. Then a smile began to dawn through her tears. She held up her finger.

"Put it back, Tom," she whispered. "Why don't you put it back?"

Tom put it back. "There!" he said. "Now, is it on to stay, Cecily?"

"It's on to stay," answered Cecily. "Oh, I have had such an awful time, these last few months! Mother was right — and — you were right."

"I did n't hope," said Tom, then, "that you would find it out quite so soon, — although I did my best."

Cecily laughed. "I forgive you," she said, "and Miss Carbonnel. *Now* I can paint — with a light heart."

"So that's the reason," said Tom, smiling, "that you —"

"The only reason in the world," Cecily answered, laughing again. She turned and saw Pukkie, who was regarding them with solemn wonder, his feet far apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. "Bless you, Pukkie!" she cried; and she snatched him up, and kissed him.

The house across the road will be closed, as soon as Cecily has finished Alice Carbonnel's portrait. Tom says he will have to spend his winters in New York, for the present. Cecily has her orders to attend to.

THE REVELATION OF EVOLUTION

A THOUGHT AND ITS THINKERS

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL

A MASTER-THOUGHT lives always; it speaks forever in the echoes it evokes. We honor its conception as the Romans did Minerva sprung from the head of Jove. In it its thinker immortally lives on. For its birth we still remember long after the man himself is dead, and it is to celebrate one such centenary that so many meetings have this year been held. Yet, amid the resounding plaudits, few perhaps were conscious of what it was they cheered, nor among mankind's conceptions how Darwin's stood related to the rest. For the origin of species is as much a mystery as ever; it was for bringing animate existence within universal law that Darwin's memory is kept. It was as part of cosmogony's master-key that the thought that led to its unlocking was great. For in truth the rise of the organic is but the latest chapter in a serial of the sky. It is the culmination to the present hour of a long preparatory career. Though for us not the least important item of our world's eventful history, the space it fills is brief beside the æons through which the prefatory process stretches back into the past. Threading the shorter and the long alike, a single causal chain binds both into an articulated whole: the principle of evolution.

Evolution is nothing more nor less than the mainspring of the universe. Grand in its simplicity, it is the one fundamental fact on which all we know depends. From its influence nothing can escape; for it has fashioned everything, from nebula to man. To appreciate it is to recognize that the universe was not made from without, but grew to be what

it is from within. Not a mechanism cunningly contrived, the cosmos is an organism that includes both you and me.

In view of the simplicity, the universality, the importance of the fact, the surprising thing is that it should have escaped most men's recognition so long. For we find it through the ages realized only by the master minds. Considering that man stands confronted by instances of it from his cradle to his grave, one is tempted to believe that the sole object exempt from its working, the one thing incapable of intelligent advance, is the mind of man himself. Certainly his self-bestowed title of *homo sapiens* can be only by brevet, a hoped-for honor to which so far he has but caricaturally attained. Quickness of apprehension is not his most marked trait, or he would surely have suspected the sarcasm of his scientific name. Yet, considered from the standpoint of evolution, the situation is perhaps all one could expect. Trial and error must needs have taken long to get him where he is.

Pushed or prompted from the forest, primeval man stood ushered on the plains. With the opening of the prospect thus presented him, began the widening of the horizon of his mind. Through this, as much as anything, he parted company from the brutes. Search for subsistence led him to wander, and his wanderings lured perception to journeys farther still. Alone with his flocks at night on the wide Chaldean steppes, his thoughts perforce gravitated to the stars. Something beyond the Earth swam into his ken as he sat and watched them swing silently over-

head. Not less was such communion furthered through his voyages by sea. Already the stellar courses must have been well known when the Phœnicians pushed boldly out into the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, to be guided by the Sun by day, by the constellations by night. Homer enumerates the asterisms they steered by, and it argues no mean familiarity with the heavens that they dared to be thus piloted, no matter what the season of the year.

So much of knowledge led to more. We may even trace its source. Mnesarchus, the father of Pythagoras, is said to have been a Tyrian merchant, who settled finally in Samos; and it was doubtless from sailing with him out of sight of land, through the long, cold winter nights, steering by the stars, that the boy's thoughts were turned to thinking what they meant — to better purpose than is commonly supposed. For the higher minds among the ancient Greeks reached marvelously correct ideas of the structure of the universe, considering their instrumental means. Five centuries before Christ, Pythagoras was cognizant that the Earth turned on her axis and revolved about the sun; and his doctrines, written out and extended by his follower Philolaus, were handed down in secret, for fear of priestcraft, through the centuries that followed. Debased on purpose for exposition to the people, the memory of the truth was lost, and so it came about that that arch-mediocrity, Ptolemy, imposed upon the world, to dominate it for more than a millennium, a false earth-centred astronomy by means of an imposing book.

The idea of evolution, too, had entered the keen Greek mind. Anaximander (611 to 545 B. C.) taught that from a vast unbounded body evolved a central mass, our earth; and out of the earth came life. Man, himself, he supposed had sprung from other animals, probably marine. Anaxagoras (450 B.C.) conceived motion to be the ruling spirit, and minute particles of things to have been gradually

segregated to their present state. Cold played a part in this, and animals sprang from out the earth's aboriginal moist clay. In Empedocles's scheme we find spontaneous variation and the eventual survival of the fittest. While Lucretius, in his great epic on the Nature of Things, in which that brilliant poet-scientist resumed the learning of his foretime on the subject, says appositely (Book V, 826-827) that the earth spontaneously brought forth life, ceasing only when she passed the bearing age. Thus did the ancients strangely adumbrate the truth. Their cosmologic building differed from that of later ages chiefly in the character of the bricks. For the physical laws on which all such structures must be founded had not yet been found.

Then the long night of the middle ages settled down on man, when thought itself was blotted out. Nor did the idea of evolution come in with the dawn again of learning. Intellectually, men began anew, and took things as ready-made as a child his toys. Even the discoverer of the law of gravitation saw interposition in the orderly arrangement of the planets, from which the comets had been left exempt, and foresaw further interposition necessary to keep them going in the future. He tells us so very explicitly in his general scholium at the end of the *Principia*.

It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century of our era that the idea that the universe had evolved seems again to have occurred to man.

Descartes (1744) led speculation with his theory of vortices, the sun and planets being due to swirls in a continuous medium pervading space. It was accepted for twenty years or more by the best minds of the day, — Leibnitz, Huygens, and the like, — to be finally demolished by Newton. A century later, Kant devised another origin for the solar system. It might have been superb had Kant's knowledge of physics equaled his divining sight. He conceived a primal nebula, originally at rest, to have given birth to the sun and his cortège by the falling to-

gether of its parts, a self-acquired vitality of movement we now know to be as vain as the attempt to lift one's self bodily by one's bootstraps. To be commended for its daring, though, this bold modern driving of the chariot of the sun!

To Laplace, a generation later, is due the first truly scientific attempt at explanation. For it is one thing to perceive that the solar system must have grown to its present state, as a boy grows, by a development intrinsic to itself, and another to point out the actual steps of the process. Laplace in 1796, in his *Exposition of the System of the Universe*, advanced a cosmogony, with the reserve of a great mathematician who realized that observation and calculation alone can give certainty of result, which dominated scientific thinkers for three-quarters of a century. At the time it was published it seemed to account for the then known facts.

Laplace supposed a pristine nebula, tenuously vast, which rotated as an articulated whole because of friction between its parts. Contracting under its own gravity, it spun faster as it condensed, till its outer parts attained such speed that they reached the limit of abandonment, and a ring was left behind. Withdrawing farther, another ring was ultimately detached, and so the process went on, each ring separating in due order of distance from the sun. These gathered upon themselves to form the planets, which, still contracting and twirling faster as they shrank, threw off their satellites in turn. A grand conception for its simplicity, but too simple to be true. The advance of science since has disclosed some fatal flaws in it, which have obliged its giving up. First: the necessary friction for such solidarity of movement is not in nature. Substitutes for this have since then been devised, but unavailing, to save the Laplacian idea, for other flaws in it are irremediable. The solar system is not as uniform in plan as then was thought. Especially must the comets be accounted for. Laplace expressly ac-

cepted them, for he considered he had proved them unattached visitors from other stars. Two errors caused him thus to think: one, a mathematical mistake first pointed out by Gauss; the other, the overlooking the sun's motion through space. He believed he had shown that the orbits of the comets were such as should mathematically be expected, did those bodies come to us from without. But in the course of his analytic transformations he had taken as convergent a series which in reality was not, and his formulæ had been vitiated in consequence. Gauss detected and exposed the fallacy; then, later, Schiaparelli wrote a paper showing, on other lines, that the comets must be deemed our own; and lastly Fabry of Marseilles, in a masterly memoir not sufficiently known, has demonstrated that were the comets not members of our solar system, hyperbolic, or unclosed, orbits among them should be very common, not one of which for certain has ever been observed.

That the precise manner of the cosmos' growth escaped its first investigator is not strange, as it has more or less eluded every thinker since who has tried to trace it. Yet, by standing on the shoulders of those who went before, each generation has peered a little farther back into the past. New acquisitions in physics, though disproving hypotheses once held, have led us by so much nearer to the truth. Its history is the chronicle of the mind's most brilliant march, which had been more than human had it not been cumbered by mistake. To miss the road at times does not preclude an eventual reaching of the goal. For science is not a chain of disconnected, successively discarded beliefs, as is sometimes popularly supposed, but itself a development growing to greater generality, and so to truth, as its horizon spreads. It is itself the archetype of what it seeks to solve.

More has now to be explained than Laplace envisaged. Thus comets, now known to be part and parcel of the solar system and vagrants from interstellar

space, demand recognition in any evolutionary scheme. Other intruding autochthones too, undiscovered a century ago, insist on disturbing the harmony of the Laplacian plan. Unconforming members, these, that cannot be ignored. It is in its outer parts that the system shows thus different and complex. The distant planets do not rotate in like sense with the near; while their satellites all retrograde. Then, too, the last-found satellite of Saturn, and that of Jupiter as well, move contrariwise from what their sisters do. Significant it is that it should always be the system's peripheral parts that differ from the main. Kirkwood, Roche, Trowbridge, Faye, Ligondés, and others, have met these difficulties singly or *en bloc* by explanations more correct than compelling. For in so many-elemented a matter the *might be* is other than the *must*. One *vera causa* has certainly been acquired, not subversive of, but supplementary to, what went before. For a previously unreckoned factor is tidal evolution. We owe its recognition to one almost unknown while he was living, the brilliant Edouard Roche. Ancillary, not all-directing, it has helped shape the system to its present state. At the hands of Sir George Darwin, the eldest son of the great naturalist, it has made the moon hint us the story of its birth; and at those of See, it speaks of the genesis of double stars. Certain it is that the system bears evidence of this action in the countenance it presents. Just as the moon shows us always the same face, so Mercury and Venus we now know turn one side in perpetuity to the sun, and the best seen satellites of the other planets seem to do the like to their cynosural lords. Tidal friction this bespeaks. To this cause, too, may the planets' axial tilts, progressing from inversion to uprightness as one comes inward to the sun, in all probability be ascribed, as Kirkwood first pointed out (1864).

Without attempting here a picture of what probably took place, let me sketch a line or two of its reconstruction as they

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have taken shape at midnight to one watcher of the stars. Strange to say, perhaps the latest news about our solar family has come from the smallest and most seemingly insignificant of its members. It is just because they are the simplest of its constituents and the least developed that they bear witness so well. Ask the children of a household, not their elders, if you want domestic facts. These little telltales are the meteorites, the stones which fall from heaven from time to time. Shrewdly questioned, these bits of meteoric stone and iron have a most surprising story to unfold, a tale which stretches so far back into the past as to stagger thought, and yet so fresh in their embalming of it as to seem of yesterday. Their speed and their great numbers show that they are cosmic bodies like the planets themselves, the unswept-up remnants, in fact, of what once strewed space, and out of which the planets were formed. They are thus parts of the primal nebula.

But important as this is, it is not all. Through the strange fretwork of their face, like the frosting of the cold of space upon the window-pane of time, we gaze upon a state of things antedating that nebula itself. For their Widmanstätten figures betray a constitution different from any known on earth. Most nearly kin to our deep minerals, their character and speed proclaim them as once part of some great solid globe placed where our sun now is, which at one time had itself been hot, and subsequently cooled. Fragments now, scattered orphanwise in space, they speak mutely of their parentage, and of the mighty cataclysm in that body whose shattering gave them birth. Parts of what went before, parts too of what is to-day, they are themselves the link in our chain of evidence connecting the present with the past, proving how we came to be. They are the tangible realization of what the philosophic seers saw with the mind's eye down the far vista of recalled time. Had any one told Laplace that man would ever hold and handle

parts of the very nebula from which we sprang, surely no one would have been more surprised than he.

From the information afforded us by meteorites we turn to another discovery of recent date, the recognition of the spiral nebulae. So-called for their striking structure, they are also known as *white* for their spectroscopic look. Known for long in some few instances, it is their overwhelming commonness which has lately been descried. For they prove to constitute by far the greater number of all the nebulae in the sky, and are sharply differentiated from the other class, the irregular or *green*. To them there is reason to believe all intermediate forms belong; the ring nebulae being in reality spiral, and the planetary nebulae too, types both of the same process reduced to its lowest terms. Their structure speaks unmistakably of evolution, and their universality proclaims such evolution to be the inevitable procedure of the universe.

Their color, white, arises from their showing a continuous spectrum, and indicates that they are composed in large part at least of solid particles, whereas the *green* tint of the others comes solely from glowing gas. Now, this spectrum is just what they should show were they flocks of meteorites, — and such they undoubtedly are. They give us, therefore, the second chapter of the evolutionary history. For, from their peculiar structure, we can infer what the process was that scattered the constituents of the once compact ball whose existence the meteorites attest. They consist of a central core from which two spiral coils unfold, the starting-point of the one diametrically opposite the other. Now this is what would happen had the original mass been tidally disrupted by a passing tramp. Tides in its body would be raised toward and opposite the stranger, and these would scatter its parts outward; the motion due the tramp combining with the body's spin to produce the spiral coils we see. Just as in the meteorites we have found the substances from which

our solar system rose, so in these nebulae we see an evolution actually in progress which may have been our own.

Turning now to our solar system, we mark in it arrangements which cannot be the result of chance. An orderly disposition in the motions of its parts shows that it evolved according to definitely acting laws. In some we can trace their action analytically, in some it still remains hidden from our ken. But we already know enough to be sure that the system grew to be what it is, not that it arose as such. Every year adds something to help to point its path. Not simply the disposition of the motions, but a disposal of the masses in it has recently been recognized — a disposal so peculiar that it calls for a mechanical basis, which we shall some day find. On this, as on other signposts of the course it took to fashion the orderly arrangement we to-day behold, space forbids my dwelling.

But the nebular hypotheses of mechanics are only the outer portals and broad avenues of evolution. They leave us on the threshold of where the greatest, because the most intrinsic, interest begins: that strange development by which the inorganic grew into the organic by due process of change. To Lockyer we owe its far-off preface-reading in the chemistry of the stars. The dissociation of matter he thought to mark in the hottest of these suns is the point at least from which evolution set out. His detailing of the process has not indeed proved true, but his suggestion of how and where to look for it is not by that impaired. Just as the real nebula was not as Laplace supposed, so with Lockyer's dissociation of elements in the stars. Matter may not be resolvable in the manner that he thought, but that evolution is the inevitable concomitant of the process of cooling down, everything testifies to be the fact.

Coming earthward from the stars, we can mark this causal cooling through the whole range of evolutionary development. One stage of it we see in the present con-

stitution of the sun; another in its retinue of worlds. In our great hearth-fire all substances are in their elemental state. It is too hot there for chemical affinity to act. In the major planets, where the heat is less, compounds have begun to form, but compounds of which we have no counterpart on earth. We note them by their unknown spectral bands, so beautifully brought out by Slipher, and we think they must be compounds as we miss them in the stars. In our own world, where it is colder still, chemical combination has advanced yet further, and has been doing so increasingly since the earth began to cool. In the record of the rocks we read of eras when only the inorganic could exist. Then, as that same history reveals, the greater intricacy of the organic molecule became possible through the tempering of its habitat. The step was taken which seems to us so great but was in fact so small, the waking of the molecule to life. That its beginnings cannot be reproduced in laboratories to-day is because the conditions that evolved them have themselves changed, and those conditions are well-nigh impossible of recall. In Lucretius's words, our mother is now too old. Nevertheless, as Professor Jaggar has suggested, volcanoes, hot springs and their surroundings, the dying-out conditions of the primeval world, are the place to look for such instructive atavism to-day; and there possibly a clue to it may yet be found. Meanwhile noteworthy experiments by Burke, with radium on gelatinous films in sterilized tubes, have led to growths singularly simulative, to say the least, of the reality; while still other very remarkable researches by Bose upon the responsiveness of metals, plants, and animals, go in another way to demonstrate them kin.

Just as researches on this earth all point to the bringing forth of life by a planet as the necessary outcome of its own career, provided its physical condition be right, so has investigation in the sky. From our island home in space we may peer across to other islands voyaging

through the void, and by telescopic help mark what there is going on. In very different stages we find them, of their own evolutionary career. Such diversity of itself attests a general development, for on no two were either the beginnings or the course the same. Some are youthful, some are old; some were fairly like us at the start, some fundamentally diverse. Only where conditions are roughly similar could we expect to behold anything familiar, and even there it would not be the same. All the more compelling if we find evidence of the oneness of the whole. Now, within the last few years, research has brought to light testimony that our nearest of solar kin has had its organic history too. Upon the planet most likely to support such existence at the present moment, other than ourselves, study has disclosed features which cannot be explained except as evidence of trans-planetary life. Pregnant with thought this is, for it brings corroboration of the whole evolutionary process from beyond the confines of our native earth. That the inorganic should develop into the organic on a single planet might perhaps be accidental, but not on two. From Mars comes the cosmic assurance that it is Nature's law.

When now in retrospect we contemplate this growing recognition of the universe's march, two thoughts come to us together; one of admiration, the other of surprise. For a certain grandeur possesses us at the thought of man's perception stretching out into the vastness of space, and by it being carried into the immensity of time. Man! whose little life is rounded out by three-score years and ten, and whose tenantable domain is the film-like cuticle of this small earth; an inheritance shrinking, like Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, year by year through his enjoyment of it. For steadily he is diminishing his supply: exterminating its simpler denizens, deforesting it of trees, and crowding it continuously more and more. That man, whose ancestors entered on all fours, should at last look

up, then look before, and ultimately beyond, has in it force to fire imagination and clothe him with something close of kin to immortality.

Side by side with this is the wonder that his awakening took so long. How man, so ingenious in what affects him, should have remained blind to the process of which he is a part, seems glaringly absurd. One had almost deemed the thought intuitive, did man not insist on testifying to the reverse. Darwin's contemporaries refused even to consider his conception, demanding proof he had not to give, deaf to the self-conviction of common sense. Theirs was the cautious logic of the Irishman who, when arraigned on a charge of theft, and asked if he pleaded guilty, said, "Faith, and how can I tell until I've heard the ividence." Logic is good, but the analogic at times does better. For there is nothing but what, by slow gradation, is turning into something else. The very world he lives in changes while he is there, and the earth he waked to as a boy, by middle age has already passed away.

His very opportunity for noting was cause why he failed to see. What is oft repeated ceases to impress. Familiarity dulls perception, and leads us to accept as matters of course the daily miracle of the course of matter. His unique position as the highest product of that evolution up to date abetted his blindness. He was too self-centred to look around. The egotistic interest that nature gave him to further and perpetuate his kind grew by what it fed on, till in its overweening vanity it shut out all beyond. From the moment he began to think, we find him fashioning the universe about himself as core. His very fears and weaknesses receive anthropomorphic treatment at his hands, and hover round him to injure if not propitiated or cajoled. All else he finds designed to minister to his wants. The spot he stands on must be the pivot about which the very cosmos turns. The earth, forsooth, is the centre of the universe, because to have it otherwise de-

tracts from his importance and minifies his fame. Around it must turn the sun, and about it revolve the stars. And all because nature implanted in him the sense of his own importance that he might the more evolve. Puppet of her contrivance, he has outdone her most sanguine hopes by taking seriously the flattery she meant for spur. The humoring of nature has its innate humor too.

Out of this plane of myopic mediocrity rises now and then a man. A mutation, the biologist would call him, a sport. And the world's sport he usually is, or worse. The fact that he differs from his fellows is cause for condemnation at once. All animals show the like aversion to what is not their kind. It is a well-known biologic law. The sole difference in the case of man is that mental variations are most hated by humanity, bodily ones by brutes. Only intrinsic excellence enables such mutations to survive; the fact that they can stand alone in self-sufficiency.

Now the chief distinction between this man and his mates is one so evident as at first to elude full recognition. For it is simply that he is intrinsically distinct. Not so much that his intellect is keener, nor that his energy is great, though both these are ancillary to the result, but that he sees things untrammelled by the prejudices of his time. He rises superior to the crystallized conceptions of the race. This may seem a trifling matter; in truth it involves all. If we scan history we shall find that every age has had its dogmas in every branch of life, dogmas which have completely swayed the thought of its day. It is part and parcel of man's constitution that this should be so. Without the balance-wheel of retarding conservatism, the human machine would run awry. Nor were such ideas blamable at the time they first took start. But not one of them but had become a debased fetish at the time of its greatest cult. Like coins that have long passed current, the face they stood for has all been worn away, though their face-value remains the same. The world that uses them as counters is a

different world from that which gave them vogue.

The quality of a genius consists in the ability to put off these shackles on reason and see things as they are. Bowing neither to custom nor authority, he perceives facts undistorted by the glasses society has self-imposed. Perspective orders thus the view; and imagination synthesizes the survey to inevitable conflict with his time. Lamarck saw thus, and Darwin, too; and both in their day were the abjured, not only of the ignorant, but of that lower class of scientists who conceive science to be limited to the accumulation of facts. The fact-gatherer is a necessary factor in all advance, but for him to usurp its captaincy is like the labor-champion who claimed that labor built the railroads because it laid the rails. "Did you ever think," said the man he addressed, "that the end attained depended on where the rails were laid?"

By rising above the conventionalities and prejudices of his time, the genius attacks the problem with an open mind and gives his own fertility free scope. Had the old Greeks not been ingrained with the notion that the circle was the only perfect figure, and thus the only one that heavenly bodies could pursue, they might themselves have discovered the elliptic character of the planet's paths. Kepler, by discarding the dogma, lit upon the law. So Darwin upset all tradition by looking it in the face. The eventual effect of such envisaging is twofold: direct, upon those capable of comprehending it; indirect, in altering the mental attitude of mankind at large. And the second is the more potent of the two. The chief function of genius is to change the world's point of view.

The point of view has more to do with comprehension than any amount of proof. We remember how Voltaire exposed the social fallacies of his time by introducing to their notice an unconventionalized soul, Candide, and narrating what befell him under the simple guidance of rationality and truth. How ill reason fared by

the process, though every one professed to be governed by it, is there set forth. We all now see with Voltaire and are amused at the self-deception of two centuries ago. Yet the mass of us are just as blind when it comes to matters of to-day; the objects have changed, the subject remains as before.¹

The fact is, we believe we act from reason when reasoning shows we acted from belief. What we were taught in our earliest years is very hard to unlearn afterwards. And this is not only natural, but the expression of a fundamental cosmic law. One quality of matter is what is called its inertia. Inertia means a body's objection to change of state; if the body was at rest, at rest it stays if unimpressed; if moving, it continues to move in the same direction and with like speed. It would go on forever in the same way, were no other force or friction to stop it. Now, ideas are just as subject to this basic principle as a cannon-ball. They require force to start them, but once started their momentum is immense. They go rolling down the ages long after the force that impelled them has been forgotten, so long since it was spent.

Each century starts with the ideas it was bequeathed. To alter them is no easy task. For whether right or wrong their own inertia carries them on. Even the sun could not stop the earth in a moment. A new idea means the introduction of a new force. Now, no finite force can produce its full effect at once. Time is necessary for it to tell, even were it to act unhindered. But it is rarely suffered to do anything of the sort. The ideas already in the field oppose it to the

¹ Even as this essay stood between pen and print a geologist out West, in a long letter to *Science*, has repeated, in reference to the facts here set forth, the old attacks on Darwin for daring to synthesize the facts; though the geologic facts are from Sir Archibald Geikie, our own Dana, and DeLapparent, who should certainly geologically be treated with respect. Astronomically he is unaware that what prompted his contention, the Planetesimal Hypothesis, is mathematically unsound.

utmost of their power, with the dogged persistency of the popular precept: "Don't push, just shove." No wonder the newcomer finds it hard. When at last such a one has made its way we say, How simple! forgetting that the half of genius is the ability to see clearly where others are preconceivably blind, the other half the force to set its concept going. The more fundamental the idea, the more it runs counter to current belief, and the harder for it to make headway.

Neither strength nor courage is needed to profess what every one admits; to progress needs both, opposed as it is, not only by the ignorant, but by the organized scientific orthodoxy of its time. For scientists, like other men, are prone to forget that the unaccepted of to-day is the established of to-morrow, and in their attitude toward new concepts remind one of the bashful young man who was afraid to propose. At last his father twitted him with his timidity. "That I should have a son who dared not come to the point. Where would you have been, I should like to know, had I not proposed to your mother?" "Oh, that is quite different," the son replied; "you only asked mother. I have got to ask a strange girl." Our scientific heirlooms are our mothers; our own additions to science, the girl we have got to win. Every mother was a stranger once — and the less near of kin, the fresher blood she brought.

Especially is this the case where the new idea affects man's vanity by lessening his self-esteem. Darwin's ideas did both, and many of us can remember the storm of opposition they evoked. Not very creditable, as we look back upon it, to man's intelligence, but understandable when we consider the underlying principle of inertia of mind. Perhaps no event ever brought it out more saliently, crowded with such cases as history is. For common sense, rather than uncommon subtlety, was here concerned. Proof, properly speaking, there was not. Yet the subversion was complete. Hardly a man of his own generation accepted his

ideas; not a man of the next but subscribed.

But there is, unfortunately, a sad side to it which we shall do well to let sink into our hearts. A genius speaks to one world, only to be heard by another. The world of his own day turns a deaf ear to him, the world of the generation that comes after acclaims. The cause is none the less pitiful for being tautologic. Were he not ahead of his time he were no prophet. For a man to get the world's ear while he is yet alive is his damning with faint praise. To be easily appreciated argues one too much a creature of the moment to outlast it long. *Vox posteritatis vox veritatis.*

But think what this means to the man himself. Any one who has ever stood at night on some isolated mountain-top, held up unshielded to the stars, knows the awe-enshrouded solitude that strikes into his soul. Under his feet is naked rock, foothold and no more; about him scanty air that yields the merest pittance of breath; above, seemingly so close at hand, the silent void where shine the frosty stars amid the outer cold of space. Everything around him stands eternally inert. No sign of life, or even hint that such a thing can be, extends so much as mute companionship. Absent are the very fringes of his own existence deemed solitude below: the trees, the grass, the flowers. Only the great elemental forces exist for him, with which he has no kin, forces working out their alien ends with an indifference that kills. To oppose them all he has but his own unconquerable will.

To be a pioneer in thought is to stand thus alone with nature, not for a few minutes, but for life. The isolateness of the few great minds of each generation of men is utterly undreamed of, for want of understanding, by those about them. Yet think what it is to pass one's days in a thought-world where the thinker roams alone; to grapple with problems the very terms of which are beyond ordinary comprehension, and the solution appreciated only in years to come; to

contemplate in lonely ecstasy, after still lonelier despair, the revelation that comes with months and more of pondering. When some one asked Newton how he came to make his wonderful discoveries, he replied, "Simply by always thinking about them." Consider Kepler toiling year after year fruitlessly for some ratio that should link the planet's motions by a general law, calculating assiduously and putting hypothesis after hypothesis aside as he found it would not work, until at last, after almost inconceivable toil, he hit upon the one that would.

As if this loneliness by nature were not enough, it must needs be accentuated by man. For he rises in such cases in chorus to condemn. Consider Darwin, in patient study, testing the working out of natural selection and adding fact to fact, only to have the whole denounced as ridicu-

lously absurd. Think you the denunciations of the master while living are wholly compensated by the plaudits after he is dead? The loneliness of greatness is the price men make the genius pay for posthumous renown.

To him we may never make amends. But we may vicariously atone for past stupidity by timely care not to commit the like ourselves. The truest tribute to the dead is not to praise him, but to practice the principle for which his life was great. Let us, then, free ourselves as much as may be from those blinding prejudices by which each generation seeks to better its successor. Let us be open-minded, and remember that the true regard is not to accept to-day what yesterday failed to appreciate, but to champion the advance that now is making while yet it is to-day.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

III

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AND now I beg to refer to our enemies, and in doing so I shall direct the reader's attention to that upon which mine is fixed, to Lee's character and to the spirit of his army, rather than to its numbers, position, or organization. True, what I am gazing upon is not so clearly defined as the Army of Northern Virginia in camp; but the everlasting things that appeal to us are never quite distinct; and if by chance they become so, if science penetrate them through and through, or illuminate them on all sides, they lose their power over us, and are silent and speechless. Although Science has had her victories over our primeval instincts, she has no sooner buried one, than behold! a resurrection,

and a more ethereal and smiling face appears on the frontier of the Unknown.

I am free to confess, moreover, that strategy, grand tactics, and the record of military movements, however stirring they were in the Civil War, are not the features that engage my deepest interest; but, if I may be allowed so to convey my meaning, it is a figure, cloud-wrapped, called the spirit which animated the armies of North and South. That, *that* is what I see. And lo! in her uplifted beckoning hand is what seems to be a great scroll, and my pen whispers to me that it is not the record of mere details of battles. I may be deceived, but as sure as we live, the sound reaches us of axes fall-

ing as they frame a new story on the old mansion of history; not to house the tale of soldiers engaged, soldiers killed and wounded, or to preserve the records of the charge of this regiment upon that, or the slaughter of this division by that. No, no, not the multitude of dead, or the pictures of their glazing eyes and pleading, bloodless hands shall engage the pen that fills the records of that new story. We do not know what the genius of history will treasure there, yet we know that on its hearth a fire will burn whose flames will be the symbol of the heroic purpose and spirit that beat in the hearts of the pale, handsome youths who strewed our fields. And where the beams from those flames strike the walls, new ideals will appear, and up in the twilight of the arches in the roof will be faintly heard an anthem, an anthem of joy that new levels have been reached by mankind in gentleness and in love of what is pure and merciful. Wars that will not add material for this new story of the old mansion of history ought never to be fought.

Be all this as it may, what was it that so animated Lee's army that, although only about one-half as strong in numbers as we were, they fought us to a standstill in the Wilderness, and held their lines at Spottsylvania, although we broke them several times? What sustained their fortitude as they battled on, month after month, through that summer, showing the same courage day after day, till the times and seasons of the Confederacy were fulfilled?

Well, to answer this, I know no better way than to propose a visit to the Army of Northern Virginia, say on the night of January 18, 1864. But before setting off on our quest, let us recall that, through either exhaustion, mismanagement, or unavoidable necessity, supplies for man and beast were, and had been, so meagre that there was actual suffering. My own memory bears evidence that it was an unusually severe winter. The snow from time to time was four and six inches deep, and again and again it was bitter

cold. We do not know what the weather was on that particular night of January 18, but in the light of the following letter to the Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy, does it seem unfair to assume that snow covered the ground, and that the wind was blowing fiercely? Or does it seem unfair to fancy that Lee heard it howl through the cedars and pines near his headquarters, as he thought of his poorly clad, half-fed pickets shuddering at their lonely posts along the Rapidan, and took his pen and wrote to the Confederate Quartermaster-General?

"General:—The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets."

The record seems to show that this state of affairs endured, and that repeated pleas were made both for food and for clothing. Whatever may have been the response to them throughout the winter, those who saw the contents of the haversacks taken from the dead or wounded in the Wilderness will recall their surprise. Often they contained only a few pieces of corn-bread and slices of inferior bacon or salt pork. In this want do you find any explanation of Southern fortitude? No, but it helps us to appreciate it truly.

With this prelude, let us go on with our visit. And as we breast the fierce wind, and tramp on through the snow from camp to camp, halt! what is that we hear from those houses built of logs or slabs? Men are preaching and praying earnestly; for during those bleak winter nights, so have the chaplains-recorded, a great revival was going on. They tell us that in every brigade of the sixty odd thousand men, the veterans of Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg were on their knees asking God to for-

give their sins, to bless their far-away homes and beloved Southland. One of the officers of a battery tells us in its history that right after retreat they always met for prayer and song, and that when the order came to march for the Wilderness, while the teams stood ready to move, they held the battery long enough to observe their custom of worship.

In those sacred hours when the soldiers of Northern Virginia were supplicating their Creator through his Son to forgive them all their sins, and imploring his hand to guide them on in the paths of righteousness, I think we find at least profoundly suggestive material for the answer to the question: Whence came the spirit that animated and sustained their fortitude through those eleven months of battle? The sense of peace with God is as much a reality as the phenomenon of dawn or the Northern Lights. Moreover, hear what Carlyle says about an idea: "Every society, every polity, has a spiritual principle, the embodiment of an idea. This idea, be it devotion to a man or class of men, to a creed, to an institution, or even, as in more ancient times, to a piece of land, is ever a true loyalty; has in it something of a religious, paramount, quite infinite character; it is properly the soul of the state, its life; mysterious as other forms of life, and, like those, working secretly, and in a depth beyond that of consciousness."

Do not the losses of the Southern armies tell us that there was an idea, something of a religious, paramount, quite infinite character possessing the South? If they do not, go stand among the graves in the Confederate cemetery at Spottsylvania, and you certainly will hear from the tufted grass that a principle was embodied in an idea.

There is something more to be added in regard to the Army of Northern Virginia, namely, the strength that came to it through the character of Lee, — a strength so vital that although he and most of his army are in their graves, it still lives, not as a force resisting the

Army of the Potomac fighting to maintain our country undivided, but as fountains inspiring history to preserve the memories of the Confederacy. I sincerely believe that, with Lee out of the Rebellion, its star, that hangs detached but glowing softly over these bygone days of the war, would long since have set.

In looking for the source of Lee's personal influence, we have to go back, I think, to the inherited habit of respect which the people of the South paid to social position. It was not born of a feeling of subservience, however, for the poorest "cracker" had an unmistakable and un-self-conscious dignity about him. He always walked up to and faced the highest with an air of equality. No, this latent respect was a natural response on the part of men of low estate to good manners, and oft-displayed sympathy. Lee, by his connection through birth and marriage with the most distinguished and best families of Virginia, represented the superior class. Moreover, that he was a Lee of Virginia, and by marriage the head of the Washington family, had, from one end of the South to the other, a weight which the present commercial, mammon-worshipping age knows or cares but little about.

Again, nature in one of her moods had made him the balanced sum, in manners and looks, of that tradition of the well-bred and aristocratic gentleman, transmitted and ingrafted at an early age through the cavaliers into Virginia life. But for his military prowess he had something vastly more efficacious than ancestry or filling the mould of well-bred traditions. He had the generative quality of simple, effective greatness; in other words, he had an unspotted, serenely lofty character whose qualities were reactive, reaching every private soldier, and making him unconsciously braver and better as a man. So it is easy to see how the South's ideal of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman unfolded, and was realized in him as the war went on. His army was made up chiefly of men of low

estate, but the truth is that it takes the poor to see ideals.

Taking into account, then, these two mysterious yet real forces, religion and exalted character, we have all the elements, I think, for a complete answer to the question we have raised. But now, let the following extracts from Lee's letters leave their due impression of what kind of a man he was at heart; for it is by these inner depths of our nature that we stand or fall, whether we were born in the same room of the palatial mansion of Stratford where two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born, or in a log cabin in Kentucky. The first was written to his son Custis on the 11th of January, 1863, just about a year before our fancied visit to his camp: —

CAMP, 11th January, 1863.

I hope we will be able to do something for the servants. I executed a deed of manumission, embracing all the names sent me by your mother, and some that I recollected, but as I had nothing to refer to but my memory I fear many are omitted. It was my desire to manumit all the people of your grandfather, whether present on the several estates or not.

Later, he sent the following: —

"I have written to him [a Mr. Crockford] to request that Harrison [one of the slaves] be sent to Mr. Eacho. Will you have his free papers given him? I see that the Va. Central R. R. is offering \$40 a month and board. I would recommend he engage with them, or on some other work at once. . . . As regards Leathe and Jim, I presume they had better remain with Mrs. D. this year, and at the end of it devote their earnings to their own benefit. But what can be done with poor little Jim? It would be cruel to turn him out on the world. He could not take care of himself. He had better be bound out to some one until he can be got to his grandfather's. His father is unknown, and his mother dead or in unknown parts."

In a letter to his son, W. H. F. Lee, who had just been released from captivity, and whose wife Charlotte had died: —

God knows how I loved your dear, dear wife, how sweet her memory is to me. My grief could not be greater if you had been taken from me; and how I mourn her loss! You were both equally dear to me. My heart is too full to speak on this subject, nor can I write. But my grief is for ourselves. She is brighter and happier than ever — safe from all evil and awaiting us in her heavenly abode. May God in His mercy enable us to join her in eternal praise to our Lord and Saviour. Let us humbly bow ourselves before Him, and offer perpetual prayer for pardon and forgiveness. But we cannot indulge in grief, however mournfully pleasing. Our country demands all of our strength, all our energies. . . . If victorious, we have everything to hope for in the future. If defeated, nothing will be left us to live for. This week will in all probability bring us work, and we must strike fast and strong. My whole trust is in God, and I am ready for whatever He may ordain. May He guide, guard and strengthen us is my constant prayer.

Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

In the foregoing reference to Lee, and to the spirit of his army, I trust there is some food for reflection, and somewhat that is informing. For I cannot make myself believe that a true history of the war can be written, fair to the South and fair to the North, that does not try at least to make these spiritual forces real. Surely due measure cannot be given to the gallantry of the soldiers of the North, who won victory for their country at last, if we do not realize what they had to overcome in the almost matchless courage of their adversaries.

But let no one be deceived — Lee's army were not all saints. In his, as in all armies, there were wretches guilty of most brutal conduct, — wretches who

habitually rifled the dead and wounded, crouching and sneaking in the darkness, sometimes passing through a hot fire, — as when our lines after assaults were close, — and going from one dead body to another, thrusting their ogreish hands quickly and ruthlessly into pockets, and fumbling unbeating breasts for money and watches, their prowling fingers groping their way hurriedly along the pale, dead ones for rings. Thank God! the great mass of the armies, North and South, respected the dead, and turned with aversion from those ghoulisn monsters, the barbarous and shameful outcome of bitter and prolonged war. But there are vermin that breed in the darkness of the foundation of cathedrals and lonely country churches; and yet a holy spirit breathes around their consecrated altars, and in the steeples are bells, and the tops of the spires catch the first gleam of dawn.

So, so it is, and so it was with both armies that went into the Wilderness, — there were vermin in the walls, but there were steeples and holy breathings.

Everything being ready, Grant, on Monday, May 2, directed Meade to put the army in motion at midnight of the following day for the lower fords of the Rapidan. The orders to carry this into effect were written by Humphreys, Meade's Chief of Staff, and were sent to the corps commanders the same day, who at once, in compliance with them, placed guards in all the occupied houses on or in the vicinity of their line of march, to prevent information being carried to the enemy that the army was moving.

Early in the afternoon of Tuesday, the Third Division of cavalry under Gregg, then at Paoli Mills, moved southeastward through lanes and woods to the road already described connecting Stevensburg and Fredericksburg. He struck it at Madden's, and followed it eastward till he came to Richardsville, a hamlet about two and a half miles from Ely's Ford. There he went into bivouac, with

orders from Sheridan to keep his command out of sight as much as possible. About ten o'clock a canvas pontoon train that had been brought up from the Rapahannock drew into his sleeping camp, rested till midnight, and then, preceded by an advanced guard, set out for the river. When daylight broke they were at the ford, and Gregg, after laying the bridge, moved on up with his cavalry to Chancellorsville.

Meanwhile Hancock at midnight awakened his great Second Corps, and at 2 A. M. set off with it from Lone Tree Hill, to follow Gregg. His troops moved through woods and fields till they came to Madden's, so as to leave the road free from Stevensburg to that point for Warren. The Madden's referred to is an old farmhouse on a gentle knoll, with some corn-cribs, log-stables, and huddled fruit trees where chickens and turkeys roost, all overlooking a flat field to the west that is dotted with blackened stumps of primeval oaks. It is about a third of the stretch from Stevensburg to the river.

Dawn had broken, and the morning star was paling, when the head of the Second Corps reached the bluff bank of the Rapidan. There it halted for a moment while the wooden pontoon bridge that accompanied it was laid. The river spanned, the corps filed down and began to cross into the Wilderness. Hour after hour this bridge pulsed with the tread of Hancock's twenty-seven thousand men, veterans of many fields. The swelling bluffs offer more than one point where in fancy the reader might sit alone and overlook the moving scene. I wish for his sake that with one stroke of this pen, as with a magic wand, I might make it really visible. It was one of those sights which the memory cherishes: the river flowing on, glinting, the never-ending column of blue, the bridge rumbling prophetically as the batteries drew on and off it, the spirit of the brave young fellows hovering over them or walking beside them as they moved on to win glory at last for their country. But however all this may be,

the dauntless Second Corps, led on by Webb and Birney, Brooke and Carroll, Miles, Barlow, and Gibbon, crossed and marched up to the old battlefield of Chancellorsville. Hancock with his staff reached there by 9.30, his last division about 3 p. m. Some of his troops had marched over twenty-three miles, which, inasmuch as they carried three days' rations, their muskets, and fifty rounds of ammunition,—under a hot sun and with not a leaf stirring,—was a hard tramp. On Hancock's arrival, Gregg moved on several miles to the south, to the old furnace road on which just about a year before Stonewall Jackson had marched on his last and historic move to strike the right of Hooker's army, posted over the identical field where Hancock's corps went into bivouac. A reference to this will be made when we come to place the army before the reader's eye as night fell that first day, after all had reached their allotted camps.

And now, leaving Hancock at Chancellorsville, where Sheridan joined him with most of the cavalry save the First Division, which had been left to look out for the rear of the army as it moved away from its winter quarters, let us turn to Wilson, Warren, and Burnside. At dark on Tuesday, Wilson's pontoon train took the road for Germanna Ford. When it got within quick reaching distance, a half-mile or so, of the river, it halted in the thick woods. It was then ten o'clock, a moonless but beautiful starlit night. At three o'clock the Third Indiana Cavalry, under Chapman, cautiously drew near the ford, waited till dawn appeared among the trees, then hurried down, forded the river, and brushed away the startled Confederate pickets who had their reserve in the old, ragged field on the bluff overlooking the ford.

Meanwhile, the bridge was brought forward, and Wilson was on hand with the rest of his division, which included Pennington's and Fitzhugh's batteries of light artillery. At half-past five—the sun rose at 4.49—the bridge, two hundred

and twenty feet long, was finished, and by six o'clock the cavalry had crossed, most of them having forded the river, and the head of Warren's corps, which had marched from the vicinity of Culpeper at midnight, was drawing near. Then Wilson pushed on up toward the Lacy farm. On Warren's arrival, another bridge was laid at once, and his corps, Ayres with his Regulars in the lead, began to cross. The troops, once they gained the bluff, threw themselves down and rested by the roadside while they ate their breakfast, and then followed Wilson up the narrow and deeply overshadowed road.

The Sixth Corps, the best liked of all in the army, began its march from around Brandy at four o'clock for Stevensburg. There it fell in behind Warren, and followed him to Germanna Ford. They were rumbling by my tent at Brandy all through the night; the enormous train of over four thousand wagons was on the move headed eastward, in bands of from twenty to two hundred, on lanes and roads, all converging at Richardsville, where they were to go into park. This hamlet of several weather-worn houses is on the road to Ely's Ford, and about seven or eight miles east of Stevensburg. Grant's, Meade's, and corps headquarters, and half of the ammunition and ambulance trains, moved with the troops.

The depots at Brandy began to ship back to Washington early on Tuesday. It was a very busy day for me and for every one else in charge of stores at the depots. Trains were backing in to be loaded with surplus stores; fresh troops, infantry and cavalry, were coming, and had to be supplied at once, whole regiments in some cases, with arms and equipments. Teams stood, waiting, the drivers clamorous for their turn to load with ammunition or delayed supplies; other teams under the crack of their drivers' whips, were quickly taking their chance to unload condemned stores, and all were more or less impatient because they could not be served immediately, and then head back

for commands who were preparing to move.

There is always a feverishness throughout an army on the eve of a general movement. If, in the midst of the hurly-burly, you had gone out where the condemned stores were received, I believe that you would have seen and heard much to amuse you. These stores were usually sent in charge of a corporal or sergeant, and were tallied by a couple of my men, old regular soldiers. One of them, Corporal Tessing, it would have delighted you to see, he was such a typical, grim old regular. His drooping mustache and imperial were a rusty sandy, streaked with gray, his cheeks furrowed, his bearing and look like a frowning statue. The other, Harris, his senior, was a mild, quiet, open-eyed, soft-voiced man, with modesty and uprightness camped in his face. Well, if the stores came from a regiment of cavalry, the corporal in charge, booted and spurred,—and such an air!—would pick up a few straps, some of them not longer than a throat-latch, and possibly having attached to one or two of them an old nose-bag, and announce brazenly to Tessing or Harris who would be tallying, “two bridles, three halters, and four nose-bags.” If an infantryman, he would throw quickly into a pile an old wrinkled cartridge-box, a belt or two, and a bayonet scabbard, and sing out, “five sets of infantry equipments complete.” If an artilleryman, he might point with dignity to a couple of pieces of carefully folded, dirt-stained, scarlet blankets, and in a voice of commercial deference observe, “Three horse-blankets.”

And so it was with everything their commanding officers were responsible for: they tried to get receipts for what was worn out, what had been lost, and now and then for what they had traded off to a farmer or sutler. If you could have seen Tessing's face as he turned it on some of those volunteer corporals when they tried to beat him! He rarely said anything to the young rascals as

they eyed him keenly, brass in every beam of their roguish eyes; now and then, however, he addressed the very unscrupulous in tones, terms, and looks that could have left but little doubt as to what he thought of them. They never disputed his count, but pocketed their receipts, and off they went as light-hearted as birds. He and the old sergeant lost their lives at the explosion of the depot at City Point: the former was literally blown to atoms; how and where I found the sergeant is told in *The Spirit of Old West Point*. Heaven bless their memories, and when I reach the other shore no two hands shall I take with warmer grasp than the hands of these two old soldiers; and, reader, I believe they will be glad to take mine, too.

Count the stores as carefully as they might, there was sure to be a generous allowance, so that by the time we reached City Point I was responsible for a vast amount of stuff that was n't there. But let me confide that, when the depot exploded, all those absent stores had in some mysterious way gotten to the James; and I am free to say that I loaded them, and everything under the heavens that I was charged with and short of, on that boat or into the depot buildings, and thereby balanced the books to the complete satisfaction of everybody, and I believe with the approval of Honor and Justice.

At last all was done, and a little before midnight the train with my ordnance supplies on board was under way for Alexandria; and as it started I waved a good-by to my faithful Regulars and tired colored laborers. The departing train, its engine, old Samson, laboring heavily, hied away, and I turned in. The sun had just cleared the treetops when Meade with his staff came by, and I mounted my horse, saddled and groomed by my colored boy, Stephens, and joined Meade on his way to the Wilderness. The whole army was now in motion, and I cannot convey the beauty and joy of the morning. The glad May air was full of spring. Dogwoods with their broadly open, gently

wrapped blossoms, that have always seemed to me as though they were hearing music somewhere above them in the spring skies, violets and azaleas, heavenly pale little housatonias, and the gorgeous yellow primroses, which gild the pastures and roadsides of this part of old Virginia, were all in bloom, and the dew still on them.

Never, I think, did an army set off on a campaign when the fields and the bending morning sky wore fresher or happier looks. Our horses felt it all, too, and, champing their bits, flecking their breasts at times with spattering foam, bore us on proudly. When we gained the ridge just beyond Stevensburg, which commands a wide landscape, an inspiring sight broke on our eyes. To be sure, we had been riding by troops all the way from Brandy, but now, as far as you could see in every direction, corps, divisions, and brigades, trains, batteries, and squadrons, were moving on in a waving sea of blue; headquarters' and regimental flags were fluttering, the morning sun kissing them all, and shimmering gayly from gun-barrels, and on the loud-speaking brass guns, so loved by the cannoneers who marched by their sides. Every once in a while a cheer would break, and on would come floating the notes of a band. As I recall the scene from the ridge beyond Stevensburg, that old army, whose blood had moistened and glorified so many fields, in motion with its brigades, divisions, and corps, their flags, some blue, some white, and some with red fields, whipping over them, and beyond in the background Poney and Clarke's Mountain, and away in the west the Blue Ridge lifting with her remote charm, — taking her last view of the Army of the Potomac, — a solemn spell comes over my heart, and it seems as if, while I look at the magical pageant, I hear above me the notes of slowly-passing bells.

The troops were very light-hearted, almost as joyous as schoolboys; and over and over again as we rode by them, it was observed by members of the staff that they had never seen them so happy and

buoyant. The little drummer-boys, those hardened little waifs whose faces were the habitual playground of mischief and impudence, were striding along, caps tilted, and calling for cheers for Grant, or jeering, just as the mood took them; but there was illumination in every soldier's face. Was it the light from the altar of duty that was shining in their courageous young faces? No one knows save the Keeper of the key of our higher natures, who some day will open the doors for us all.

Soon after we left Stevensburg, to my surprise, General Hunt, by whose side I was riding, suggested that we take it easy, and let the rest of the staff go ahead, for it never was comfortable riding to keep up with that fox-walk of Meade's horse; so we fell to the rear, and I really felt proud to have him ask me to ride with him, for he was so much older, and held such a high place at headquarters and in the army generally. We struck across the country, and while watering our horses at a run of considerable flow, — it rises well up among the timber of the old Willis plantation, one with the greatest domain of any along the Rapidan, — Hunt's eye fell on the violets along the banks, and he insisted that we dismount and pick some of them. The violets here, and those in the Wilderness, are large and beautiful, the two upper petals almost a chestnut brown. And then, as we lounged in the refreshing shade, he manifested so much unaffected love and sentiment for the wild flowers and the quiet of the spot, — the brook was murmuring on to the Rapidan near by, — that the stern old soldier whom I had known was translated into an attractive and really new acquaintance. I do not remember ever to have seen him smile, yet I never read the story of Pickett's charge, or recall him at the Wilderness or Spottsylvania, without having that half-hour's rest on the banks of the run come back to me.

The road we were on, the old Stevensburg plank, and the one from Madden's which had been taken by two of Warren's

divisions, meet at Germanna Ford. Both take advantage of short narrow ravines in the bluffs to get down out of the loneliness of the pine woods to the water's cheery edge, for the Rapidan here is flowing right fast. Under the open pines on the bluff we found Warren, Meade, and Grant, with their headquarter colors. They and their staffs, spurred and in top boots, all fine-looking young fellows, were dismounted and standing or lounging around in groups. Grant was a couple of hundred yards back from the ford, and except Babcock, Comstock, and Porter, he and all of his staff were strangers to the officers and the rank and file of the army. His headquarter flag was the national colors; Meade's, a lilac-colored, swallow-tailed flag having in the field a wreath inclosing an eagle in gold. Warren's Fifth Corps, a blue swallow-tail, with a Maltese cross in a white field.

Down each of the roads, to the bridges that were forty or fifty feet apart, the troops, well closed up, were pouring. The batteries, ambulances, and ammunition trains followed their respective divisions. Of course, in the three years of campaigning many officers, infantry and artillery, — I honestly believe I knew every captain and lieutenant in the artillery with the army, — had become acquaintances and personal friends of members of the various staffs; and warm greetings were constantly exchanged. Hello, Tom! Hello, Bob! Good-morning, Sandy, old fellow, and how did you leave your sweetheart? How are you, John, and you too, Mack, dear old boy! And on with their radiant smiles they went.

If the reader could take his place by my side, on the bare knoll that lifts immediately above the ford, and we could bring back the scene: the Rapidan swinging boldly around a shouldering point of darkened pines to our right, and on the other side of the river the Wilderness reaching back in mysterious silence; below us the blue moving column, the tattered colors fluttering over it in

the hands of faithful-eyed, open-browed youths, I believe that the reader would find an elevated pleasure as his eyes fell on the martial scene. And if we could transport ourselves to the banks of the James, and should see the army as I saw it on that June day, heading on after it had fought its way through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and by Cold Harbor, leaving behind those young faces whose light now gives such charm to the procession all hidden in the grave, I believe that both of us would hear, coming down from some high ridge in our spiritual nature, the notes of a dirge, and our hearts with muffled beats would be keeping step as the column moved over the James.

But, thank God! that scene of June is not before us now. No, we are on the Rapidan, it is a bright May morning, the river is gurgling around the reef of black projecting boulders at our feet, and youth's confident torches are lit in our eyes, and here comes the small band of Regulars. That solid-looking man, with an untended bushy beard, at their head, is Ayres. The man with that air of decision and vigor, stalking walk, with the drooping mustache and sunken cheeks, who commands the division, is Griffin, one of my old West Point instructors. At Gettysburg, when Longstreet's men had carried the Peach Orchard and broken Sickles's line, and were coming on flushed with victory, driving everything before them, those Regulars, then under Sykes and Ayres, were called on and went in. They were only 1985 strong, but they fought their way back, leaving 829 killed or wounded. Out of the 80 officers in one of the small brigades, 40 were among the killed or wounded.

Reader, let me tell you that I never think of the Regulars without a feeling of pride and affection for them all. For the first real soldier I ever saw was a Regular, the one who conducted me — on reporting at West Point, a medium-sized, spare, and rather lonely-looking boy, — to the barracks that were to be my home

for four years; moreover, all of my spring-time manhood was spent as an officer among them, and let me assure you that if in the other world there shall be a review of the old Army of the Potomac, I shall certainly fall in with the Regulars.

And here, brigaded with them, comes a regiment, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, to which, for the sake of a boyhood's friend who fell at their head, I wish you would uncover. It is Pat O'Rorke's, a cadet and sojourner at West Point with me, to whom this pen has referred with fervor on another occasion. That regiment followed him up the east slope of Round Top, and there looking out over the field is a monument which tells with pride the sacrifices it made. Ryan, "Paddy" Ryan, — so Warren called him when some one of the staff asked him who that young officer was that had just tipped his cap to him smiling as he rode by, — Ryan, a graduate of West Point, tawny-haired and soldierly, is leading it now. O'Rorke, with Charles Hazlett, was killed on Round Top. At the close of the next day, the first of the Wilderness, of the 529 of the One Hundred and Fortieth who went into action up the turnpike, cheering, only 264 reported with the colors. The rest were in the hospital wounded, or lying dead under the stunted, sullen pines — all but a few who were on their way to Southern prisons.

And there, just coming on the upper bridge, is another regiment in the same division, the Twentieth Maine, a worthy companion of the One Hundred and Fortieth and the Regulars. Its record at Round Top, where it was on the left of O'Rorke, under Chamberlain, is thrilling; and it was still under that same scholar, soldier, and gentleman, a son of Bowdoin, at Appomattox, when the overthrown Confederate army came marching along, under Gordon, with heavy hearts, to stack their arms, and say farewell to their dearly loved colors. Chamberlain ordered his line to present arms to their brave foes. Gordon, who was at their

head, with becoming chivalry wheeled his horse, and acknowledged duly the unexpected and touching salute. Yes, the guns you see them bearing now were brought to a present, and those old battle-torn colors were dipped. It was a magnanimous and knightly deed, a fit ending for the war; for Chamberlain lifted the hour and the occasion into the company of those that minstrels have sung. I feel glad and proud that I served with an army which had men in it with hearts to do deeds like this. The total killed and wounded of this regiment in the war was 528.

That large man, fifty-four years old, with silvered hair and nobly carved features, is Wadsworth. His brigade commanders are Cutler and Rice, the latter a Yale man who, when dying a few days after at Spottsylvania, asked to be turned with his face to the enemy. In Wadsworth's division is the Iron Brigade of the West, made up of Seventh and Nineteenth Indiana, Twenty-Fourth Michigan, First New York, Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin. They too were at Gettysburg, — in fact, the fate of that day pivoted on their bravery, — and proudly may they tread those bridges to-day. You will notice that one of the Wisconsin regiments is carrying on a perch near the colors a live bald eagle. They call him Old Abe, in honor of the President, and at times he has been known to utter his shriek along with that of battle.

Wadsworth was killed Friday forenoon, and the writer has every reason to believe that he bore the last order his corps commander Warren ever gave him. But before I reached him, his lines were broken, and our men were falling back in great confusion, and he was lying mortally wounded and unconscious within the Confederate lines. Those troops just ahead of the battery that is now coming on to the lower bridge are the rear of the Maryland brigade. Its front is with that headquarter flag you see in the column over the top of the willows and trees on the other side of the river. It is known as the Iron Brigade of Maryland, and is

made up of the First, Fourth, Seventh, and Eighth.

If ever you visit the field of Spottsylvania, you will find standing along on the Spindle farm, within reach of the evening shadows of an old wood, and amid tufts of broom-grass, a gray rectangular stone, and on one of its faces you will read "Maryland Brigade," and on another this legend: "8th May 1864. Never mind cannon, never mind bullets, press on and clear this road," — meaning the road to Spottsylvania, that lies but a mile and a half beyond. On the south face is, "Nearest approach on this front."

I saw the troops with my own eyes as they tried gallantly to carry out Warren's order, wondering at every step they took how much longer they could stand it under the withering cross-fire of artillery and musketry; and the whole scene came back to me vividly as I stood by the stone the other June day. And I'll confess freely, it came back with a sense of pensiveness such as always attends a revisit to one of the old fields. I got there about the same hour as that of the charge, and the day resembled exactly that of the battle, one brimming with glad sunshine; that kind of a May morning when the new-shorn sheep look so white in the fields, the brooks ripple so brightly, and joy is in the blooming hawthorn.

But there by the stone all was very still, — silence was at its highest pitch. Huge white clouds with bulging mountain-tops, pinnaced cliffs, and gray ravines, were floating lazily in the forenoon sky, and across the doming brow of one of them whose shadow was dragging slowly down the timbered valley of the Po, a buzzard far, far above earth's common sounds, was soaring half-careened with bladed wing. There were no men or herds in sight, the only moving thing was an unexpected roaming wind. Suddenly the leaves in the nearby woods fluttered a moment, and then the broom-grass around waved silently as the wandering wind breathed away. My left hand was rest-

ing on the stone, and a voice came from it saying, as I was about to go to other parts of the field, — to where Sedgwick was killed and our batteries had stood, — "Stay, stay a while. I stand for the men you saw marching across the Rapidan, who after facing the volleys of the Wilderness were called upon to move on at last under the severe order, 'Never mind cannon, never mind bullets, but press on and clear this road.' Here many of them fell. Stay a while, I love to feel the warmth of a hand of one who, as a boy, served with them. Do not go just yet, for, standing here throughout the long days, in the silence of the dead broom, I am sometimes lonely."

And so, dear reader, I might call your attention to deeds like theirs which have been done by about every one of the veteran regiments that cross the river this morning, but something tells me that I ought to refrain, and proceed with the narrative.

As soon as the last of his troops were across — it was well on toward noon — Warren mounted his big, heavy, iron-gray horse and, followed by his staff, the writer among them, started up the Germanna Ford road for the Lacy farm and the opening around the Wilderness Tavern. His adjutant-general was Colonel Fred Locke; his chief surgeon, Dr. Milhau, whose assistant was my friend, General Charles K. Winne of Albany, New York, — and may every day of his declining years be sweet to him. Warren's chief personal aide, and one of the very best in the army, was Washington Roebling, the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, and a man whose fame is wide. Warren's brother Robert, a boy of my own age, was also an aide. I find by referring to my book of dispatches, that I sent my camp blankets to him at Culpeper the night before we moved. Besides those mentioned there were eight or ten other officers connected with the staff; so that, when we were under way on the narrow road, followed immediately, as all were, by head-quarter guards, couriers, and servants, we

made quite a cavalcade behind the general.

After all these years there are only three distinct memories left of the march. First, its seeming great length, — and yet it was only about four and a half miles. But the eye met nothing to distract it; to be sure now and then there was an old field, and on the right-hand side, and not far apart, were two little old houses. And the other day, where one house had stood, a long-since retired cherry tree was trying to bloom, and a feeble old rheumatic apple tree had one of its pain-racked, twisted boughs decked in pink and white. But the most of the way it is nothing but wooded, stunted oaks, lean, struggling bushes, pines with moss on them, obviously hopeless of ever seeing better days, the whole scene looking at you with unfathomable eyes. Second, the road strewn with overcoats which the men had thrown away. The wonder is that they had carried the useless burden so far, for the day was very warm, with not a breath of air; moreover, they had been marching since midnight, and were getting tired. The other memory is almost too trifling to record, but, as it was the only time I burst into a hearty laugh in all the campaign, I shall be loyal to it, and give it a place alongside of the stern and great events.

We neared Flat Run, which steals down out of the woods about half-way to the Lacy house, and heads right up

where the battle began. Its tributary runs are like the veins of a beech-leaf, frequent and almost parallel, coming in from both sides, and bordered all the way with swamp or thicket. When we reached it, and while several of us with rein relaxed were letting our horses drink, my friend General Winne approached on our right hand. The wagons and batteries ahead of us had ploughed through the run, deepening and widening the deceitful stream into a mud-hole. Winne's horse, rather thirsty, and undoubtedly looking forward with pleasant anticipations of poking his nose into refreshing water, had barely planted his fore feet in it before he turned almost a complete somersault — he had struck a hole — and landed Winne full length in the water. When, to use the language of the New Testament, he came up out of the water, his cap had disappeared, and he certainly was a sight. Well, heartlessly and instantaneously we youngsters broke into howling delight. Thereupon Winne's lips opened and his language flowed freely, marked with emphatic use of divine and to-hellish terms both for us and his poor brute, which was fully as much surprised as any one at the quick turn of events. The doctor's address soon reduced our loud laughter to suppressed giggles, which brightened our way for a good many rods, and which still ripple along the beach of those bygone years.

(To be continued.)

THE POLITICS OF A PULLMAN CAR

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

FROM de Tocqueville and Dickens to Mr. Bryce and Max O'Rell, there have been many suggestions as to the best method of studying the American people, as we in the United States modestly call ourselves. The fact is that, in the gradual evolution of our complex national life, the Pullman car has come to be the epitome of the United States. Here one finds not always the rich and the poor, but he finds the rich together with every variety of the well-to-do. The preacher, the teacher, the college professor, the politician, the business man, the labor-union delegate, touch elbows in a Pullman car. Here, under more democratic conditions than are to be found in any other spot on the continent, men live, move, and have their being; and here one sees, reduced to the dimensions of a drawing-room, the whole game of national life.

The centre of this small world lies in the smoking-room. It is there that men come closest together, and it is there that one has the best opportunities to know the average American. Mr. Bryce is said to have written his *American Commonwealth* out of the revelations of the Pullman car smoking-room, which is the reason for its trueness to life.

Just what it is which leads men to open their hearts to one another when they sit down in the smoking-room and light their cigars, is not entirely easy to say, but the fact itself no one can doubt. Out of that perfect intimacy which comes from a total lack of acquaintance, men tell one another their loves and their disappointments, their virtues and their vices, their successes and their failures. They lay bare their hearts to a perfect stranger under the magic of a smoking-room acquaintance as they would never do to

their most intimate friends. Strangers find a certain comfort in confiding to other strangers details of their inner lives, which they would go to infinite pains to conceal from a friend or from a relative.

Just how much of the spirit of fellowship in the Pullman car smoking-room comes from the fact that the men have never seen one another before, and will never see one another again, and just how much arises from the subtle influence of tobacco as a social solvent, it is again difficult to say. The intimacy of strangeness, and the charm of the cigar, are both powerful reagents in social chemistry. Together they seem irresistible. It is not quite three hundred years since good Sir Walter Raleigh, almost the first of the smokers, just before he lost his head on that October morning, wrote in his diary: "I have smoaked [he had not learned the simplified spelling]—I have smoaked a roll of tobacco with great peace and comfort;" and from that day to this the humanizing influence of the weed has been at once a joy and a danger to the sons of men.

Tobacco is so evident an agent in social intercourse that one sees in these days many men gradually learning to use a cigar for the sake of the companionship which it brings. Their attitude toward smoking is very much that of a colored gentleman in Atlanta who went in to purchase a razor. When the obliging clerk undertook to sell him a safety razor, the colored gentleman drew himself up somewhat stiffly and explained, "I desired de razor, suh, for social purposes." Many a man in these degenerate days smokes, not because he likes it, but for social purposes.

It is, however, during the excitement

of a national campaign that the smoking-room of the Pullman car becomes a place of the sharpest discussion, and of the keenest interchange of opinion. It is then that confidences become political rather than personal, and the stories of the drummer, of the politician, and of the wayfaring man, turn toward the candidates. No matter what may be the origin of a discussion, everybody knows that before long it will point toward politics, and that sooner or later it will drift away from state politics to national politics. It is on these occasions that the best stories are told, and the keenest wit is displayed. And it is in these little eddies of our popular life that one sees in miniature our whole national existence. The possibilities of coming success in a campaign could in no way be more clearly estimated than by a canvass of the Pullman car smoking-rooms.

The national campaign which closed last November was one of the least eventful which we have passed through since Mr. Bryan first formed the habit of running for the presidency. This phase of the campaign was faithfully reflected in the discussions of the Pullman car. Universally it was admitted that Taft would win. The only question was as to the extent of the majority, and throughout all the predictions there ran so friendly a thread of comment upon the man who has since become President that it was generally impossible to get up anything like a real political discussion. A census of the Pullman car votes would have elected Taft by a little larger majority than he actually received, but its verdict would have been practically that which the country rendered in November.

The only eddy in this placid talk of the Pullman smoking-room would occur when some Democrat of the Bryan wing got into an argument with a Democrat of the conservative type. When this happened the company once more took courage, and felt that politics was worth while. Now and then the hope was not in vain — the sparks flew.

I remember one such incident on a train leaving Kansas City for the West. Kansas City is a point which the transcontinental traveler never forgets, because it has the most crowded, dirty, and uncomfortable union station on the continent. It is, however, one of the great distributing points for western travel. The transcontinental trains all start about six o'clock in the evening. The wise traveler makes his way immediately to the dining-car, which is cut off at an early hour. Having satisfied the inner man, he repairs as promptly as possible to the smoker, in order to secure a place. On the occasion to which I allude the room was already fairly filled, and the air comfortably blue, while two Missourians, each a little excited, were in the midst of a warm discussion. The Bryan representative had just expressed the opinion that Mr. Bryan was the greatest exponent of democracy since Jefferson's time, and would in the end lead the people to victory.

The picture of Bryan as leader fairly made the other Missourian squirm. Taking a black cigar from his mouth with his left hand, and gesticulating in a large circle with his right, he said, "I was a Democrat until twelve years ago, but Bryan and his crowd have forced me to vote the Republican ticket so long that I don't know that I'll ever get out of the habit. It's bad enough," he said, "to have Bryan as a candidate, but when you talk of him as a leader of the Democratic party and compare him to the great Thomas Jefferson, then nothing short of profanity — and that of the most acid variety — can express my feelings. Bryan as the leader of the Democratic party," continued he, "reminds me of the time when Uncle Tom Sitling of Pike County sent his prize mule down to St. Louis by boat. Uncle Tom was prouder of this mule — the mule was eighteen hands high — than he was of anything on his farm, not even excepting his wife, and in order that the mule might reach the commission agent to whom he was

consigned, in perfect safety, he sent a trusted colored man, named Ephraim, to look after the mule. As Ephraim could n't read, the address of the commission agent had been carefully written on a tag and tied to the mule's left fore foot. The boat reached St. Louis all right, and the morning they got there the captain found Uncle Ephraim and the mule on deck, but very much puzzled as to what they should do. 'Where are you going, Uncle Ephraim?' said he. 'Well, boss,' said the old man, scratching his head, 'that is the question. I dunno where we're gwine, de mule he dunno where we're gwine, an' he done et up his tag.' The trouble is, gentlemen," continued the man from Pike, "that the Democratic party under Mr. Bryan's guidance not only does n't know where it's going, but it's eaten up its tag, so that you can't see anything but Populist labels.

"Now, sir," he added to his antagonist, who was somewhat overwhelmed by the story, "there are three reasons why Bryan will not be elected in November: the first reason is Theodore Roosevelt; the second is William Howard Taft; but the third and principal reason is William Jennings Bryan."

Outside of the question as to which party and which candidate would win, and outside of the discussion of the fortunes of particular states, the most common theme of conjecture in the Pullman car during the campaign was the question as to what were the appropriate activities for presidential candidates. The spectacle of a presidential candidate rushing about the country, and addressing audiences here and there, speaking day after day from the rear end of a train, is one which has come in with the Bryan method of doing things. Whatever may be its political value, the practically unanimous verdict of the smoking-room was against it. Politicians, lawyers, office-holders, travelers of all vocations, united in saying that the picture of a presidential candidate going about the country to solicit votes or to put fire into local organ-

izations of his party, was not a pleasing one. Not only was the sentiment of the smoking-room dead against this sort of thing, but its judgment almost unanimously condemned the process from the standpoint of vote-getting. The men who ride on Pullman cars believed that Taft would get as many votes by staying at home as by being carried about the country under the management of the Republican campaign committee. I am much inclined to think that the judgment of the Pullman car in this matter not only was on the side of dignity, but also was good politics.

There is much evidence to show that the outpourings of people to hear a candidate for the presidency have no significance in showing how they are to vote. Men will come to hear the candidate of either party simply out of curiosity, and out of the common desire to see and hear the man who is the candidate for so great an office, and there is little evidence to show that the votes of these great assemblages are affected by the speeches which are made, or even to show that the crowds which come are made up of those who are in any way politically friendly to the candidate.

This fact was illustrated by two circumstances which came under my eye in the last month of the campaign. Going out of Denver one night on a Pullman car, I found the smoking-room full of those who had come to Denver to attend the Republican welcome to Mr. Taft, and to hear him speak in the new Denver auditorium. Naturally, I assumed that these men must be mainly Republicans, and was much surprised to find that seven out of nine were Democrats, some of whom had made a three-hundred-mile trip out of mere desire to hear the candidate of a rival party. The verdict of the smoking-room was that the candidate is misled by the appeals of the professional politicians, each of whom has a direct interest in keeping the candidate on the jump.

A more curious instance was that of a

ranchman who had ridden fifty miles on horseback, taken a thirty-mile stage ride, and traveled one hundred and fifty miles on the train to hear Mr. Bryan. As he was known to be a lifelong Republican, he was questioned on his return as to the reason for such a journey.

"I suppose," said the questioner, "you went to hear a specimen of Mr. Bryan's oratory."

"No," said he, "I did n't care particularly to hear Mr. Bryan speak."

"Well," inquired the visitor, "what was your idea in making this long journey?"

"Well," said he, "it is like this. I never shook hands in my life with a man who was President of the United States. Now in Colorado this fall we are going to go Democratic, and it may be that Mr. Bryan will be elected President; and I went out just to shake hands with him, so that if he becomes President I can say I have shaken hands with a President of the United States!"

The verdict of the smoking-room was that the crowds of listeners who gathered to hear the candidates for the presidency had no significance in the actual working out of the campaign. The only practical result of these terrific efforts of the presidential candidates was said to lie in the quickening of the party machinery in different localities; but even this is, in the judgment of the smoking-room, a negligible quantity, and it is more than doubtful whether the irritation produced by this spectacle does not offset the advantage of a slight advance in party activity.

The smoking-room almost to a man condemned the sort of campaigning for the presidency which has come in through the example of Mr. Bryan.

Another very common topic of smoking-room politics during last autumn was the question of presidential interference in the political conduct of a campaign. President Roosevelt, more than any other president, took a personal part in the actual conduct of the campaign, and the election of his successor; and this activity of the President was, on the whole, disapproved in the smoking-room, without regard to occupation, and without regard to party. Whether the President's active interference helped Mr. Taft or not, was a much mooted question. The professional politicians thought it did; the men who were not so closely associated with politics doubted; but on the whole, there was a general sentiment, not only against the practice, but against the political wisdom of the practice. No man except one having the unprecedented popularity of Mr. Roosevelt could have gone through the experience without a serious loss of prestige, and there is no question that even he lost popularity by reason of it, and nowhere so much as amongst the members of his own party. "We like Teddy," said a cowboy foreman on his way out to Denver at the head of a large shipment of stock, "but this is not his game." And this sentiment, with varying degrees of refinement and directness, was the Pullman-car verdict upon the President's political activities during the last campaign.

MUSINGS OF A PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTER

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

High in the trees
He balances —
Gay-hearted oriole! Fluttering down
Willful and leaf-light with leaves that drift,
Now clear in a rift
Of branch-fringed sky,
Now dim on the brown
Of russet bark —
And hark!
Rare and shy
His notes begin,
First sweet and thin,
Held to a rippling swell that ebbs again —
O for the wax that dulled the sirens' strain!
Birds and a tree-top! Such a combination
Leaves far too much to the imagination.

Here are my colors: how one's thoughts run riot
When any noise disturbs the woodland quiet!
— What silver-gray of lichens — tiny trees
That branch and fork like any forest brother;
Moist green of mosses; deep soft velvets, these,
Tipped with a jester's cap and bells of coral;
And one that grows supine; red-cupped, another:
A creamy tassel fallen from the sorrel:
A spreading fungus, colored orange, gold,
Saffron, all shades of yellow, metal-cold,
Or warm with shifting sunlight — what a study
Beside the toadstool pulp that quivers ruddy!

Another strain!
Up, up he's borne upon his own refrain!
Rollicking tree-tops
Nodding together,
Gladness of bird-song,

Blue-skied fair weather!
 What if the day stops?
 Days are so long!
 Under the warm shades
 Gay fancies throng.
 What if the day fades?
 After a night
 Tree-tops and bird-song
 Welcome the light —
 Rollicking tree-tops
 Nodding together,
 Gladness of bird-song,
 Blue-skied fair weather!

He's gone! Oh what a flight, imagination!
 Now to my moss and its configuration.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES ¹

VII

THE WINTER OF 1863-1864

Monday, September 28, 1863.

The President read to Seward and myself a detailed confidential despatch from Chattanooga very derogatory to Crittenden and McCook, who wilted when every energy and resource should have been put forth, disappeared from the battlefield, returned to Chattanooga, and — went to sleep. The officers who did their duty are dissatisfied. We had their statements last week, which this confidential despatch confirms. It makes some, but not a very satisfactory, excuse for Rosecrans, in whom the President has clearly lost confidence. He said he was urged to change all the officers, but thought he should limit his acts to Crittenden and McCook — said it would not do to send one of our generals from the East. I ex-

pressed a doubt if he had any one suitable for that command or the equal of Thomas if a change was to be made. There was no one in the army who, from what I had seen and known of him, was so fitted for that command as General Thomas. Rosecrans had stood well with the country until this time, but Thomas was a capable general, had undoubted merit, and was a favorite with the men. Seward thought the whole three, Rosecrans, Crittenden, and McCook, should be removed.

Tuesday, September 29, 1863.

No matter of special importance; nothing but current business in Cabinet. Seward and Stanton were not present. The latter seems to make it a point recently not to attend. Others, therefore,

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run to him. I will not. Military operations are of late managed at the War Department irrespective of the rest of the Cabinet, or of all who do not go there. This is not difficult, for the President spends much of his time there. Seward and Chase make daily visitations to Stanton, sometimes two or three times. I have not the time, nor do I want the privilege, though I doubtless could have it, for Stanton treats me respectfully and with as much confidence as he does any one when I approach him, except Seward. But I cannot run to the War Department and pay court in order to obtain information that should be given. Chase does this; complains because he is compelled to do it, and then, when not bluffed, becomes reconciled. To-day he expressed great disgust towards Halleck, says Halleck has done nothing while the rebels were concentrating, has sent no reinforcements to Rosecrans, and did not propose to send any. Those that had gone were ordered by Stanton. Halleck, he said, was good for nothing, and everybody knew it but the President.

A large delegation of extreme party men is here from Missouri to see the President and Cabinet. So intense and fierce [are they] in their party animosities that they would if they had the power be more revengeful, inflict greater injury on these republicans, friends of the administration, who do not conform to their extreme radical and fanatical views than on the rebels in the field. The hate and narrow partisanship exhibited in many of the states, when there should be some forbearance, some tolerance, some spirit of kindness, are among the saddest features of the times.

Saturday, October 10, 1863.

Dining at Lord Lyons' this evening, Admiral Milne, who sat next to me, stated that he is the first British Admiral who has visited New York since the government was established, certainly the first in forty years. He said that it had been the policy of his government to avoid

such visitations, chiefly from apprehensions in regard to their crews, their language and general appearance being the same as ours. There were doubtless other reasons which neither of us cared to introduce. He was exceedingly attentive and pleasant; said he had tried to preserve harmony and good feeling, and to prevent, as far as possible, irritation and vexatious questions between us; complimented the energy we had displayed, the forbearance exercised, the comparatively few vexatious and conflicting questions which had arisen under the extraordinary condition of affairs, the management of the extensive blockade, and the general administration of our naval matters, which he had admired and in his way sustained without making himself a party in our conflict.

Chase has gone to Ohio preparatory to the election which takes place next Tuesday. Great interest is felt throughout the country in the result. Chase is understood to have special interest in this election.

Monday, October 12, 1863.

At Seward's yesterday with Lord Lyons and Admiral Milne to dine. Miss Cushman, the actress, who is visiting at Seward's, was present. I took her to dinner.

The city is full of rumors of fighting, and of Meade's falling back. Much is probably trash for the Pennsylvania and Ohio elections which take place to-morrow. Still I am prepared for almost any news but good news from the front. Cannot expect very good news from Meade's command. He would obey orders and faithfully carry out the plans of a superior mind, but there is no one here more capable than himself to plan, to advise, to consult. It will not surprise me if he is out-generalled by Lee.

Tuesday, October 13, 1863.

No news from the front. President read this noon a despatch from Meade written last night, in which he says if the rebels do not attack him to-day, he will

attack them. I doubt it. He cannot do much on the offensive except under orders. As second, or in any capacity under an intelligent superior, I think Meade would do well. He will never have another such opportunity to do the rebels harm, as when he supinely let Lee and his army cross the Potomac and escape unmolested.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE ELECTIONS

[The elections of 1863 were generally merely for state offices, but in Ohio, where Vallandigham was the Democratic candidate for Governor, the contest was, as John Sherman said, substantially between the government and the rebels. In Pennsylvania, Governor Curtin was running for re-election on his patriotic war record.]

The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania absorb attention. The President says he feels nervous. No doubts have troubled me. An electioneering letter of McClellan, in favor of Woodward for Governor of Pennsylvania, written yesterday, is published. It surprises me that one so cautious and intelligent as McClellan should have been so indiscreet and unwise.

Preston King spent the evening with me. Young Ulric Dahlgren called. The gallant fellow lost a leg at Gettysburg and is just recovering, so that he gets around on crutches. It is the first of his calls and King was wonderfully interested in him — affected to tears, and listened to his modest account with the earnestness of a child.

Wednesday, October 14, 1863.

The election returns from Pennsylvania and Ohio¹ are cheering in their results. The loyal and patriotic sentiment is strongly in the ascendant in both states, and the defeat of Vallandigham is emphatic. I stopped in to see and congratulate the President, who is in good spirits

¹ The Republican majority in Ohio was 101,000.

and greatly relieved from the depression of yesterday. He told me he had more anxiety in regard to the election results of yesterday than he had in 1860 when he was chosen. He could not, he said, have believed four years ago, that one genuine American would, or could, be induced to vote for such a man as Vallandigham, yet he has been made the candidate of a large party — their representative man — and has received a vote that is a discredit to the country. The President showed a good deal of emotion as he dwelt on this subject, and his regrets were sincere.

Thursday, October 15, 1863.

News from the front vague and unsatisfactory. Our papers dwell on the masterly movements of Meade, and street rumor glorifies him, but I can get nothing to authenticate or justify this claim of wonderful strategy. Lee has made a demonstration and our army has fallen back — “changed its base,” they call it at the War Department; in the vernacular, *retreated*. This retreat may have been, and probably was, skilfully executed. It is well to make the most of it. It is claimed Meade has shown great tact in not permitting the enemy to outflank him. Perhaps so. I shall not controvert, if I doubt it. I would not decry our generals, nor speak my mind freely if unfavorably impressed concerning them, in public. Meade does the best he knows how; Halleck does nothing.

LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY TO MEADE

Friday, October 16, 1863.

The President read to the Cabinet a confidential despatch to General Meade, urging him not to lose the opportunity to bring on a battle — assuring him that all the honors of victory should be exclusively his (Meade's), while in case of defeat he (the President), would take the entire responsibility. This is tasking Meade beyond his ability. If the President could tell him how and when to fight, his orders would be faithfully carried out, but the President is over-tasking Meade's cap-

ability and powers. Where is Halleck, General-in-Chief, who should, if he has the capacity, attend to these things, and if he has not, should be got out of the way!

Saturday, October 31, 1863.

My time has been so occupied that I was unable to note down daily current events, which, however, have not been of special importance. It has been my practice to make a minute of transactions on the day they occurred — usually after my family had retired for the night, but for some days I have been occupied until midnight with matters that cannot be dispensed with.

December, 1863 [no exact date].

It has been some weeks since I have opened this book. Such time as I could spare from exacting and oppressing current duties at the Department has been devoted to gathering and arranging materials for, and in writing, my annual report.

I was invited and strongly urged by the President to attend the ceremonies at Gettysburg, but was compelled to decline, for I could not spare the time. The President returned ill, and in a few days it was ascertained he had the varioloid. We were in Cabinet meeting when he informed us that the physicians had the preceding evening ascertained and pronounced the nature of his complaint. It was in a light form, but yet held on longer than was expected. He would have avoided an interview, but wished to submit and have our views of the Message. All were satisfied, and that portion which is his own displays sagacity and wisdom.

The Russian government has thought proper to send its fleets into American waters for the winter. A number of their vessels arrived on the Atlantic seaboard some weeks since, and others in the Pacific have reached San Francisco. It is a politic movement for both Russians and Americans, and somewhat annoying to France and England. I have directed our Naval Officers to show them all pro-

per courtesy, and the municipal authorities in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have exhibited the right spirit.

Mr. Colfax was elected Speaker and the House was organized without difficulty.

The interference of Members of Congress in the organization of the Navy Yards and the employment of workmen is annoying beyond conception. In scarcely a single instance is the public good consulted in their interference, but a demoralized, debauched system of personal and party favoritism has grown up, which is pernicious. No person representing a district in which there is a Navy Yard ought ever to be placed on the naval committee, nor should a Member of Congress meddle with appointments unless requested by the Executive. It is a terrible and increasing evil.

PLAIN SPEECH WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NAVAL COMMITTEE

Tuesday, December 15, 1863.

Mr. John P. Hale called this afternoon, much excited — said there was something in the *New York Herald* respecting him and myself, which he was told came from the Department. I asked if he meant to say the statement (which I had not seen, whatever it was) originated with me. He answered, No, emphatically, no, for he considered me a gentleman, and had always experienced gentlemanly treatment from me; but he could not say as much of Fox,¹ whom he denounced as coarse, impudent, and assuming, — constantly trespassing on my unsuspecting nature. Told me of incidents and intrigues which he had personally witnessed; alluded to Grimes,² who he said favored Fox, and Fox favored Grimes, both conspiring against me. For me, he declared he entertained high respect, that we may have sometimes dif-

¹ Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

² Senator Grimes of Iowa, a member of the Naval Committee.

ferred but it was an honest difference, that he had never opposed my administration of the Department, etc., etc.

I listened to his eulogies calmly, and told him frankly I was not aware he had ever favored me or the Department during the long and severe struggle we had experienced; that in this unparalleled war we had received no aid or kind word from him, though he was in a position above all others from which we might reasonably have expected it; that from no man in Congress had we received more hostility than from him. I reminded him how I had invited him to my confidence and assistance in anticipation of the extra session of 1861, and of the manner in which my warm, cordial, sincere invitation had been met; that I had, without reserve, and in honest zeal, laid open to him our whole case, all our difficulties; that I was grieved because he had not responded to my invitation and repaired to Washington as the Chairmen of the Committees of the other Departments had done; that my friendly greetings had been slighted or designedly treated with indifference. [I reminded him] that in that great crisis he declined to enter into any examination of affairs, declined to prepare, or to assist in preparing necessary laws, or to inform himself, or to consult respecting estimates; but that, as soon as the Senate met, and before any communication was received from the President, he, the Chairman of the Naval Committee, hastened to introduce a resolution, the first of the Extra Session, directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate a statement of all contracts made from the day I entered upon my duties: whether they were legal, what prices I had paid, how the purchases compared with former purchases, and a variety of detail, all of which I had proposed to give him [in order] that he should have it in his power to explain to the Senate and defend the Department from virulent violent assault. I told him that when he arrived [in Washington] I requested him to examine the records and papers,

and all my acts, which he neglected to do; and that it was plain to me and to all others that his purpose in introducing that resolution, the first business motion of the Session, was to cast suspicion on my acts, and to excite prejudice against me. [I told him that] he did not succeed in doing me serious injury, though he was an old Senator, and I a new Secretary, — though I had a right in my great trials to expect that he, the Chairman of the Naval Committee, would take me by the hand instead of striking a blow in my face. The hostility manifested and the malignity of that resolution were so obvious that it reacted. It was my belief that from the time he aimed that blow he had fallen in the public estimation. I knew the President and many Senators had thought less of him. For myself I had never from that day expected, nor had I received, any aid or a word of encouragement from him. Neither the Department nor the Navy, in this arduous and terrific war, had been in any way benefitted by him, but each had experienced indifference and hostility. Occupying the official relations which we did to each other, I had a right to have expected friendly, cordial treatment, but it had been the reverse. If the Department and the Navy had been successful, he had not in the least contributed to that success.

He listened with some surprise to my remarks, for I had always submitted to his injustice without complaint, had always treated him courteously if not familiarly, and forbore through trying years any harsh expression or exhibition of resentment or wounded feelings. My frank arraignment was therefore unexpected. He had, I think, come to me with an expectation that we would lock hands for a time at least, and go forward together.

[Continuing, I remarked that] as regarded Mr. Grimes and Mr. Fox, my feelings towards them were different from his. They were my friends and I was glad of it. They were, I was rejoiced to say,

earnest and sincere in their labors for the government and the country. The people were under great obligations to both. I assured him that I intended no one should sow strife, or stir up enmities, between them and me. Mr. Fox was a valuable assistant, and if, from any cause, we were to lose him, it would be difficult to supply his place.

Saturday, December 19, 1863.

Had a call from Senator Trumbull¹ who feels that the Senate ought not to continue Hale in the Chairmanship of the Naval Committee, but says the Department will not suffer in consequence, for Hale is well understood, and I must have seen that the Senators, as against him, always sustain the Department. Fessenden also called, with similar remarks and views.

Friday, December 25, 1863.

Though a joyful anniversary, the day in these later years always brings sad memories. The glad faces and loving childish voices that cheered our household with "Merry Christmas" in years gone by are silent on earth forever.

Sumner tells me that France is still wrong-headed, or more properly speaking, the Emperor is. Mercier² is going home on leave, and goes with a bad spirit. [Sumner] and M[ercier] had a long interview a few days since, when [Sumner] drew M[ercier] out. Mercier said the Emperor was kindly disposed and at the proper time would tender kind offices to close hostilities, but that a division of the Union is inevitable. Sumner says he snapped his finger at him and told him he knew not our case.

Sumner also tells me of a communication made to him by Bayard Taylor, who last summer had an interview with the elder Saxe-Coburg. The latter told Taylor that Louis Napoleon was our enemy, and that the Emperor said to him (Saxe-Coburg), "There will be war between

England and America" — slapping his hands — "and I can then do as I please."

There is no doubt that both France and England have expected certain disunion, and have thought there might be war between us and one or more of the European powers. But England has latterly held back, and is becoming more disinclined to get into difficulty with us. A war would be depressing to us, but it would be perhaps as injurious to England. Palmerston and Louis Napoleon are the two bad men in this matter. The latter is quite belligerent in his feelings, but fears to be insolent towards us unless England is also engaged.

LINCOLN'S CANDIDACY FOR RE-ELECTION

Thursday, December 31, 1863

The year closes more satisfactorily than it began. The wretched faction in the free states which makes country secondary to party had then an apparent ascendancy. Its members were dissatisfied with the way in which the war was conducted, with what they called the imbecility of the administration. The country understands them better than it did. The war has been waged with success, although there have been in some cases errors and misfortunes. But the heart of the nation is sounder and its hopes brighter. The national faith was always strong and grows firmer. The rebels show discontent, distrust, and feebleness. They evidently begin to despair, and the loud declarations that they do not and will not yield confirm it.

The President has well maintained his position, and under trying circumstances acquitted himself in a manner that will be better appreciated in the future than now. It is not strange that he is sometimes deceived and fails to discriminate rightly between true and false friends, and has, though rarely, been the victim of the prejudices and duplicity of others.

The Cabinet, if a little discordant in some of its elements, has been united as regards him. Chase has doubtless some

¹ Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois.

² Count Mercier was the French Minister at Washington.

aspirations for the place of Chief Executive, which are conflicting. Seward has, I think, surrendered any expectation for the present, and shows wisdom in giving the President a fair support. Blair and Bates are earnest friends of the President, and so I think is Usher. Stanton is insincere, but will, I have no doubt, act with Seward under present circumstances.

AN ESTIMATE OF SUMNER

Saturday, January 2, 1864.

Double duty for yesterday's holiday. Senator Sumner called on Saturday as usual. After disposing of some little matters of business, he spoke of the President and the election. He says the President is moving for a re-election and has, he knows, spoken to several persons on the subject very explicitly. I told him the President had exchanged no word with me on the subject, but that I had taken for granted he would be a candidate, that I thought all Presidents had entertained dreams of that nature, and that my impressions are that a pretty strong current is setting in his favor. To this Sumner made no response, affirmatively or negatively. I think his present thoughts are in another direction, but not very decidedly so. Neither of us cared to press the other. Whether he had in view to sound me I was uncertain, and am still.

In many very essential respects, Sumner is deficient as a party leader. Though he has talents, acquirements, sincerity, and patriotism, with much true and false philanthropy, he is theoretical rather than practical, is egotistical, credulous to weakness with those who are his friends, is susceptible to flattery from any quarter, but has not the suspicions and jealousies that are too common with men of position. There is want of breadth, enlarged comprehension, in his statesmanship. He is not a constitutionalist, has no organizing and constructive powers, and treats the great fundamental principles of the organic law much as he would the resolutions of the last national party convention. Toward the slaveholders he

is implacable, and is ready to go to extremes to break up, not only the system of bondage, but the political industrial and social system in all the rebellious states. His theorizing propensities and the resentments that follow from deep personal injuries work together in his warfare against that domineering oligarchy which has inflicted great calamities on our country and wrongs on himself. He would not only free the slaves, but [would] elevate them above their former masters; yet, with all his studied philanthropy and love for the negroes in the abstract, he is not willing to [practice] fellowship with them, though he thinks he is. It is, however, ideal book-philanthropy.

As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, his services at this time are invaluable. He is, fortunately, in many respects, the opposite of Seward, has higher culture, and on international law and the science of government is vastly better informed and greatly the superior of the Secretary of State. But the latter has greater tact, more practicability, and better knowledge of parties and men, greater versatility of genius, and unsurpassed pliability, so that he can more readily adapt himself to whatever may seem expedient. Sumner acts not always from fixed principles, but from earnest though prejudiced convictions (investigating elaborately questions in which he is interested) and brings learning and authorities to his support. Seward is earnest for his party, but has no great deference for political principles of any kind. His convictions or opinions are weak and change without hesitation if deemed expedient, or if his party can be benefitted. To such a Secretary an adviser like Sumner is valuable, yet Seward does not appreciate it. There is mutual want of confidence.

My impressions are that Sumner's present leanings are, after vague and indefinite dreams of himself, for Chase, who has ultra notions; but Chase has to some extent modified his opinions since

our conversation last summer, when we took a long evening's ride. The subject of reconstruction was just then beginning to be earnestly discussed.

Sumner has not the arts that are the chief stock in trade (to use a mercantile phrase) of some tolerably successful politicians, and he is so credulous as to be often the victim of cunning fellows of greatly inferior capacity, who flatter and use him. When Senator Dixon of Connecticut desired, and was intriguing for, a re-election to the Senate he contrived to get a quasi indorsement from Sumner in a general letter, which was used effectually to defeat Sumner's best friend in Connecticut and injure the cause nearest his heart. Dixon understood his weakness, and made skilful application of it to dupe and deceive Sumner. Too late, Sumner regrets his error, but will repeat it when a shrewd and cunning mind practices the deception. He can, right or wrong, stand firm and immovable on great questions, but is swayed by little social appeals to his kindness. His knowledge of men is imperfect and unreliable, and hence, while he will always have position with his party and influence its movements, he will never be the trusted leader.

Tuesday, January 5, 1864.

Congress re-assembled after a fortnight's vacation — or rather was to have assembled, but there was not a quorum in either house. At the Cabinet Council only a portion are present. The President in discussion narrated some stories, very apt, exhibiting wisdom and sense. He requested me to read an article in the *North American Review*,¹ just received, on the policy of the administration, which he thought very excellent, except that it gave him overmuch credit.

January 7.

The Case of R. [L.] Law tried by Court Martial which has been in my hands for

¹ This article, contributed by James Russell Lowell, was widely quoted.

a month nearly was disposed of to-day. The Court found him guilty on both charges and sentenced him to be dismissed from the Navy, but recommended him to clemency. Proposed to the President three years suspension, the first six months without pay: — this to be the general order, but if, at the expiration of six or eight months, it is thought best to remit the remainder of the punishment, it can be done.

"Look over the subject carefully," said the President, "and make the case as light as possible on his father's account who is an old friend of mine. I shall be glad to remit all that you can recommend."

To-day at the Executive Mansion. Only Usher and myself were present, and no business transacted. Mr. Hudson of Massachusetts, formerly member of Congress, was with the President. Conversation was general, with anecdotes as usual. They are usually very appropriate and instructive, conveying much truth in few words, well, if not always elegantly, told. The President's estimate of character is usually very correct, and he frequently divests himself of partiality with a readiness that has surprised me. In the course of conversation to-day, which was desultory, he mentioned that he had been selected by the people of Springfield to deliver a eulogy on the death of Mr. Clay, of whom he had been a warm admirer. This, he said, he found to be difficult to write so as to make an address of fifty minutes. In casting about for the material he had directed his attention to what Mr. Clay had himself done in the line of eulogy, and was struck with the fact that though renowned as an orator and speaker, he had never made any effort of the sort, and the only specimen he could find was embraced in a few lines on the death of Mr. Calhoun. Referring to the subject and this fact on one occasion when Seward was present, that gentleman remarked that *failure* was characteristic and easily accounted for. Mr.

Clay's self-esteem was so great that he could tolerate no commendation of others, eulogized none but the dead, and would never himself speak in laudatory terms of a contemporary.

Both the President and Seward consider Clay and Webster to have been hard and selfish leaders, whose private personal ambition had contributed to the ruin of their party. The people of New England were proud of the great mind of Webster. But he had no magnetism, there was not intense personal devotion for him such as manifested itself for Clay. For years the Whig cause consisted in the adulation of these two men, rather than in support of any well-established principles. In fact, principles were always made secondary to them.

Tuesday, February 2, 1864.

But little of importance was done at the Cabinet meeting. Several subjects discussed. Seward was embarrassed about the Dominican question. To move either way threatened difficulty. On one side Spain, on the other side the Negro.

The President remarked that the dilemma reminded him of the interview between two Negroes, one of whom was a preacher endeavoring to admonish and enlighten the other. "There are," said Josh, the preacher, "two roads for you, Jo. Be careful which you take. One ob dem leads straight to hell, de oder go right to damnation." Jo opened his eyes under the impressive eloquence and awful future and exclaimed: "Josh, take which road you please, I go troo de wood."

"I am not disposed to take any new trouble," said the President, "just at this time, and shall neither go for Spain or the Negro in this matter, but shall take to the woods."

Wednesday, February 3, 1864.

Had a brief talk to-day with Chase on financial matters. He seems embarrassed how to proceed, but being futile in resources [himself] is listening to others

still more futile. There will, however, come a day of reckoning, and the Nation will have to pay for all these expedients. In departing from the specie standard and making irredeemable paper its equivalent, I think a great error was committed. By inflating the currency, loans have been more easily taken, but the artificial prices are ruinous. I do not gather from Chase that he has any system or fixed principles to govern him in his management of the Treasury. He craves, even beyond most of the others, a victory; for the success of our arms inspires capitalists with confidence. He inquired about Charleston, regretted that Farragut had not been ordered there. I asked what Farragut could do beyond Dahlgren at that point. Well, he said, he knew not that he could do more, but he was brave and had a name which inspired confidence. I admitted he had a reputation which Dahlgren had not, but no one had questioned Dahlgren's courage or capacity and the President favored him. The moral effect of taking Charleston was not to be questioned. Beyond that I knew not anything [that] could be gained. The port was closed.

The conversation turned upon army and naval operations. He lamented the President's want of energy and force, which he said paralyzed everything. His weakness was crushing us. I did not respond to this distinct feeler, and the conversation changed.

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN

Almost daily we have some indications of Presidential aspirations and incipient operations for the campaign. The President does not conceal the interest he takes; and yet I perceive nothing unfair or intrusive. He is sometimes, but not often, deceived by heartless intriguers who impose upon him. Some appointments have been secured by mischievous men which would never have been made had he known the fact. In some respects he is a singular man, and not fully understood. He has great sagacity and shrewd-

ness. When he relies on his own right intentions and good common sense, he is strongest.

Wednesday, February 17, 1864.

Went this A. M. to Brady's room with Mr. Carpenter, an artist, to have photograph taken. Mr. C[arpenter] is to paint an historical picture of the President and Cabinet at the reading of the Emancipation Proclamation.

I called to see Chase in regard to Steamer Princeton, but he was not at the Department. Thought best to write him, and also Stanton. These schemes to trade with the rebels be-devil both the Treasury and the Army.

Friday, February 19, 1864.

As I went into the Cabinet meeting, a fair plump lady came forward and insisted she must see the President only for a moment — wanted nothing. I made her request known to the President, who directed that she be admitted. She said her name was Holmes, that she belonged in Dubuque, Iowa, was passing East and came from Baltimore expressly to have a look at President Lincoln. "Well, in the matter of looking at one another," said the President laughing, "I have altogether the advantage." She wished his autograph. She was a special admirer and enthusiastic.

Saturday, February 20, 1864.

Two or three committees are investigating naval matters — contracts, supplies, engineering, etc. Senator Hale labors hard to find fault with the Department. [He] is searching, as with a lantern, for errors and mistakes. Has detectives, rotten and disappointed contractors, and grouty party men of the Navy as well as politicians of every kind of politics to aid him, but has thus far seemed to injure his friends as well as himself, and not the Department.

Monday, February 22, 1864.

A circular, "strictly private," signed
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by Senator Pomeroy, and in favor of Mr. Chase for President, has been detected and published. It will be more dangerous in its recoil than its projectile. That is, it will damage Chase more than Lincoln. The effect on the two men themselves will not be serious. Both of them desire the position, which is not surprising; it certainly is not in the President, who would be gratified with an endorsement. Were I to advise Chase, it would be not to aspire to the position, especially not as a competitor with the man who has given him his confidence, and with whom he has acted in the administration of the government at a most eventful period. The President well understands Chase's wish, and is somewhat hurt that he should press forward under the circumstances. Chase tries to have it thought that he is indifferent and scarcely cognizant of what is doing in his behalf, but no one of his partisans is so well posted as Chase himself.

Thursday, February 25, 1864.

I called at the Treasury Department this morning relative to funds to pay the hands in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. Chase appeared very well and calm. We talked of many difficulties. He wants the Bank circulation suppressed. I told him we could not have two currencies, for the baser would always expel the better. He said the banks and individuals were hoarding the government paper, and there must be some legislation to prevent the banks from circulating their paper, and it was desirable there should be a public sentiment in that direction. I do not think he has a very sound, well-matured comprehensive plan of finance, or correct ideas of money and currency, but he is quick of apprehension, has mental resources, and is fertile in expedients not always sound, but which have thus far been made available.

Friday, February 26, 1864.

Only three of us were at the Cabinet council to-day. Some matters of interest were touched upon, but there was soon a

discussion on recent political movements. The President has been advised of the steps taken to forward the Chase operations. Circulars were put in his hands before [they were] signed.

Friday, March 4, 1864.

A pleasant Cabinet meeting. Chase and Blair both absent, Seward and Stanton had a corner chat and laugh about Chase, whose name occasionally escaped them, and whom they appeared to think in a dilemma. They were evidently not unwilling we should know the subject even of their comments. I could not avoid hearing some of their remarks, though I changed my position to escape them.

[The foolish and unsuccessful raid on Richmond under the command of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren has never been perfectly understood. On Dahlgren's body were discovered papers "which seemed to indicate," says Rhodes, "that his design was to release the Federal prisoners on Belle Isle and in Richmond, and furnish them with oakum and turpentine so that they might burn the hateful city." These "orders," which threatened to give the Confederates an opportunity for reprisals, were categorically disavowed by superior Union officers.]

Monday, March 7, 1864.

Called yesterday to see Admiral Dahlgren. While there the President and Secretary of War came in with a telegram from General Butler announcing that his son, Colonel Dahlgren, was alive and well with a force of about one hundred at King's and Queen's. Of course we were all gratified. The President was much affected.

Tuesday, March 8, 1864.

Received a telegram from Admiral Lee this P. M. confirming a rumor that was whispered yesterday of the death of young Dahlgren. He was surrounded, it seems, by superior forces near King's and Queen's Court House, and fell attempt-

ing to cut his way through. Most of his command was captured. A few escaped and got aboard of the gunboat which had been sent up for their relief.

A more gallant and brave-hearted fellow was not to be found in the service. His death will be a terrible blow to his father, who doted upon him, and not without reason. I apprehend this raid was not a wise and well-planned scheme. Tested by results, it was not. Whether the War Department advised it I do not know. I heard it spoken of indefinitely and vaguely, but with no certainty until the expedition had started.

A PORTRAIT OF GRANT

Wednesday, March 9, 1864.

Went last evening to the Presidential reception. Quite a gathering. Very many that are not usually seen at receptions were attracted thither, I presume, from the fact that General Grant was expected to be there. He came about half past nine. I was near the centre of the reception room, when a stir and buzz attracted attention, and it was whispered that General Grant had arrived. The room was not full, the crowd having passed through to the East Room. I saw some men in uniform standing at the entrance and one of them, a short, brown, dark-haired man, was talking with the President. There was hesitation, a degree of awkwardness in the General and embarrassment in that part of the room, and a check or suspension of the moving column [occurred]. Soon word was passed around, "Mr. Seward, General Grant is here;" and Seward, who was just behind me, hurried and took the General by the hand and led him to Mrs. Lincoln, near whom I was standing. The crowd gathered around the circle rapidly, and it being intimated that it would be necessary the throng should pass on, Seward took the General's arm and went with him to the East Room. There was clapping of hands in the next room as he passed through, and all in the East Room joined in it as he entered; a cheer or two followed. All

of which seemed rowdy and unseemly. An hour later the General, Mr. Seward, and Stanton returned. Seward beckoned me, and introduced me and my two nieces.

To-day I received a note from the Secretary of State to be at the Executive Mansion a quarter before one P. M. The Cabinet was all there, and General Grant and his staff with the Secretary of War and General Halleck entered. The President met him and presented to the General his commission, with remarks, to which the latter responded. Both read their remarks. General Grant was somewhat embarrassed.

A conversation of half an hour followed on various subjects, but chiefly the war and the operations of Sherman.

Friday, March 11, 1864.

A pleasant meeting at the Cabinet, and about the time we had concluded General Grant was announced. He had just returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, and appeared to better advantage than when I first saw him; but he is without presence. After a very brief interview, he remarked to the President that he should leave this P. M. for Nashville, to return in about two weeks, and should be glad to see the Secretary of War and General Halleck before he left. There was in his deportment little of the dignity and bearing of the soldier, but more of an air of business than his first appearance indicated; and he showed latent power.

Tuesday, March 15, 1864.

At the Cabinet the principal subject was the issue of a new Proclamation, calling for a new draft of 200,000 men in consequence of the Navy draft and other demands. There are about 800,000 men in the field, among them some sailors drawn into the army by improper legislation, and the reckless, grasping policy of the army managers, who think less of the general welfare than of narrow and selfish professional display. It did not seem

to me that the call was necessary or even expedient, but I perceived it had been determined upon by Halleck, Seward, and Stanton, that the President had yielded his acquiescence and opposition was useless. Blair said nothing. Usher gave a slow but affectedly earnest affirmative. Seward said the object was to compel certain democratic localities to furnish their proportion — and it was desirable to take advantage of the current which was setting in strong for enlistment. The movement did not strike me favorably.

Thursday, March 24, 1864.

Tom¹ and Admiral Dahlgren returned from Fortress Monroe, but without the remains of young Dahlgren.

We are running short of sailors, and I have no immediate remedy. The army officers are not disposed to lose good men, and seem indifferent to the country and general welfare if their service can get along. Commodore Rowan writes that the times of the men are running out, and no re-enlistments. The army is paying enormous bounties. Between thirty and forty vessels are waiting crews.

Friday, March 25, 1864.

At Cabinet to-day, I brought up the subject of a scarcity of seamen. The President seemed concerned, and I have no doubt was. Stanton was more unconcerned than I wished, but did not object to my suggestions. I had commenced, but not completed, a letter to the President urging the importance and necessity of an immediate transfer of 12,000 men to the Navy. The army has by bounties got thousands of sailors, and seamen who are experts. This letter I finished and had copied after my return. On reading it to Fox, it stirred him up. The prospect is certainly most unpromising.

Chase, who sat beside me when I first made mention of the difficulty we were experiencing from the effects of the enrollment act and the policy pursued by the War Department, remarked that no-

¹ Thomas G. Welles, son of the Secretary.

thing could be expected when there were no Cabinet consultations and no concerted action. Stanton and the President were in private consultation at the time in a corner of the room. This is no unfrequent occurrence between the two at our meetings, and is certainly inconvenient and in exceeding bad taste. Chase was, I saw, annoyed and irritated.

Mr. Bates and others were left. Usher sat quiet and intent, not listening, perhaps, to catch a word; but U[sher] has great curiosity.

Wednesday, March 30, 1864.

A severe storm last night and to-day. Mrs. Welles had arranged for a party this evening. The rain ceased about sundown. The evening passed off pleasantly.

Secretary Seward fell in with Mr. Carpenter, the artist, in the parlor. Carpenter is getting out a large painting of the President and the Cabinet at the time when the Emancipation Proclamation was under consideration. The President and Cabinet have given him several sittings and the picture is well under way. Mr. C[arpenter] thinks that this act is the great feature of the administration, as do many others, likely; but Seward said it was but an incident and wholly subordinate to other and much greater events. When C[arpenter] asked what, Seward told him to go back to the firing on Sumter, or to a much more exciting one than even that, the Sunday following the Baltimore massacre, when the Cabinet assembled or gathered in the Navy Department, and with the vast responsibility that was thrown upon them, met the emergency and its awful consequences, put in force the war power of the government, and issued papers and did acts that might have brought them all to the scaffold.

Few comparatively know or can appreciate the actual condition of things and state of feeling of the members of the administration in those days. Nearly sixty years of peace had unfitted us for any war; but the most terrible of all wars

— a civil one — was upon us and it had to be met. Congress had adjourned without making any provision for the storm, though aware it was at hand and soon to burst upon the country. A new administration, scarcely acquainted with each other, and differing essentially in the past, was compelled to act promptly and decisively.

JOHN M. FORBES'S OPINIONS

April 2, 1864.

John M. Forbes called. After talking on one or two subjects he spoke of the National Convention, and his regret that the call was so early, and asked me, as one of the committee, to reconsider the subject. Told him I would hear and consider anything from him, but that my mind was deliberately made up, and I thought the sooner the nomination was made, the better united we should be. He went over the usual ground — if the summer campaign was unfortunate, etc., etc., how could we change our candidates? I answered, we did not intend to be unfortunate; but if we were, I could not see how any different candidate would help the Union cause. Reverses might strengthen the Copperheads.

He then talked of the President, of his want of energy, decision, promptness, in consequence of which the country suffered. It was evident from what I gathered that Mr. Forbes wanted another candidate than Abraham Lincoln, and hence he desired delay. Forbes means well. His heart is right. He is shrewd and sagacious, but men betray their feelings and partialities unavoidably. I have no doubt he desires to have Mr. Chase a candidate, though he spoke only of Ben Butler, whom he dislikes.

Friday, April 8, 1864.

Called this evening on Admiral Dahlgren who is inconsolable for the loss of his son. Advised him to go abroad and mingle in the world, and not yield to a blow that was irremediable.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE MEREDITH

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

Enter these enchanted woods,
Ye who dare!

THESE words, which stand at the beginning of George Meredith's most characteristic poem, *The Woods of Westminster*, take on a new significance as we turn inevitably to the contemplation of his productive life, now so recently closed. For they voice in some measure the strong appeal of his individual genius, the challenge to find its uttermost meaning, its final message. The desire comes now with peculiar urgency, an insistent curiosity to question without delay the essential quality of that work, long held remarkable. And perhaps for once it may be needless to await the perspective of time, since Meredith's was a force which dwelt apart, aloof from the hum of literary gossip, so distant indeed that it has been possible during his lifetime to find in his writings a consistency hard to detect in the work of a contemporary.

The secret of George Meredith's mystery may perhaps lie in the fact that never before has a writer of such eminence partaken at one time in so full a measure of the critical and the creative faculty. Shakespeare knew how to write a play, Aristotle knew how one ought to be written; we shall rarely find in the study of any period an author preëminent both as critic and creator. That word which is able to make flesh of abstract material comes seldom from the mouth of the scientist, however fine and true be his knowledge, potent his voice, or sturdy his faith. What a monstrosity indeed was that Frankenstein, man created by the hand of man to scare the public of a century ago! Nor could ever a workman, however curious his art, make of any dry bones a Zagloba. This it

is then which marks George Meredith as unique among artists: that being first a critic of man, he is in a secondary degree, and yet in a degree extraordinary, a creator of man.

But how did George Meredith, undoubtedly the most analytical of English novelists, avoid the paralysis of art which so readily follows self-consciousness? Wherein lies the intrinsic power able to maintain its greatness despite the chill of dangerous self-knowledge? For, try as we will to criticise his work, we find ourselves bound to pay it the compliment of large comparisons. It is impossible to liken Meredith to anything small. Perhaps his style is more obscure than Browning's, or his plots lack the simplicity of Molère. We sometimes go so far as to say that he fails of the robust vitality of Shakespeare. No mean condemnation, certainly! To what then shall we turn for the unifying secret of Meredith's art, the saving grace which keeps it forever above the level of the mediocre, and perpetually significant?

Not indeed in his consistent adherence to his favorite principles of comedy, nor in the fine flashes of his unequal poetic imagination, lies the secret. Rather is his entire work in prose and verse a splendid monument to the honor of sanity in human life. The diverse body of Meredith's novels is wide of scope, sounding the scale of passions from pure lightness of heart to that depth of tragedy where the "worst returns to laughter." The ample output of his verse is various in form and in theme; but we shall search in vain for the record of one maudlin moment in the author, for the whimper of one self-pitying tear, for the bombast of a solitary complaint against an unfeel-

ing universe. Here, if anywhere, is sanity, uncompromising, imperturbable, and abiding. Thence is it that we stand rebuked before the spirit of the man judged unworthy to lie among the memories of Westminster; that we pause with respect to register a tribute to the marvelous tonic quality of his virile achievement, to the unwavering force of his masculine energy, the healing flame of his ruthless honesty. For the world-weary Empedocles, type of all loose-gripped humanity, there is but the terse epitaph:—

He jumped, with none to hinder.
Of Ætna's fiery scoræ
In the next vomit shower made he
A more peculiar cinder.

So perish all his despairing sort, unhelped by George Meredith, unless they are wise to find in the pure exposure of their bravado a help sufficient.

As the priest of sanity, then, Meredith has chosen to call himself a comedian, the word now so fully identified with his genius. By lifelong philosophy and practice it has come to have a meaning peculiar to himself alone, though, as is usual with Meredith's phraseology, the term has gained its special significance simply because it is applied with psychological exactness unusual to the current carelessness of men. For to George Meredith, more than to any other except his favorite Molière, comedy is but the perfect exercise of the intellectual faculty, busied forever with the honesty and shapeliness of humanity, devoted with infinite justice to the untiring revelation of folly self-deceived. Like the comic spirit, then, he aims at unblinking penetration, to set in the light the overblown foibles of man, the secret and unsuspected sins. Like the comic spirit, too, though ever in the temper of high fellowship, he must view his subject from a sufficient distance, if he would perceive it in its right proportions, if he would keep the total freedom from prejudice which may purge him altogether of contempt, "a sentiment which cannot be entertained by comic intelligence."

He would see and reproduce with the truth of knowledge. So in *The Egoist* he boldly claims the name of comedian. So in *Beauchamp's Career* he voices his artist aim: "This day, this life, and even politics, the centre and throbbing heart of it, must be treated of, men and the ideas of men, — these are my theme, and may it be my fortune to keep them at blood-heat and myself calm as a statue of Memnon in prostrate Egypt. He sits there waiting for the sun; I here, and readier to the musical than you think. I can at any rate be impartial, and do but fix your eyes on the sun-light striking him, and you have an idea of the passive receptivity of sun and shade that I hold it good to aim at, if at the same time I can keep my characters at blood-heat." So ever and anon in the various appeal of his poetry he stops to glorify above all the comic genius, the "sword of common sense," hence in very truth the sword of the spirit, without which, in the stern but sun-lightened creed of Meredith, we none of us shall see salvation.

This is comedy indeed, but a religion of comedy, a religion which asks of its votaries the absolute abandon of cowardice and shrinking pretense, demands rather a complete devotion to naked sincerity and to moral health. It is comedy, if he wills it so; but more — rather let us say, the apotheosis of reason, an atmosphere, man-created, where the vapors of morbidness are forever blown away and we breathe the pure air of common sense, an air in which literary energy must have a sturdy growth.

Thus the fine course of Meredith's masterful fiction is one long tribute to that human intelligence which is his light; and to bear witness to that light have come into existence the various and complex characters which he created in the chambers of this imagery. All the better is their testimony that in most cases they have failed in the ordeal; for, with one splendid exception, the novels of George Meredith centre about some poor "tragic-comedian," who has struck a discord with life,

gone somehow trippingly astray in the path of "unreason and sentimentalism," "such being folly's parentage when it is respectable." We know them all,—the seekers after delicate affectation, the victims of subtle self-delusion, the blind who boast of sight, the feeble who pretend to strength, a considerable train of lovable and unconscious fools who have sought, all, in some unsuspected manner, after vanity. There is the warm, erratic beauty of Diana, hasty-footed, quick to folly, willful for a bullet's shot at a swiftly sighted aim. There are the sentimentalists of *Sandra Belloni*, with whom Meredith almost forgets his boasted patience; the delicately ludicrous Poles, twittering group of triflers, who turn to prettiness their loves, their hopes, and the deepest experiences of life. There are the self-deluding charlatans, the stupendous fraudulence of Harry Richmond, the inimitable presumptions of Old Mel's children, and their victim, the delightful Evan, struggling slowly through the network of deceit, in which he is so carefully swathed, to the discovery of honesty's clear freedom. There are the pitiful self-deceivers, who fail only through an overweening sense of their own importance. Poor Sir Austin Feverel, in the vain attempt to be Providence to his son, apes too much the aloofness of Providence, learning too late the mercy of Providence.

More gallant is the failure of our favorite Beauchamp, sweet and noble of nature, failing in humility only from the intensity of his conviction, which drives him headlong to bring to pass at once the deed upon the thought. "His mind was clear enough to put the case that either he beheld a tremendous magnification of things, or else that other people did not attach common importance to them, and he decided that the latter was the fact." Alas for Beauchamp! But in reverence before his inglorious end, we learn respect, as nowhere else in the works of Meredith, for the modesty of human reason.

Comedy like this, quiet but relentless, calls for a singular and elaborate mastery

of plot. Such a conception of human nature is intrinsically dramatic, demanding for itself a continuous and inexorable logic of action, a steadily thickening web of entanglement, all the more inextricable that the victim weaves it for himself. Hence the delightful power of the Meredithian story, rich with a plurality of complications which can be found nowhere else in literature, unified by an amplitude of vision sure to pierce its way to the perfect end, that finality toward which the varied and branching courses of folly must ultimately stream. The most obvious example of the comic method is *The Egoist*, where the tricky spirit has rare sport with the little gathering at Patterne Hall. Here the author's peculiar prey is the hero himself, Sir Willoughby, the very sound of whose irreproachable name conjures up the image of his correct figure and well-moulded face, so perfect that the slightest surprise precipitates it into caricature. Excessively regardful of the dignity of his own being, he balances gracefully on the immovable base of his egotism till the inevitable tumble exposes him to the derision of his abhorrence, "the world." As we watch his desperate shifts to escape ridicule, we let no pity mitigate our judgment, but join the sprites of laughter, who circle perpetually about the figure of Sir Willoughby to celebrate a victim so peculiarly to their liking. *The Egoist*, then, Meredith's masterpiece in structure, is, with all its bewildering variety, the simplest exponent of his method. A man acts according to the folly of his nature, and nothing more is needed for a plot, nothing but its revelation for a dramatic climax.

Yet, were the novels of George Meredith but studies in failure, sanity would fade under the blight of gloom. We remember then the "interchange of sun and shadow" which he held it good to aim at, and cease to wonder that the same genius which could conceive the irony of Beauchamp's life has given us these creations of full-blooded vigor, potent with sincerity and unerring truth, who come and go

freely through the meshes of the woven plot. Theirs is the gift to find out the way of nature in the doubtful paths of folly and of ruin vapor-wrought, for they pass in a health of moral grace able to cure and to revive. We know and love them best of the noble beauties of George Meredith's making, for they are his immortal women, dearest types of unqualified genuineness. And they seldom fail us. Into the network of her children's lies walks always at the moment of need the inexorable Mrs. Mel, bent on the rescue of Evan to the rational life. If Sir Austin Feverel could have consulted Mrs. Berry, plump incorporation of the sure maternal instinct, she could have taught him more than all his system, by the mere wisdom of her aphorism, better than any of his, that "it's al'ays the plan in a dielemner to pray God and walk forward." There is the exquisite fidelity of the French René, the unyielding devotion of the true English Janet, the eternal charm and health of Clara Middleton, fairest of the lovely women of George Meredith. And unconscious among the "fine shades" and the "nice feelings" moves Sandra Belloni in her elemental simplicity, as lonely amid their unreality as the sound of her own glorious voice, rising clear in the silence of the night-empty woods, an eternal appeal to whatsoever within us is genuine and straightforward.

Thus Meredith, driven by the pulsing vitality of his theme, attained scope far wider than his usual aim; for we must insist on the many sides of his genius, refusing to accept his limitation of comedian. Of wit he sufficiently convinced us long ago, for none can forget the occult cleverness of his metaphors, the aptness of his epigram, the brilliant repartee of his delightful conversation, almost too subtle for truth. There is more need to emphasize the largeness of that illumined sympathy which can probe the depth of mortal unreason with such marvelous acuteness, all untouched by the taint of contempt; which can turn from the unsparing dissection of folly to a scene of

utmost tenderness and delicacy. The hand which drew the figure of Sir Austin Feverel made, too, the sweet idyllic light which rests upon the loves of Richard and Lucy. None may smile save in gentleness at the meeting by the river, or the poetry of the wood-talk under the moonlight, while boor, scoffer, and sentimentalist listen in the bushes; or at the tale of Richard's wandering in the wet woods, tremulous over the birth of his child; scenes all of a precious sacredness, just for their infinite fragility. From the same mind came the unspeakable tragedy of *Rhoda Fleming*, unbearable record of anguish miserably needless, crushed to the silence of despair. Hence came, too, that other tragedy, articulate and undaunted, *Vittoria*, where the comic faculty, slumbering for once, leaves us sober but alert before the dignity of human passion, the immensity of mortal pain, free to pass beyond the personal problem to the historic significance of events in a world free of space and action, aglow with contest, big with the twisted coil of events and the steady sweep of time.

The very faults of George Meredith are always faults of strength. An unlimited facility for plot-construction must sometimes result in a woof too complicated for the easy understanding of less nimble wits. He who has for a lifetime conceived his characters by a systematic exercise of the comic perception must sometimes fail of reality, reduce his handiwork by its precision to the level of a mechanism, since human nature can nowhere show the consistent regularity of machinery. Sometimes, too, we are rebuffed by an insistence on the critical attitude, the extreme of his theories pushed beyond the human limit. Impartiality he never fails to achieve, but he must inevitably lose now and again something of that warmth which partisanship alone can lend to human ardor. This defect accounts perhaps for the coldness which strikes our hearts at sight of Lord Fleetwood's meteoric vagaries, Lord Ormont's wanton tempting of joy, or the shallow-

ness of Victor Radnor's optimism. Protracted contemplation becomes at times a frosty business. We do not contemplate Tom Jones, — bless him, — or the most living creations of George Meredith. It were a waste of time to analyze Clara Middleton. But it is vanity and unprofitableness to harp on the lapses which must needs be in this work, at once so wide-reaching, so profound, and so complex.

Complexity indeed is the final impression of Meredith's fiction. It is always with something of surprise, therefore, that we acknowledge the real simplicity which lies at the heart of his poetry. We can recognize our novelist in the kindly monologues like *Juggling Jerry*, the tragic force of *Modern Love*, the tempting of subtle pride in Theodolinda's high fervor; but the dearest aim is clearly pictorial, to catch a color, to call back an imagined sound, to restore a dead shiver, or thrill, or reverence. With wonder-struck exactness, he searches out the minuteness of nature's beauty. The grasses are "be-strid with shadows;" the swallow "circles the surface to meet his mirrored winglets;" cows "flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river, — breathless." Picture writing it is, winged with lordly color, kingly flashing, rich with moving gold, blown in on the light, in a world which dips before the breeze. It is a world of good promise, too, for in his poetry, defective, unequal though it be, Meredith gives full utterance to his buoyant philosophy, his whole-hearted acceptance of life's secret, from which springs the invincible sanity, the surest gift of his art.

For Meredith's faith resolves itself at last to the mere sense of nature's beneficence, the persuasion that to follow the law of earth is the way of blessing. His truest type of man is the giant Antæus, whose strength returns at every touch of the ground. Even the poetry of Meredith's age breathes a glad delight in the assurance that struggle is progress, change but the way of beauty's new birth, that the base of all sky-climbing hopes

lies in the soil of common things. Turn to the titles of our poet's collected volumes, and whether it be the *Reading of Earth* or the *Reading of Life*, the meaning is always the same — *The Joy of Earth*. So the mystery of life is, to his thinking, resolved to simple springs, and the Dark Unknown becomes only the Great Unseen.

To such a philosophy, then, Meredith calls us to return as the only sanity. Clear and wholesome it is, and that it comes at last, not of reasoning, but of pure mystic reverence, is its saving grace as poetry. So it glows rich with the wonder of created things, the bliss of warmth, the sure knowledge of growth, the inner kinship of man with whatever lives and grows on the face of the earth. Thus in his allegory of *The Woods of Westernmain*, where he typifies most profoundly his trust in the kindness of nature to him who loves her fully, we must "foot at peace with mouse and worm," "love the light so well" as to fear no darkness. Then and then only do we catch the clue of earth; then and then only do we gain the "fruitful sight," and escape the dire revelation of earth's terrors, which awaits inexorably the consternation of the doubter. A mystic creed! None the worse a creed for that, the creed of a great thinker who could rest content in the sunshine of earth, nor ask

The silent to give sound,
The hidden to unmask,
The distant to draw near.

In this earth-worship, despite his unclassical luxuriance of style, Meredith approaches the spirit of the Greeks. Not for all their divinities has he honor — never indeed for Dionysus, leader in life's madness, little perhaps for the goat-foot Pan, "a holiness horn and heel;" but he turns with a wonderful comprehension to the light-giver Apollo, maker of songs, "whose harmonies all are sane," and with most perfect sympathy to the great mother Demeter, type of the earth's eternal renewing, who brings the joy of abundance. His masterpiece is the *Day*

of the *Daughter of Hades*, story of the maid who escaped from the pale land of the dead for one day of light and beauty and the knowledge of things which grow. If a myth might be gladly conscious of its own beauty, here were a modern myth at last, full-measured with the fatness of earth, the wonder of life's milky kernel, "corn, wine, fruit, oil," a song which "gives us to eat." For the shadow-born could sing, as no mortal, of the "rapture of breath," "the grace of the battle for food." The poem must abide always among the great things of art, fair with the world's beauty and bloom, fairer in its reverence for the earth's yield of increase, for the mellow fruitfulness of harvest, for the comfortable sustaining of all who ask of her plenty. Here, more perfectly than in his profounder works, is the same underlying peace, broad with a sure sympathy, faith-lightened, — full assurance that our most unsparing critic is great of heart. His wisdom is but the under-hum of his poetry's song, and a rare music it is. Here in the midst of our small singers, our sighers after forgotten things, the yearners over beauty's passage, comes a strong field note, stout for the piping of years, in hard weather and in the season of blossom a glad pæan of the joy of earth.

For a smaller reason than its intrinsic value it is worth while to pause at the poetry of George Meredith, less noteworthy than his fiction, as it must always remain. Here, with the pictorial qualities of verse to help us, we can hope with some show of success to penetrate the secret of his obscurity in style. For we must admit that the very difficulty of his language has forever shut out George Meredith from the little company whom all the world delights to honor. No master of English prose can attain to supreme

greatness if he ignore the virtue of clarity, and to be understood Meredith has never taken the slightest pains.

He has loved to play cunningly with his words and thoughts, — shall we say with his readers too? We are baffled first by his deliberate habit of rapid change, of jumbling for our confusion the many styles which he can assume at ease, a sudden wind from nonsense into tragic simplicity, from the terseness of epigram to excess of volubility. Always, too, we must reckon with his habit of abridged expression, a short-hand of description so direct as to mystify at its very force. The difficulty is intensified a hundred-fold by his amazing wealth of analogy quickened with suggestion, till the reader, accustomed to a slacker use of vocabulary, fails to get the power of a phrase quivering with reality, so true its aim, so straight its rush at the target. The fault is simply his great gift used on the wrong side, — that knack for accurate thought and precise speech which, touched with wonder, achieves poetry, or graced with wit, is the extreme condensation of sense.

For Meredith's style may be likened but to the very tree of knowledge which, according to the old narrative of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, grows in the garden of the moon. "Its fruit is covered with a rind which produces ignorance in whomsoever hath tasted thereof; yet this rind preserves underneath its thickness all the spiritual virtues of this learned food." Just so is it with Meredith's wisdom. The first bite is hard for the tooth, but within is a learned food indeed, tasting of nothing less than the knowledge of good and evil. It is not altogether pleasant, but wonderfully wholesome; and who-soever pierces the rind becomes quicker to note, keener to feel, and saner to judge of himself and his fellow man.

THE DOWER-LADIES

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

PETER KUTZ drove along the frozen lane with a great creaking and bouncing of his heavy wagon. He drew up at the kitchen door with a flourish, then he sat still for a moment on the high seat, the reins hanging loosely from his hands, a worried frown darkening his blue eyes. Some difficulty or danger seemed suddenly to disturb him. While he meditated, the door opened.

"Peter, hurry yourself and come in. It is fearful cold. Did you bring my store things?"

"Yes," answered Peter absently.

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" Little Mrs. Kutz took the basket from him, and hastened back to the shelter of the doorway. She looked sharply at him. "You look as if something was wrong."

"Nothing is wrong," stammered Peter. "Nothing."

Mrs. Kutz pulled shut the door between her and the warm kitchen, at the same moment that a little old woman's face, in a stiff white cap, peered out the window.

"What have you been doing, Peter?" she insisted, sternly.

"Nothing," protested Peter once more. "Get up, Billy! get up, Dan!"

He heard with a great sigh of relief the closing of the kitchen door. He would have a half hour at least before the news must be told. The stable was warm, he could linger there almost indefinitely, he would milk the cows as slowly as possible, he would feed Elmina's chickens, he would put in as much time as he could. It was no wonder that Elmina suspected his guilty conscience. Rover, whimpering to his master's feet after he had caught one of his mistress's Plymouth

Rocks, could not have looked more abject.

Suddenly, like the voice of conscience itself, he heard Elmina's stern voice. She stood just inside the stable door, a shawl about her shoulders, a sunbonnet tied closely under her chin. She looked as though she had come to stay.

"Peter," she said, "have you bought another farm?"

"Just a little one." Peter could hardly be heard.

"Where?"

"Down along the Lehigh. It is a nice little farm. The land is fine. There is a nice barn, and a nice house on it. It was Alec Benner's farm. He —"

"Peter," — Mrs. Kutz's tone seemed to say that these details were irrelevant, — "has it a dower-lady to it?"

"Well, yes," confessed Peter. "She is such a nice lady, she — she —" His words trailed off into nothingness, as though they withered before the angry beams from Elmina's eyes. "Won't you sit down, Elmina?" he faltered.

Elmina paid no heed to the polite invitation.

"When we came to this farm, and it had Grandma Kemerer on it, you said she was such an old lady, she could n't live so long any more. That was twenty years ago. And she is here yet. For twenty years she got her dower-rights, her room, her bed, her board, her cow, her chickens, her carriages to go to church. She was seventy-five, and now she is ninety-five, and —"

"You took always such good care of her," faltered Peter. "That is why she lived so long."

But Elmina was not to be mollified.

"I don't mind Grandma Kemerer. She is company and I like her. But

Mommy Dill — How often must you hear it explained? When you got that farm, interest was six per cent, and as long as she lives you must pay her that much on a third of the farm. 'Yes,' you say, 'but she won't live long, and then I can pay it off.' But she does live, and it is the same way with Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick and Grandma Weiss. To all of them you pay more interest than you make from the farms. And now you go and get another yet. What do you mean?"

"*Ach*, she was such a nice old lady." Peter knew well enough that the possession of six farms encumbered with dower-ladies proclaimed him a poor man of business. "But you see there was nobody who would buy this farm, and the old lady cried, and—"

"How old is she?"

"About eighty, I guess." He hoped it was not a lie. He knew that she was only seventy-six.

If he had said a hundred, Mrs. Kutz might have received the news with some equanimity. As it was, she started to speak, then shut her lips and went out, closing the door sharply behind her. Outside, she stopped to wipe her eyes.

Peter sat heavily down to his milking. Affairs were really much worse than Elmina suspected. Not one of the six farms was his outright, nor could it be until the dower-lady died, and he could pay over the last third of the principal. In the mean time, the heavy interest must be paid. And to-day — he realized it with a gasp — he had paid out the last cash he owned. If one of the dower-ladies should die, he would have no money to pay to her heirs, he would have to borrow; he would have to borrow even to pay the next quarter's interest. He began to be badly frightened. The next quarter-day was his birthday, when the dower-ladies always came to dinner. He saw himself seated proudly at the head of his table, dealing out good things to six grateful old women. It was always the proud-

est day of the year. Then, remembering some sharp words of Elmina's, he flushed hotly.

"The Bible says you must first look after your own, Peter. It is not right to give everything away."

"But somebody must look after these old ladies," he had answered.

"But you need n't look after five of them."

And now there were six. He acknowledged to himself that to-day's purchase had been a mistake.

When he saw the cheerful glow of the kitchen fire, his face brightened. He never remained long depressed. He spoke gayly to Grandma Kemerer, who sat by the stove, her hands folded on her stiff white apron. She did not look nearly ninety-five years old; there was no doubt, as Peter had said, that Elmina had taken good care of her. She peered round with bright, inquisitive eyes. She could see that something had provoked Elmina; a stranger might have guessed that from Elmina's energetic flying about. Grandma Kemerer was disturbed. She was sincerely attached to both the Kutzes. Peter had taken the farm, when her nephew had refused it because she was an encumbrance, and no curious detail of her husband's will had remained unfulfilled. She was a tactful little old lady: she often soothed Elmina's ruffled spirit. She began to speak pleasantly as soon as they sat down to supper.

"It will soon be time for the dower-ladies' dinner," she said. "Are you going to have this year chickens or turkey, Elmina?"

The hand which was pouring the coffee shook.

"I don't know," answered Elmina shortly.

After that it was plainly to be seen that she could hardly wait until Grandma Kemerer had gone to bed, to finish her remarks to Peter.

"There is one thing I have to say," she announced with a trembling voice. "I ain't going to cook no dinner for six old

ladies that have more to spend than I have. I can't afford it."

"But Elmina!" cried Peter. "For twenty years the dower-ladies have come on my birthday."

"I don't care. We can't afford it."

"But they expect it."

"I can't help that. Such old people ought to stay at home, anyhow. Every one over eighty, and two over ninety!"

"The new one is n't so old," faltered Peter. "She is only seventy-six."

Elmina stared at him. She remembered that he had said that old Mrs. Benner was eighty. She opened her mouth to remind him of it, then closed it with a snap. What was the use?

"I can't have none of them here," she said.

"But — but I invited the new one already," confessed Peter. "I invited her after I bought the farm."

In the morning, Grandma Kemerer saw clearly that the cloud still lingered. She tried constantly to dispel it.

"I hope we will have cold weather now," she would say; "then it will be nice and warm in March, and the dower-ladies can come."

Once Peter undertook to plead his cause.

"It is such a big time for Grandma Kemerer. They are all her old friends. Mommy Dill was her company girl."

"I could n't help it if she was her sister," said Elmina. "This new one will have to come because you invited her, and Grandma Kemerer will have to get along with her."

"Did you tell her yet?"

"I'll tell her in time," said Elmina.

Nevertheless, she postponed it until the evening before Peter's birthday. Grandma Kemerer did not wish to go to bed, she was as excited as a child.

"To-morrow we will have to work, Elmina. It will be hard work getting ready for so many."

"Grandma Kemerer," — Elmina folded the tablecloth with a wide sweep of her arm, "we are n't going to have any —"

At that moment there was a knock at the door, then some one lifted the latch, as though sure of a welcome. Without stood five shawled and hooded figures.

"Henry said it would snow to-morrow," announced Mommy Dill. "So we came this evening."

"He brought us all together," said Grandma Stuber.

"My, I am glad to get in!" cried Grandma Illick.

"They made me come along," said Grandma Benner, a little doubtfully. "They said you would have room."

"We are all going to help get ready for the dinner," announced Mommy Dill. She was ninety-five, but she walked as though she were twenty. She was the only one of the dower-ladies who had an income of her own besides the dower-rights. How much it was, no one knew. "You expected us, Elmina, did n't you? I was away when Peter came last quarter-day."

"Ach, yes," answered Grandma Kemerer, "of course we expected you."

Half an hour later, Peter came in. The old ladies were seated round the fire; they wished to bid him good-night. It was a long time before he could have a word with Elmina.

"Did you do it to surprise me?" he asked.

Elmina stood still in the middle of the floor, two quilts over her arm. For a few moments she had thought that he had invited them, and that she would never forgive him. His innocence made her speak more gently.

"No, they came of themselves. But this is the last time."

The dower-ladies stayed for three days. That night there was a heavy snow, and Elmina did not think it was safe for them to be taken home.

"It is not fit," she said grimly. "They are here now, they must stay. Perhaps you will have enough of dower-ladies."

Their colloquy was held in the cellar. Above them the old women could be heard laughing merrily. Mommy Dill was telling a story of her youth. She had

been a great belle. These, her contemporaries, remembered it; the younger generation would have laughed.

Elmina stood at the window the next afternoon, and watched them drive away. They looked like five mummies in their shawls.

"They are all so good yet," said Grandma Kemerer at her elbow. "They look as when they would live to be so old like I."

Two hours later Elmina met her husband with a white and frightened face. He came in from the barn, rubbing his hands cheerfully. The merry old voices to which he had been listening had brightened his heart, and made him feel once more like Prince Bountiful. He did not see Elmina's ominous gaze.

"Peter Kutz."

"What is it?" gasped Peter. Elmina must be very angry.

"Elwin Danner was here this afternoon to see about some money you had borrowed from him. Did you borrow money from him?"

"A little."

"What for?"

"I needed it."

"To pay the interest on the dowers?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell me about this?"

Peter's glance implied that the reason was evident.

"Peter, when I was a little girl, my Pop said to me, 'Live on bread and water, but don't borrow.' And now" — Elmina put her head down on the table and cried.

It was with a chastened soul that Peter prepared to make confession. He had borrowed from the doctor, and a little from John Dillfield, who kept the store.

"Those ladies can't live so long, any more," he faltered.

"But that will only make it worse," cried Elmina. "Now you have only to pay the interest; if one dies, you will have to pay the principal yet. What then?"

"I don't know," confessed Peter blankly. "I might sell a farm, but no-

body will buy farms now, especially with dowers on them. I don't know what I will do, Elmina."

In two days, Elmina had paid the doctor and the storekeeper. She had been saving egg-money for a long time to buy a large incubator. An incubator was nothing compared to her horror of debt. Peter dispensed with the services of a hired man. When quarter-day came, he paid the interest, but he had to borrow more money. His sanguine spirit failed.

"If one of those dower-ladies would die, the sheriff would have to sell me out," he said to Elmina. "I can't get a penny, any more, money is so tight."

Grandma Kemerer watched her benefactors growing old.

"Peter is getting stoop-shouldered," she said to herself. "Elmina is getting thin. What is the matter with these people?"

Christmas came and went. Grandma Kemerer had gifts, but Peter and Elmina gave each other nothing. Grandma Kemerer thought he had given Elmina the parlor clock. She forgot that it had stood in its place for five years. She forgot easily, she could not remember her own age.

"I am ninety-nine years old," she said one day. "Soon after Peter's birthday I will be a hundred, then I don't want to live any more."

Elmina gazed at her in fright. She had heard that it was only the desire for life which kept such old persons alive.

"You are only ninety-six, Grandma Kemerer."

"Oh, is that all!" answered Grandma Kemerer resignedly. "Well, then."

Neither Elmina nor Peter thought of the dower-ladies' dinner that year. Elmina went about with an increasingly pale face and slower step. Peter's brow was constantly clouded in a vain effort to understand how a man could be at the same time as rich as he was and as poor. One evening he sat beside the kitchen table, painfully figuring on great sheets of paper. He dared not look at Elmina. He

heard Grandma Kemerer say that she wished to go to bed, and Elmina rose at once from her work. Grandma Kemerer stood still in the doorway of her warm room, which opened from the kitchen.

"Good-night, Peter," she said. "Elmina, you need n't bother to invite the dower-ladies. Henry Stuber was here when you were off, and I said he should go round to tell them."

When Grandma Kemerer was safely in bed, Peter looked up at his wife.

"I can go and tell them not to come," he offered dismally.

"No," answered Elmina. "Nobody was ever invited to my house, and told to stay away. I can kill a few of my hens. They are laying fine, but I can kill a pair. The — the dower-ladies have everything else, they can eat a few of my hens yet. Perhaps it will help them to live longer. Perhaps — perhaps" — Elmina could not go on.

In the morning, she was sick. Peter hailed the doctor as he drove past, and the doctor shouted that he would return.

"I am going to see Mommy Dill. She has pneumonia."

If Peter had been a little less dependent upon Elmina, he would have kept the news to himself. But he could not help telling her.

"That will mean I must pay out two thousand dollars right away. And I have not two cents. What am I to do? I —"

He saw that Elmina had fainted.

The doctor scolded heartily. Elmina had been working too hard. He would give her a tonic, she ought to have a servant for a while. He would come in the next day to see her; if she were not better he would punish her. He had known Elmina since she was a little girl. As he wrapped his scarf round his neck, he told them the news. Mommy Dill was a little better, but both Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick were sick.

"A sharp spell like this is hard on old ladies," he said. "I would n't tell Grandma Kemerer about it, if I were you."

Elmina did not need to kill her hens.

When the day for the dinner came, three of the dower-ladies were sick, and a blizzard kept the others at home. Grandma Kemerer had to be told.

"Who would a' thought they would be so delicate?" she said in superior fashion. "None of them are so old like I. I wonder if they are going to die." She spoke lightly. She had contemplated death for too many years to fear it.

"Ach, don't talk so," said Elmina weakly. She did as little work as possible, she took the medicine faithfully, knowing that nothing would help her but release from anxiety. Peter unable to pay his debts! Ruin hovered over them, prevented only by the frail tenure of life of these old ladies.

Toward evening the doctor came in again. A great wind was blowing the snow into huge billows.

"Are you better?" the doctor asked sternly, as he pulled off his gloves.

"I guess so," answered Elmina.

"Well, you'd better be."

Grandma Kemerer woke from a nap in her deep rocking-chair. She straightened the frills of her cap, and smoothed her apron.

"How is Grandma Stuber?" she asked.

"Better," answered the doctor. "She said she wanted you to have her gold watch, Peter. But you won't get it yet awhile. She said you were her best friend."

Peter's blue eyes brightened. He forgot his anxiety.

"And Grandma Illick says her Bible is to go to Peter, and her shawl to Elmina. Everything else goes to the children."

"And Mommy Dill?" faltered Peter weakly. "Will she die?"

He could not even add together all he would have to pay if these old ladies died.

The doctor looked at him sharply, and then at Elmina.

"Mommy Dill is going to die," he said, "but the others are not. I helped to make Mommy Dill's will two weeks back. Ninety-five, and no will yet!"

"What has she besides her dower?" asked Peter.

"Oh, a little," answered the doctor, laughing. "Her dower goes to her nephew; that she cannot help, even if he would n't take the farm. But she had four thousand besides in the bank, and interest to it yet since her man died."

"Her nephew will be glad that she has so much," said Peter.

The doctor laughed again.

"He don't get it," he said. "He set-

ted that when he would n't take the farm. She gives it to her two best friends. It is written that way in the will and signed and witnessed. The lawyer and I, we fixed it up."

"They are lucky people," said Peter dully. "Who are these people?"

He saw Elmina flush scarlet, then grow deathly pale.

"Who do you mean?" she said.

"Sure enough!" cried the doctor.

"Who do I mean!"

A BIVOUAC

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

I THINK I have come far enough; and I
 Among these fallen fence-rails here shall lie,
 And breathe the clean smell of gray wood, while sleep
 Steals over me beneath the wide, pure sky.
 All's wrapt in moonlight; while the shadows creep,
 — Slow dial-hands that bring no hour of dread, —
 I shall lie still and hark; and I shall hear
 Scarce any sound save yonder wakeful cheep,
 — Some dreaming bird; and far, far, far away,
 In night so far the sky seems much more near,
 The railroad's four-timed warning of the way;
 Save only these, the silence of the dead.
 Wild-carrot blooms nod round my quiet bed,
 Spice-scented, pale; and each wan grassy spear,
 Each mullein-lance and purple-flowering thorn,
 Guards well the place for sleep from all save Morn;
 Here shall I sink then, all remembrance fled,
 Forgotten Raucousness, forgotten Scorn,
 Forgotten Wisdom, and forgotten Fear;
 My limbs drowsed, and the last sound in my ear
 The soft clash of the long green leaves of corn.

THE FALL OF THE GOLDEN ROCK

BY BENJAMIN SHARP

ALMOST within sight of the island of Porto Rico, there rises from the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea a small island, now but little known and rarely visited. Together with another smaller island, it forms the northern tip of the "Bow of Ulysses" — that beautiful curve of symmetrical volcanoes which guard the eastern entrance of the Caribbean Sea.

St. Eustatius, or "Statia" as it is called at home, now exports a few yams and potatoes to St. Kitts and Demerara, and to Curaçao, bricks — Dutch bricks — taken from the ruins of houses whose annual rental in 1781 was one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

When St. Eustatius was on the pinnacle of her greatness, she stood as the Venice of the New World. As the richest trading port in the West Indies, she received the title of the "Golden Rock." She had the honor of giving to the American flag its first foreign salute, and for that loyalty, and for her aid and support to the revolting American Colonies, she was plundered and destroyed, yielding to her conquerors such wealth that the amount recalls the triumphs of the Roman emperors; and where a sleepy Provincetown whaler or two now calls for a few vegetables, with the surety that none of her men will desert, a busy fleet of more than two hundred vessels rode at their anchors. Her warehouses, once so full that the street and even the beach itself were loaded with merchandise, are now tenanted by the agile lizard, while the climbing cactus covers their falling walls, and the insidious roots of the guava bush loosen their massive foundations.

St. Eustatius, in common with all the Caribbees save Barbados, was discovered by Columbus. As it was uninhabited,

although at rare intervals visited by the cannibal Caribbees, perhaps for purposes detailed by Robinson Crusoe; as it was riverless and without springs; as it was, for these tropical islands, quite barren, it remained Spanish, in name only, for nearly a century and a half, when, in 1631, the Dutch West India Company quietly settled there, and its people were the first to trade regularly among the islands.

The Dutch, with their characteristic perseverance, soon clothed the slopes of the two volcanic peaks, as well as the "saddle" connecting them, with fields of tobacco and sugar; they built a town on the western or leeward side of the island, under the shadow of the "Punch Bowl," long since drained dry by the "lusty Devil," and made themselves so comfortable and flourishing that Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who called one day in 1664, convinced the Batavian burghers, by means of his fleet, that the island was English. The French soon took it away from the English, but when the peace of Breda came, the suffering Dutch again returned to their fields of tobacco and cane.

Soon after this they were aided by the involuntary immigration from Africa, and slavery existed there until 1863. Again it passed through the hands of the English and French until, at the peace of Ryswick, the Dutch could again call the island their home. Now, we find in 1715 that the population of the island (whose area is better expressed in acres than in square miles) was eleven thousand two hundred souls, or rather nine thousand six hundred souls and sixteen hundred negroes, according to the ideas of those times.

Then another little expedition of the French appeared before the town and informed the governor that they would leave under certain conditions. The treasury of the island not having those conditions at hand, the governor advanced a large quantity of guilders to satisfy them, and the French fleet left the same day, "much to the relief of the islanders," it was said.

For fifty or more years the thrifty little island steadily progressed in wealth and importance, without disturbance from hungry admirals or grasping European powers. Shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution, there sprang up under the cliffs of Orangetown, extending a mile or more along the gentle curve of the bay, a great and important row of warehouses and stores, known as the "Lower Town."

Then came the "great hurricane," so destructive to the West Indies, which almost swept the island of its habitations, and wrecked or sunk all the shipping in the bay; but "phoenix-like" as the historian, Arthur Valk, writes, "the island rose from its ruins and assumed an importance that was not equaled in the whole of the West Indies."

St. Eustatius, during our war of Independence, reached its greatest prosperity and was of vital importance to the struggling colonists of America. Being a free port, it was open to the mercantile fleets of all the European powers then at war. The supplies which England had before this received from her North American colonies now passed to her through St. Eustatius; the tobacco of Virginia came in such quantities that the warehouses were not able to contain it, and it was heaped upon the beach awaiting reshipment, among hogsheads of sugar and bags of coffee, three million pounds of which passed through the hands of the Statian merchants from the French island of San Domingo alone. To Statia the British planters brought the products of their estates,—sugar, rum, coffee, indigo, cotton, etc.,—to be exchanged for the

lumber and food-stuffs of North America, the products of Europe, and the luxuries of the Orient.

This commerce, however, was not the sole means of wealth of the island, for large quantities of munitions of war, shipped mainly from Holland, passed through the hands of these merchants. The incessant wars between England and France, carried on most actively in the West Indies, then one of the greatest sources of contention among the European powers, made Statia, a port open to all, the centre of supply, greatly to the disadvantage of Great Britain. This was increased by the unsettled, and to the English mind mutinous, state of her North American colonies, which were purchasing large quantities of naval and military stores. There is a letter from the Earl of Dartmouth to Lieutenant-Governor Colclon of New York, dated September 7, 1774, in confirmation of this. The letter reads: "My information says that the Polly, Capt. Benjamin Broadhelp, bound from Amsterdam to Nantucket, has, among other articles received on board, no less a quantity than three Hundred thousand pounds weight of Gunpowder, & I have great reason to believe that considerable quantities of that commodity, as well as other Military Stores, are introduced into the Colonies from Holland, through the channel of St. Eustatius."

If a traveler from St. Christopher's had visited St. Eustatius at this time, he would have seen the island rising like a tall single volcanic cone across a deep blue channel, ten miles in breadth. The "Devil's Punch Bowl," or "Quill," would have been veiled at its summit in a pure white mass of cloud, while a little to the southward of his course, another bank of cumulus, well down upon the horizon, would have indicated the position of Saba, twenty miles away. The sides of the cone sweep to the summit with such perfect regularity that one imagines the distant island to have a circular base; but as the vessel passes on

and comes under the lee of the island, another more northerly peak shows that the island is formed of two cones joined together by a high plateau, which, the traveler would be told, is called the "Saddle." This plateau slopes downward from the main ridge on each side to the sea, where on the leeward side it falls abruptly some two hundred feet to the narrow strip of beach connecting the bases of the two extinct volcanoes, which form the northern and southern arms of the bay.

The slopes of the two mountains and the surface of the plateau would then have been clothed with bright green fields of tobacco and sugar-cane, while extending in a curve along the edge of the bluff, like a rampart guarding the lower town, was the busy and populous capital. His vessel would have found a berth among hundreds of craft of all nations assembled in the bay; and while waiting for some means of getting ashore, he would have seen the great warehouses extending for a mile and a quarter under the shadow of the bluff. Landing, and walking to the northward along the single street of the Lower Town, he would have found his way with difficulty through the throngs of busy stevedores and pig-tailed sailors moving about among the casks of Virginia tobacco and hogsheads of Muscovado sugar; he would have passed the doors of the large warehouses, have heard the hum of business, and here and there have seen the private residence of some wealthy Dutchman. One of these in particular would have arrested his attention, being the largest and most magnificent upon the beach. It was a square building with massive walls, one hundred and fifty feet in length, extending from the street almost to the foot of the high cliff, which kept it in shadow during the early hours of the day. The large doorway led to an open court, in the centre of which rose the coping of a deep well or reservoir, and on one side of the courtyard, a massive mahogany staircase led to the story above, where all that great wealth could

give was lavishly displayed. From this floor, a gallery, supported by an archway spanning the street, led to a smaller house, built almost upon the water's edge.

Here the visitor, surrounded with all the comforts of a tropical veranda, and bathed by the cool breezes of the sea, could enjoy a view of the bay and its busy life. The chubby whaling sloops of Nantucket, "laden with *Spermaceti Oyl*," the top-sail schooners from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, rode side by side with snows, apple-bowed brigs, and high turreted ships of Europe, in the calm of the island's lee. In their midst, hundreds of little boats — lighters and gigs — plied among the shipping like ants. A tall graceful frigate would glide round the curve of the Punch Bowl's base, with her three towering snow-white spires glistening in the morning sun. She would sweep into the bay, and her white clouds would vanish from her spreading yards like the smoke from her signal-gun.

Near the northern end of the Lower Town, the street turned back upon itself and led by a gentle ascent to the top of the bluff. It was here that most of the residences had been built, some of which, for elegance, could not be surpassed in the western world. In some of these were rooms lined with tiles from Delft, representing biblical scenes, while marble stairs and mahogany casings were almost universal.

As climate plays such an important part in the habitations and actions of men, there was found here an ingenious adaptation, not known elsewhere in the West Indies. St. Eustatius being a small island, at most five miles long by two broad, and rising from the sea at its highest point not quite two thousand feet, there is but little rain during the greater part of the year. As far as is known, there were never any forests on the island, so that the moisture-laden trade-winds pass over the island without much precipitation. During the day large cloud-masses collect about the peaks, and disappear at sunset. In order to save all the water possible

that fell upon the earth, the inhabitants cemented a large "plane" in their yards, at one end of which was sunk a cistern or well. Over the top of this well a cemented arch, six or eight feet long and three or four feet high, was erected. A small hole, a foot or two square, received the water which fell upon the slightly inclined plane, which was kept scrupulously clean. The opening was guarded by a gate of iron bars, and a stranger could not help thinking, on seeing them for the first time, that each family had a tomb in its yard.

The population of the island was at this time quite cosmopolitan, — Dutch, Jews, Americans, and French predominating. The voice of the people was decidedly in favor of the American Revolution, and no opportunity was lost to aid the "liberty men" of the North. England, then at peace with Holland, could do nothing, as the island had been declared a free port nearly half a century before, and of course everything possible was done to cripple Americans on the islands then in possession of Great Britain. In a letter from St. Eustatius, written in February, 1776, we are told that American merchants were obliged to leave Dominica, and that all moneys in the English islands belonging to Americans were taken hold of by proclamation.

An event, however, occurred which gave England an opportunity. On November 16, 1776, the Brig *Andrea Doria*,¹ under the command of Captain Isaiah Robinson, swept round the base of the Punch Bowl, with the striped flag of the American colonies tugging at her signal halyards.² As she came into the bay, she fired a salute of eleven guns to the Dutch flag at Orangetown, which, at the command of Governor Johannes de Graeff, was answered with 18-pounders. Within three days, a letter from St. Eustatius to the Maryland Council of Safety

¹ Throughout the American archives this vessel is spoken of as the *Andrew Doria*.

² The stars were not added to the red and white stripes until June, 1777.

tells us that "all American vessels here now wear the congress colors." Captain Robinson was received by the Governor and all ranks of people with the hospitality so characteristic of the West Indian of that period.

De Graeff, as Admiral Rodney wrote, "was the first man who insulted the British Flag by taking up the salute of the pirate and rebel; who during his whole administration has been remarkable inimical to Great Britain and a favourer of the American Rebellion."

In the same letter we find how much De Graeff was appreciated by the Americans, as "two of their capital Ships" were named, the one, of twenty-six guns, for him, and the other, of eighteen, for his lady.

George III determined to procure reparation and satisfaction from the Dutch for this insult and for the important aid they had given to the colonies. Admiral Rodney, fresh from England's greatest naval victory off Dominica, received at Barbados his orders, on January 27, 1781, first to attack St. Eustatius and St. Martin's, as neither of them was capable of any considerable resistance. Profound secrecy was preserved, and to keep the French from suspecting his movements, Rodney appeared with his whole fleet at Martinique and left there six sail of the line and two frigates to keep them shut in, while Sir Thomas Hood was sent to surround the Statian Bay and prevent the escape of a single vessel. "He most effectually performed that service."

On the 3d of February, Rodney appeared before the astonished Statians, and sent to De Graeff the following summons:—

ST. EUSTATIUS, 3 Feb., 1781.

We the General Officers, commanding in Chief His Britannic Majesty's Fleet and Army in the West Indies, do, in his Royal name, demand an instant Surrender of the Island of Saint Eustatius, and its dependencies, with every Thing in and belonging thereto, for the use of

his said Majesty. We give you one Hour from the delivery of this Message, to decide. — If any resistance is made, you must abide the Consequences.

G. B. RODNEY,

J. VAUGHN.

To his Excellency the
Governor of St. Eustatius.

The blow had fallen. Nothing could be done. The truth of the summons could not be grasped. The island surrendered at discretion. No terms whatever were granted. Their persons were prisoners of war and all their property forfeited. A general proscription of all the inhabitants followed. Americans, Dutch, and French, and of course the Jews, were banished from the island and were ordered to leave behind them all their wealth and property and to take nothing but those effects for which they had special license.

"It was a vast capture," wrote Rodney to the Secretary of State. The keys of the warehouses were demanded and possession taken of all correspondence and books. Every one was compelled to make an accurate account of all his ready money, plate, and jewels. Three million pounds sterling in money alone fell into the hands of Rodney and Vaughn, together with more than a million pounds' worth of plate and jewels. The munitions of war captured were "so numerous as will astonish Great Britain."

There are many local traditions at Statia of attempts to conceal money, many of which were successful, as recent finds of golden "joes" and "half-joes" plainly show. A casket, about to be buried in the cemetery, was opened by a suspecting English officer, and in it was found a large quantity of money and plate.

One hundred and fifty sail were captured in the bay, besides a Dutch frigate and five ships and vessels of war complete and ready for service. A fleet, under convoy, had left Statia thirty-six hours before the arrival of Rodney, but

was pursued by Captain Reynolds and taken.

On the 4th of February Rodney wrote to the Secretary of the Admiralty: "All magazines and store-houses are filled, and even the beach is covered with Tobacco and Sugar, all of which shall be shipped on board the vessels now in the Bay (if they are sufficient to contain the quantity) and sent under proper convoy to Great Britain to abide his Majesty's pleasure. — The convoy will be extremely valuable; more so, I believe, than ever sailed to Great Britain, considering its number of ships."

It must have been a grim satisfaction to the miserable Statians when they heard that this fleet had been captured and its guardians put to flight by a French squadron under M. Le Motte Piquet, near the mouth of the English Channel.

Rodney again writes: "The American Merchants and seamen, amounting to more than two thousand, have been captured. They made an offer to the Governor to defend the Island, and still a considerable number remain lurking in the mountains. Hunger will soon compel them to surrender at Discretion."

Money and merchandise was not all that Rodney obtained at St. Eustatius. So determined was he to destroy what he called this "nest of Vipers, which had stung Great Britain to the quick," that he even took the roofs from the warehouses and private residences and sent them to Barbados, St. Lucia, and Antigua, to repair the ravages of a recent hurricane, asking no more than that the inhabitants of those islands should erect suitable walls to support them.

So closely had Rodney blockaded the island that it was two months before even a whisper of it was heard, and during this time more than fifty American vessels laden with tobacco fell into his grasp. The importance of this island during the struggle of the American colonies is best told by Rodney himself, when he says in a letter to Philip Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, "The numerous

letters found on board them [the captured vessels] plainly prove that, their hulls and masts excepted, all the rigging, sails, cannon, powder, ammunition, and stores of all kinds, in order to navigate them, were sent from this island, without whose assistance the American navigators could not possibly have been supported."

From this blow St. Eustatius never recovered; robbed of its people, of its wealth, even of its habitations, the Golden Rock sank into poverty and oblivion. Roofless houses now form the capital; the paved streets are grown with grass; Negro cabins and potato patches have risen from the basements and gardens of the grand residences; the walls of the stately Jewish Synagogue rise from the

surrounding ruins, and from its paved floor has sprung a great tree, whose branches spread outward, vainly trying to shield the crumbling walls from the torrential floods of the rainy season. The handsome Dutch Reformed Church stands with the roof fallen in, the magnificent mahogany pulpit and wonderful fluted sounding-board, which once reflected the words of recognition and encouragement to the patriots of the northern colonies, now echo the moans of the trade-winds. True were the words which Burke said to the British Parliament: "The island surrendered at discretion, but the conquerors interpreted discretion into destruction, for they did not leave the conquered a shilling."

THE GREAT TIDAL WAVES OF BIRD-LIFE

BY D. LANGE

TWICE every year a wave of living birds, almost inconceivably grand in the number of birds involved, surges over North America. The autumn wave rolls from the arctic tundras of Canada and Alaska to the torrid valley of the Amazon and the great pampas of the La Plata, only to roll back again to the ice-bound northern ocean with the northward progression of the sun. And almost as ceaseless as the ever-rising, ever-falling swell of the ocean tides is this miraculous tide of beating wings and pulsating little hearts. The last stragglers of the northward migration do not reach their northern home before the early part of June; but in July the southward-setting tide has begun again.

The number of birds that make up this mighty wave almost passes comprehension. Probably more than ninety-five per cent of all birds making their summer home between the northern boundary of

Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, that is in the United States and Canada, help to swell the great bird-tide that moves southward in autumn and northward in the spring with the regularity of a pendulum. Allowing a little less than one migratory bird to an acre, we get the enormous number of 4,320,000,000 birds, whose wing-beats follow with rhythmic precision the southward and northward movement of the sun. This number is too vast to be easily comprehended, so let us bring it within our grasp by a few illustrations.

If we allow six inches, the measure of the English sparrow of our streets, to be the average length of a migratory bird, then this mighty host, if we could arrange its restless, flitting members in a quiet, orderly manner, like soldiers on parade, would make a line 4,090,909 miles long. This earth is much too small for such a line. We might arrange our

birds in three hundred and twenty-six lines, and each one would extend from the north pole to the south pole along the whole length of North and South America. If we arranged the birds at the Equator, they would circle the globe one hundred and sixty-three times.

Not that every kind of migratory bird travels the whole distance of the wave: no; some swing back and forth through a distance of only a few hundred miles, while others, who make up the extreme margins of the great wave, travel twice a year from the soggy tundras and spruce forests of Alaska to the waving plains of pampas grass in Patagonia, a distance of eight thousand miles.

It will undoubtedly surprise the reader who is not an ornithologist to learn that we do not really know the cause of these great tides of bird-life. One is tempted to say: Why, birds leave the north, because they can get no food during the winter. This statement, although undoubtedly containing the original cause of bird-migrations, is only partly true at the present time; for many birds leave their northern homes at a time when their food is most abundant. The red-headed woodpecker, who in late summer lives largely on grasshoppers and other insects caught on the ground, always leaves the latitude of St. Paul about September 10. It adhered to this date even in the autumn of 1907, when this region had no frost at all before September 27, and when the temperature rose to 96 in the shade as late as the 12th, with insect life abundant well into October. Other insect-eaters start southward as early as July 10, when their food is most abundant; and the same is true of many seed-eaters.

Again, if scarcity of food is the cause of migration, why do bluebirds, warblers, thrushes, and waterfowl forsake a land of plenty in the south to rush northward so early that frequently millions of them starve during the cold snaps of our northern spring? The spring of 1907 furnished a tragic illustration of

this. A cold spell accompanied by heavy snows, the latter part of April, fell like a plague upon the migrating flocks. Starved warblers, thrushes, and kinglets were found everywhere. The dead birds found in this latitude belonged to about twenty different kinds, and the number of birds that perished in the Middle West alone must have reached well into the millions. There would have been plenty of room for these birds to breed in the well-provided south; then why do they, year after year, brave storms and starvation in the north? Many theories have been advanced and numerous treatises have been written on the subject, but for many birds the question remains unanswered.

The problem of the real home of the birds is just as perplexing. If originally the birds were driven southward by advancing winter, then their real home is in the north, where they now breed; if, on the other hand, they originated in the south, and later, for some reason, acquired the habit of seeking more northerly breeding-grounds, then their home is in the south, where they live now during the northern winter.

Many South American birds migrate northward, during March and April, when winter begins in that hemisphere. Some sea birds, like the albatross and the frigate bird, breed on a few uninhabited islands in mid-ocean, and roam over the sea throughout the warm and temperate regions of the globe the rest of the year. Not one of our northern wanderers breeds in its genial winter home in South and Central America. When their time arrives, they all hasten back to the distant north, to build their nests and raise their young in the same region where their own cradles swung from northern trees and bushes.

One might think that South and Central American plains and forests would ring with the music of our warblers, thrushes, and bobolinks, while we are anxiously watching the fall of the mercury and the rise of coal prices; but this

assumption would prove false; our northern songsters are silent in the tropics. Perhaps they rest their voices and recuperate from the strenuous season of bird-opera, as human tenors and prima donnas do in mountain taverns and sea-side villas.

If a man were to tell the birds which way to travel in their flight from storm-swayed pines to the palms and lianes of the tropics, he would bid them direct their course by way of Florida, the Bahamas, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, and the Lesser Antilles.

"On this route," he might say to the winged millions, "you are always in sight of land. If a storm threatens, you can rest until the sky is clear again, and none will be drowned in the raging waves in a vain effort to beat up against the storm on feeble wings." This advice sounds well and the route looks good on the map, but not a single bird follows this way as his regular route.

"If this route does not please you," the bird-adviser might continue, "there is another that is almost as easy. Go from Florida to Cuba and thence to Yucatan."

So natural does this route look that years ago American ornithologists practically took it for granted that the migrating hosts followed it, until actual field observations showed that it is as deserted as the one first mentioned. Only a few adventurous or storm-driven birds use the two routes which the bird-adviser would recommend. The most probable reason why they are not used is that they could not furnish sufficient food for the millions of North American migrants. This is especially true of the Lesser Antilles, whose total area is about equal to that of Rhode Island.

Without human assistance, the birds have selected several much-traveled highways between North America and Central and South America. By far the greater number of the birds of the Atlantic coast follow a route from northwestern Florida to Southern Mexico and Central

America, making a seven-hundred-mile flight across the Gulf. In spite of this long sea-flight and its many dangers, this is decidedly the popular route with the birds of eastern North America. While the two easy island-to-island routes are deserted, this Florida and Gulf route is literally alive with large and small birds for eight months of the year. Night after night the winged myriads steer northward in spring and southward again in the autumn. Over a vast expanse of sea they find their way, where for ten or twelve hours at a time they are entirely out of sight of land. But in spite of all dangers and difficulties this is the popular route with North American birds.

About ten species reach South America by way of Florida, Cuba, and Jamaica. This list of travelers includes vireos, cuckoos, wood thrushes, tanagers, bank swallows, night-hawks, and bobolinks. But so immensely in the majority are the bobolinks that bird men have referred to this route as the Bobolink Route. It involves only a five-hundred-mile flight from Jamaica to South America, but it is not a generally popular route.

The favorite route for many birds of the Mississippi valley also extends across the broad expanse of the Gulf, directly southward from the mouth of the Mississippi.

The migrants making their summer home on the Great Plains and in the Rocky Mountain country seem to be favored by nature, as they reach their winter homes in Mexico and Central America by short and easy overland journeys. Many birds of California perform what is known as a vertical migration. They journey to the warm lowlands and coastal plains to spend the winter, and in spring return to their summer homes on the slopes and in the valleys of the mountains.

The great southward-moving wave does not come fully to rest until December, or even January. At this time, when food is scarce in the far north, several

birds of the Canadian zone become at least occasional temporary sojourners in the northern United States. It is the large snowy owl, the tame evening grosbeak, and the beautiful and trusty crossbills, that come, so to speak, with the last ripples of the ebbing tide.

But, wonderful as is this great migration of birds, the journeys of each species are almost as marvelous, and each kind of bird presents a problem in itself.

The golden plover and the bobolink are known to almost everybody, either from nature or from books and descriptions. Let us try to follow the journeys of only these two birds.

The golden plover is one of the greatest and boldest wayfarers of all bird-dom. Late in April or early in May I find them in this latitude in the Mississippi valley. Toward the middle of the month they have all disappeared, and I do not see them again until the next year. Where are they the rest of the year? It is now known that their summer home lies far beyond the Arctic Circle, while they spend the winter two thousand miles south of the Equator. Early in June they reach their breeding grounds in the barren coast tundras of the Arctic Ocean, which extend from Hudson Bay to Behring Sea. Many of them travel even much farther north, and have been found nesting on the arctic islands as far as a thousand miles north of the continent, in latitude 81°. Less than two months suffices for them to raise their young under the midnight sun, among the lichens and mosses of the tundras, below which the soil never thaws out. In August the tundras are again deserted, and the ringing cries of the plovers now enliven the bleak rocks and coast of Labrador. Here they feast on the fruit of the crowberry, a low creeping vine which covers hundreds of square miles. A few weeks of such feasting make them fat and strong. Gradually they move southward to Nova Scotia, from where they strike boldly out to sea, flying direct-

ly southward toward the coral-strewn beaches of the tropics. If the weather is favorable, they make the whole journey from Nova Scotia to the mainland of South America, a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, without touching land. Sometimes they make a short stop at the Bermuda Islands, but many times they have been seen five hundred miles east of the Bermudas in mid-Atlantic. Some flocks linger for a few weeks on the Antilles and on the north coast of South America, but in September they all reach southern Brazil and Argentina, the great plains country of the La Plata. Here they remain six months, from September to March, enjoying a long vacation after six months of hazardous travel and absorbing family cares.

Early in March they disappear from the La Plata country, but the great majority of them, at least, do not return north the way they came. Very soon they appear in Guatemala, then in Texas. By the end of April they have traveled up the Mississippi valley to the latitude of Minnesota. About the first of May they cross into Canada, and by the first of June they are once more excavating their nests, and preparing to lay their chocolate-spotted eggs, a thousand miles beyond the circle of the midnight sun.

What a wonderful journey it is! How the performance of the most persistent globe-trotter fades into insignificance when compared with the annual journeys of the plover, a bird not larger than a robin. The human traveler has at his command all the science and the technical skill which the human race has accumulated since the first man timidly trusted himself to a dugout wooden boat. The plover's brain is not larger than a hazel-nut, but in this tiny magazine is stored away, as individual experience or race-instinct, all the intelligence needed to steer the bird over sea and land, over mountains, forests, and deserts, through raging storms and black fogs. Twice a year the plovers make a trip of eight

thousand miles north and south, while their northward route lies three thousand miles west of their southward route. Each year of his life a plover travels from twenty to twenty-two thousand miles, and this record he keeps up until his little heart ceases to beat.

Another and most remarkable journey is that made by the bobolink. This well-known songster of meadows makes his summer home all through the eastern states, as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and westward to Montana and Manitoba. One would naturally think that the northwestern bobolinks would leave the United States by way of Mexico or the Mississippi Valley, but, so far as is known, not a single bobolink takes that route. Instead, all the bobolinks of North America migrate via the rice-fields of the Carolinas, and leave the United States by way of Florida. After the breeding season the males doff their clownish-looking dress of black, white, and buff, and assume the plain, brownish garb of the females. At the same time the birds assemble in flocks and start southward.

After the 1st of September all have left their breeding-grounds, and September 9 is the latest I ever saw bobolinks in the latitude of southern Minnesota. Finally, all the bobolinks of the country gather in countless thousands in the rice-fields of the Carolinas, where they are known and feared as rice-birds or reed-birds; and every year the rice-growers of the South have to expend tens of thousands of dollars to protect their crops from being literally eaten up by the bobolinks. Robert of Lincoln, minstrel, clown, and general entertainer of our northern meadows, appears to the Southern rice-grower as a veritable pest. Fifty years ago the bobolinks gathered the fuel for their long sea-voyage from the wild rice of the marshes; since then they have discovered that the cultivated rice makes a better food and fuel, and every autumn they levy a heavy tax on the rice-growers of the South Atlantic states.

After they have grown fat on rice, they leave for Cuba. From Cuba their route leads over Jamaica, but many of them have gathered such a surplus of fat and energy that they make the seven-hundred-mile flight to South America without stopping in Jamaica. Arrived on the mainland, they travel as far south as the valley of the Amazon and southern Brazil, where they spend the winter.

About the first of May the northern nature-lover takes an early morning ramble through fields and meadows, and there is the bobolink, swinging and singing from brier and reed, in full nuptial plumage. He has traveled from four to six thousand miles since you saw him last, and has escaped thousands of shotguns and numerous other dangers. Every year of his life he performs this journey, until his bubbling voice has grown silent, and his little quivering body has come to rest in some lone marsh or among the grass of the pampas.

Every one who is somewhat familiar with the structure and the habits of wild swans, geese, and ducks is not surprised to learn that these large water-fowls can annually perform long journeys. Their bodies are powerful engines, adapted equally well to a rushing flight through the air and to a restful locomotion on the water. Moreover, in autumn their plumage is so thick and dense that it is not only perfectly water-proof and frost-proof, but almost shot-proof.

But how can we express our wonder and admiration when we learn that such feeble and tiny folk as the warblers and humming-birds undertake voyages as great as, or even greater than, the swift teal and the majestic swan? The black-poll warbler, a bird smaller than the chickadee, makes its summer home as far north as Alaska, and winters in Brazil, traveling from ten to fifteen thousand miles a year.

The rufous humming-bird, a wee bit of a bird, scarcely larger than a bumble bee, makes its summer home and builds its tiny nest on the spruce of Alaska, and

spends the winter among the flowers of tropical Mexico. Twice a year it journeys up and down the Pacific coast, a distance of three thousand miles.

The warblers are not strong flyers, and their loose, fluffy feathers are a poor protection against storm, rain, and cold. During the summer months about sixty different kinds of warblers enliven the woods of North America clear up to the treeless north and to the cold treeless ridges of the mountains, but during the winter scarcely a single warbler remains in the United States. Nearly all of them are great travelers and make their winter home in Mexico, in Central and South America, and in the West Indies. Very often fogs and storms confuse and bewilder them on their journeys, thousands dash themselves to death against the light-houses along the coast, and tens of thousands are swallowed up by the waves of the storm-lashed Gulf. But in spite of all these dangers they will not stay among the palms, where food is abundant and where no great danger threatens them. An uncontrollable longing that defies all danger and hardship impels them onward to their far boreal homes as soon as the new leaves are budding on the northern willows and poplars.

There is a popular opinion that birds follow closely the advance of warmer weather northward, but close study has shown this idea to be wrong. With very few exceptions, the birds travel northward much faster than the warmth of spring, and are constantly overtaking colder weather. The pretty yellow warblers leave the latitude of New Orleans under a temperature of 65° F., and they arrive on their breeding grounds at Great Slave Lake under a temperature of only 47° F. They travel over a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in twenty-five days, but spring requires thirty-five days to travel from New Orleans to Great Slave Lake.

The higher the latitude the birds reach, the faster they travel. The little black-

poll warblers average about thirty miles a day from New Orleans to southern Minnesota. Then they begin to increase their speed like race-horses on the home stretch, and when they approach their northernmost breeding-grounds in Alaska they average about two hundred miles a day.

Most of our common song-birds migrate by night, flying in clear weather at a height of a mile or more above the earth. This explains why it so often happens that one finds no birds in the afternoon, while early next morning the earth is all alive with them, as if they had dropped out of the sky over night. In this case appearances are not deceptive. They have actually dropped from the region of the clouds.

How do birds find their way? There is no doubt that they are often guided by sight along coasts, lakes, rivers, and valleys, which are plainly visible for a great distance from the height at which birds travel. In other cases, old birds which have been over the route lead the way, and the young birds follow their calls and their leadership. What wonderful stories these winged travelers could tell, if they could only talk to us; what fascinating teachers of geography they would make for our children! It has, however, been shown lately beyond reasonable doubt that, in addition to keen sight, acute hearing, individual experience, and race instinct, birds possess what must seem to us a kind of sixth sense, the sense of orientation. The Harriman Alaska Expedition found flocks of murres, a sea-bird, flying straight for their home on a lonely rock island thirty miles away, through a fog so thick that everything a hundred yards away was absolutely hidden from view. What human brain could guide a ship thirty miles through a dense fog without a compass?

Still more conclusive demonstration of this sense of direction in birds has recently been furnished by Professor John B. Watson. He caught and marked fifteen sooty terns and noddies on the Dry

Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico and took them out to sea. Some of the birds were carried as far as Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles north of the Tortugas, before they were set free. The sooty terns and the noddies are southern birds which seldom range farther north than the southern coast of Florida; and it is not likely that any of those experimented on had ever been farther north; but none the less thirteen birds out of fifteen found their way back to the Tortuga Islands.

Since the days when Aristotle wrote his quaint accounts of birds and beasts, science has made much real progress, and many of Aristotle's wonderful stories have been found to be fables; on the other hand, science has added many more real marvels to natural history than it has destroyed of fictitious ones. Aristotle tells us that swallows and other birds hibernate. No real bird-student believes that story nowadays; but it is a remarkable coincidence that even to-day no man knows where one of our most common swallows, the little bank swallow or sand martin, spends the winter—a bird so common that almost every country boy has peeped and poked into its holes in the sand-banks. It disappears some-

where in the great interior of South America, that is all we know.

Another bird-mystery is furnished by the chimney swift, or chimney swallow, as it is popularly called. In August great flocks of them are found everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. In Minnesota and North Dakota I have frequently met flocks, numbering from one thousand to five thousand, roosting in the chimneys of schoolhouses and churches or other large buildings. Early in September they leave this latitude. Gradually, millions of them reach the Gulf coast, and then they disappear until March. If a great aerial tidal wave had carried them to the moon, their disappearance would not be any more complete. They must winter somewhere in Central or South America, but no ornithologist has yet found them there. It seems almost incredible that a bird so well-known, and whose individuals must be counted in millions, should thus far have eluded all observers, but it is nevertheless true.

Science will soon lift the veil from many of the mysteries of the great bird-tides, but as one mystery disappears, another and a greater one will appear; and as our knowledge grows, our wonder will grow still more.

THE AUTOCRAT AND HIS FELLOW-BOARDERS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

DR. HOLMES wrote of Emerson, "He delineates himself so perfectly in his various writings that the careful reader sees his nature just as it was in all its essentials, and has little more to learn than those human accidents which individualize him in time and space."

This was even more true of Dr. Holmes than of Emerson. In the title of the work which brought him fame he takes us into his confidence: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*; or Every Man his own Boswell.

To say that he was his own Boswell is but to say that he was, by instinct, not an historian or a novelist or a systematic philosopher, but an essayist. Now, the great difficulty with the discursive essay lies in the fact that it encounters the social prejudice against the use of the first person singular. It is not considered good form for a man to talk much about himself. The essayist is not really more egotistic than the most reticent of his fellow citizens, but the first person singular is his stock in trade. If he is not allowed to say "I," his style stiffens into formalism. He is interested in the human mind, and likes to chronicle its queer goings on. He is curious about its inner working. Now, it happens that the only mind of which he is able to get an inside view is his own, and so he makes the most of it. He follows his mind about, taking notes of all its haps and mishaps. He is aware that it may not be the best intellect in the world, but it is all he has, and he cannot help becoming attached to it. A man's mind grows on acquaintance. For a person to be his own Boswell implies that he is his own Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson must have enough opinions, obstinacies, and insights, to make the Boswellizing

worth while. The natural history of a mental vacuum cannot be made interesting to the general reader.

For commercial purposes it is sometimes necessary to create an artificial person, called the corporation, to carry on business. In like manner, the essayist finds it convenient to create an artificial person to carry on the business of self-revelation. As the corporation is relieved of the necessity of having a soul, so the artificial literary character is without self-consciousness. He can say "I" as often as he pleases, without giving offense. If a narrow-minded person accuses the author of being egotistic, he can readily prove an alibi. If Elia should prove garrulous in proclaiming his whims, Mr. Charles Lamb could not be blamed. He was attending faithfully to his duties in the East India House.

Dr. Holmes was fortunate, not only in creating a character through which to put forth his private opinions, but also in providing that character with the proper environment. He was thus enabled not only to reveal himself, but also to reveal the society of which he formed a part.

Washington Irving's Geoffrey Crayon was only the English Mr. Spectator transplanted to America. The elderly man about town was more fitted for London than for the New York of that period. But Dr. Holmes hit upon a character and a situation distinctly American. Let Philosophy come down from the heights, and take up her abode in a Boston boarding-house. Let there be a nervous landlady anxious to please, and an opinionated old gentleman ready to be displeased, and a poet, and a philosopher, and a timid school-mistress, and a Divinity student who wants to know,

and an angular female in black bombazine, and a young fellow named John who cares for none of these things. Then let these free-born American citizens be talked to by one of their fellow-boarders who has usurped the authority of speech.

The philosophical historian of the future may picture the New England of the middle of the nineteenth century under the symbolism of the Autocrat and his Boarding-House. You cannot understand one without the other. In Europe different streams of culture flow side by side without mingling. One man belongs to the world of art, another to the world of business, another to the world of politics. Each sphere has its well-recognized conventions.

Matthew Arnold voices the inherited ideal. It is that of one who, in the society which he has chosen, is not compelled to note "all the fever of some differing soul." In America, to note the fever of some differing soul is part of the fun. We like to use the clinical thermometer and take one another's temperature.

We do not think of ourselves as in an intellectual realm where every man's house is his castle. We are all boarders together. There are no gradations of rank, nobody sits below the salt. We listen to the Autocrat so long as we think he talks sense; and when he gets beyond our depth we push back our chairs somewhat noisily, and go about our business. The young fellow named John is one of the most important persons at the table. The Autocrat would think it his greatest triumph if he could make the slightest impression on that imperturbable individual.

The first sentence of the book strikes the keynote. "I was just going to say when I was interrupted." Here we have the American philosopher at his best. He is inured to interruptions. He is graciously permitted to discourse to his fellow citizens on the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, but he must be mighty quick about it. He must know how to get in his words edgewise.

"Will you allow me to pursue this

subject a little further?" asks the Autocrat. Then he adds meekly, "They did n't allow me." When he attempts to present a subject in systematic form: "Oh, oh," cried the young fellow they call John, "that's from one of your lectures."

For all his autocratic airs, there is no danger that he will be allowed to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. The boarders will take care to prevent such a calamity. All his sentimentalities and sublimities are at once subjected to the nipping air of the boarding-house.

When the Professor makes a profound statement, the "economically organized female in black bombazine" remarks acidly, "I don't think people who talk over their victuals are likely to say anything great."

We must remember that the lady in black bombazine was a very important person in her day. And so was another boarder, known as the "Model of all the Virtues." We are made intimately acquainted with this excellent lady, though we are not told her name. "She was the natural product of a chilly climate and high culture. . . . There was no handle of weakness to hold her by. She was as unseizable except in her entirety as a billiard ball. On the broad terrestrial table where she had been knocked about, like all of us, by the cue of Fortune, she glanced from every human contact and caromed from one relation to another, and rebounded from the stuffed cushion of temptation with exact and perfect angular movements."

To get the full humor of the talk, one must always hear the audacities of the Autocrat answered by the rustle of the bombazine and the grieved resignation of the Model of all the Virtues. It was all so different from what they had been accustomed to. In the first part of the nineteenth century a great wave of didactic literature swept over the English and American reading public. A large number of conscientious ladies and gentlemen simultaneously discovered that they could

write improving books, and at once proceeded to do so. Their aim was to make the path of duty so absolutely plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein; and they succeeded. The wayfaring man who was more generously endowed had a hard time of it by reason of the advice that was thrust upon him. The cult of the Obvious was at its height in the days when Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy was popularly supposed to be poetry, and Mr. G. P. R. James furnished the excitement of Romance without any of its imaginative perils. The idea was that everything had to be explained.

When most of his characters are in the direst extremities in the Bastille, Mr. James begins a new chapter thus: "Having now left the woodman as unhappy as we could wish, and De Blenau very little better off than he was before, we must proceed with Pauline, and see what we can do with her in the same way. It has already been said that in the hurry of her flight she struck her foot against a stone and fell. This is an unpleasant accident at all times, and more especially when one is running away."

While the romancer was so careful that the reader should understand what happened and why, the moralist was even more apprehensive in regard to his charges. In any second-hand store you find the shelves still cluttered up with didactic little books published anywhere from 1820 to 1860, called "Guides" or "Aids" to one thing or another. They were intended to make everything perfectly intelligible to the intellectually dependent classes. *The Laborer's Guide*, the *Young Lady's Aid*, *The Parents' Assistant*, the *Afflicted Man's Companion*, were highly esteemed by persons who liked to have a book to tell them to go in when it rained. When I came across the *Saloon-Keeper's Companion* I felt sure that it belonged to this period, and so it did. Even the poor saloon-keeper was not allowed to take anything for granted.

To persons brought up on the Bombazine school of literature, Dr. Holmes's

style was very perplexing. Instead of presenting an assortment of ready-made thoughts, each placed decently on the counter with the mark-down price in plain figures, he allowed the reader to look into his mind and see how he did his thinking. He described to the bewildered boarding-house the exciting mental processes.

"Every event which a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him. The mind as it moves among thoughts or events is like a circus-rider whirling about with a great troop of horses. He can mount a fact or an idea, and guide it more or less completely, but he cannot stop it. He can stride two or three thoughts at once, but he cannot break their steady walk, trot, or gallop. He can only take his foot from the saddle of one thought and put it into that of another. What is the saddle of a thought? Why, a word, of course."

This sounds like what in these days we call the New Psychology. But to many of the boarders the act of thinking in public seemed indecorous. They were shocked at the idea of the mind making an object of itself, skipping about from one subject to another, like a circus-rider. In the most esteemed literature of the day, this never happened. A thought was never allowed to go abroad unless chaperoned by an elderly and perfectly reliable Moral.

When the Autocrat presented a new thought to the Breakfast-Table, "'I don't believe one word of what you are saying,' spoke up the angular female in black bombazine."

Dr. Holmes has been called provincial. This is high praise for one who aspires to be his own Boswell. Said Dr. Johnson, "He who is tired of London is tired of life."—"Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

An interesting personality is always interested in the place where he happens

to be. Dr. Holmes found his Fleet Street and Charing Cross within easy walking distance. All the specimens of human nature he needed for his study could be found on Boston Common. Boston was not so big as London, nor so old, but it was sufficient for his active mind.

In that most delightful of nature books, Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, the good rector says of the range of hills that ran through the parish which was his world, "Though I have travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and think I see new beauties every time I traverse it."

The globe-trotter smiles superciliously when he is told that these majestic mountains rise to the height of five hundred feet. But the globe-trotter may well ask himself whether he has really seen as much of the world as Gilbert White saw in his thirty years' travels through the length and breadth of the Parish of Selbourne.

When "the jaunty young fellow who had come in with the young fellow they call John" made his famous remark about the Bostonian belief that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system," the Autocrat accepted it good-naturedly. "Sir, said I, I am gratified at your remark. It expresses with vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dullness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston — and of all other considerable or inconsiderable places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted.

"I have been about lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions true of all of them: —

"I. The axis of the earth strikes visibly through the centre of each and every one of them.

"II. If more than fifty years have elapsed since its foundation, it is affectionately known as the good old town of (whatever its name may happen to be).

"III. Every collection of its inhabi-

tants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a remarkably intelligent audience.

"IV. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

"V. It contains several persons of vast talents little known to the world.

"Boston is just like other places of its size, only perhaps, considering its excellent fish market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities."

That was in 1857. Since then the fish markets and fire departments and monthly magazines of other cities have improved, and nobody pretends any longer to know what is the correct way of spelling the English language. All the offensive Bostonian claims to superiority have passed away.

In the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* we have many glimpses of the intelligent and right-minded, but somewhat self-conscious Boston of the Transcendental period. Dr. Holmes's wit was a safety match which struck fire on the prepared surface of the box in which it came. Boston was the box.

The peculiarities which he found most amusing were those which he himself shared. There is indeed an old prudential maxim to the effect that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. This ill-natured saying takes for granted that we should all enjoy smashing our neighbors' glass if we could insure the safety of our own. Dr. Holmes was of a different disposition. His satire, like his charity, began at home. He was quite proud of the glass house in which he lived, and at the same time he enjoyed throwing stones. If he broke a window now and then, it was a satisfaction to think that it was his own. No one valued more highly the intellectual characteristics of Boston, but he also saw the amusing side of the local virtues. You may have watched the prestidigitateur plunge his hand into a bowl of burning ether,

and hold it aloft like a blazing torch. There was a film of moisture sufficient to protect the hand from the thin flame. So Dr. Holmes's satire played around the New England Conscience and did not the least harm to it.

A Scotch Presbyterian of the seventeenth century, named Baillie, wrote a study of the English Puritans at the time when many were crossing to New England. "They are a people inclinable to singularities, their humor is to differ from all the world, and shortly from themselves." It was this hereditary humor, somewhat stimulated by the keen winds from off Massachusetts Bay, that furnished Dr. Holmes with his best material.

"I value a man," says the Autocrat, "mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth."

Such an assertion of independent judgment could not fail to awaken other independent boarders to opposition.

"The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his foot, at the expression 'his relations with truth as he understands truth,' and when I had done, sniffed audibly and said I talked like a Transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

"'Precisely so,' I replied, 'common sense as you understand it.'"

It was a discussion which had been carried on without interruption since the days when old Mr. Blackstone settled on the peninsula at the mouth of the Charles in order to get into primary relations with truth as he understood truth, and had his peace disturbed by the influx of people from Salem who came with the intention of getting into primary relations with truth as they understood it.

In Sunday preachments, in Thursday lectures, in councils and town meetings, in lecture-halls and drawing-rooms, the quest has been kept up. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson here got into primary relations with truth as she understood truth, and so did Margaret Fuller, and so has Mrs. Eddy.

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Never has any one who had done this lacked followers in the good old town, and never has such an one lacked candid critics. So long as there is a keen delight in the give-and-take, the thrust and counter-thrust of opinion, that "state of mind" that is Boston will be recognized.

It was a state of mind that was particularly acute in those days when Lowell wrote of Theodore Parker and his co-religionists, —

I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent:
He went a step farther; without cough or hem
He frankly avowed he believed not in them;
And, before he could be jumbled up or prevented,
From their orthodox kind of dissent he dissented.

Laurence Sterne, in *Tristram Shandy*, gives the secret of his own method of writing. "In course," said Yorick, "in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest." Dr. Holmes used these ingredients, but the proportions were reversed. Usually there are two parts earnest and one part jest. The earnest was always the earnest of the man of science, and of the keen physician. Much of his wit is of the nature of a quick diagnosis. We are moral hypochondriacs, going about with long faces imagining that we are suffering from a complication of formidable diseases. The little doctor looks us over and tells us what is the matter with us. The incongruity between what we thought was the matter and what is the matter, makes us smile. It is as if a man thought he had committed the unpardonable sin, and was told that the real sin that has produced his bad feelings was committed by his cook.

Here is a bit of social diagnosis: "There are persons who no sooner come within sight of you than they begin to smile in a way that conveys the idea that they are thinking about themselves, and that they are thinking, too, that you are thinking that they are thinking about themselves."

We are made to see that the troublesome complaint which we usually speak

of as self-consciousness is not so simple as we had thought. It is a complication of disorders. It is not merely a consciousness of one's self. It is the consciousness of other people's consciousness that makes the trouble. All of which is amusing because it is true.

"‘There is no power I envy so much,’ said the Divinity Student, ‘as that of seeing analogies. I don’t understand how it is that some minds are constantly coupling thoughts or objects that seem not in the least related to each other, until all at once they are put in a certain light, and you wonder that you did not always see that they were as like as a pair of twins. It appears to me a sort of miraculous gift.’”

Now, to the Autocrat it was not a miraculous gift at all. To couple ideas into a train of thought was as easy for him as it is for a railroad man to couple cars. But the connections which he saw were not like the analogies of the homilist, they were like the connection which the physician recognizes between the symptom and the disease: this thing means that.

That there is any likeness between an awkward visitor and a ship is not evident till it is pointed out; after that it seems inevitable.

"Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over. They want to be off, and you want them to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor, and were waiting to be launched."

Then follows the suggestion as to the best way of launching them. "I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost into their native element, the great ocean of out-of-doors."

Whoever has felt himself thus being launched recognizes the accuracy of the figure of speech.

Even the most confirmed dogmatist must get a glimpse of the meaning of

"the relativity of knowledge," and of the difference between opinion and truth, when the Professor at the Breakfast-Table explains it to him. "Do you know that every man has a religious belief peculiar to himself. Smith is always a Smithite. He takes exactly Smith's-worth of knowledge, Smith's-worth of truth, of beauty, of divinity. And Brown has from time immemorial been trying to burn him, to excommunicate him, to anonymous-article him, because he did not take in Brown's-worth of knowledge, truth, beauty, divinity. He cannot do it any more than a pint-pot can hold a quart, or a quart-pot be filled by a pint. Iron is essentially the same everywhere and always; but sulphate of iron is never the same as carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable, but the *Smithate* of Truth must always differ from the *Brownate* of Truth."

When one has begun to state his political or theological opinions in terms of chemistry, and is able to grasp the idea of a *Smithate* of truth, he is on good terms with Dr. Holmes. He may go on to apply the same methods to literary criticism. "I suppose that a man's mind does in time form a neutral salt with the elements of the universe for which it has special elective affinities. In fact, I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles. When a man has worked out his special affinities in this way, there is an end of his genius as a real solvent. No more effervescence and hissing tumult as he pours his sharp thought on the world's biting alkaline un-beliefs."

The Autocrat was asked by one of the boarders whether he did n't "read up" for his talks at the breakfast-table. "No, that is the last thing I would do. Talk about subjects that have been long in your mind. Knowledge and timber should n't be used till they have been long seasoned."

It is the impression of seasoned thought

which comes as we read sentences which embody the results of a long experience. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* was not easy to write; no good book is. The writer who is unusually fluent should take warning from the instructions which accompany his fountain-pen: "When this pen flows too freely it is a sign that it is nearly empty and should be filled."

In the maturity of his powers, Dr. Holmes jotted down his thoughts. The thoughts themselves had been long in his mind. "The idea of a man's interviewing himself is rather odd, to be sure," says the Poet to the prosaic boarders. "But then it is what we all of us are doing all the time. I talk half the time to find out my own thoughts, as a schoolboy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them. . . . It is a queer place, that receptacle a man fetches his talk out of. The library comparison does n't exactly hit it. You stow away some idea and don't want it, say, for ten years. When it turns up at last, it has got so jammed and crushed out of shape by the other ideas packed with it, that it is no more like what it was than a raisin is like a grape on the vine, or a fig from a drum like one hanging on the tree. Then again some kinds of thoughts breed in the dark of one's mind like the blind fishes in the Mammoth Cave. We can't see them, and they can't see us; but sooner or later the daylight gets in, and we find that some cold, fishy little negative has been spawning all over our beliefs, and the brood of blind questions it has given birth to are burrowing round and under, and butting their blunt noses against the pillars of faith we thought the whole world might rest on. And then again some of our old beliefs are dying out every year, and others feed on them and grow fat, or get poisoned as the case may be."

It is convenient for purposes of quotation to ignore the transparent fiction by which the "Autocrat" of the first series gives way to the "Professor," and then to the "Poet." Dr. Holmes the Professor of Anatomy and Dr. Holmes the Poet

were the same person. The Autocrat might change his title as the years passed by, but he could not change his identity.

Dr. Holmes, in the preface to *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, disarms criticism by suggesting a falling off in interest. "The first juice that runs of itself from the grapes comes from the heart of the fruit, and tastes of the pulp only; when the grapes are squeezed in the press the flow betrays the flavor of the skin. If there is any freshness in the original idea of the work, if there is any individuality in the method or style of a new author, or of an old author on a new track, it will have lost much of its first effect when repeated."

Evidently the majority of readers have taken this view, for the Autocrat is read by many who have slight acquaintance with the Poet or the Professor. But though there may have been a loss in freshness, there was a gain in substance.

Dr. Holmes stood aloof from many of the "reforms" of his day. Yet he too was "a soldier in the battle for the liberation of humanity." In *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* there are keen thrusts against theological dogmatism and bigotry. No wonder that the book was for a time in danger of being placed on the Protestant *Index Expurgatorius*. There was often consternation at the breakfast-table, and much shaking of heads. "It was undeniable that on several occasions the Little Gentleman had expressed himself with a good deal of freedom on a class of subjects which, according to the Divinity Student, he had no right to form an opinion upon." And the Professor himself was no better.

Dr. Holmes lived to see the battle for religious toleration won, at least in the community in which he lived, and says of the once startling opinions of the Professor, "That which was once an irritant may now act as an anodyne, and the reader may nod over pages which, when they were first written, would have worked him into a paroxysm of protest and denunciation."

But it is in *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* that Dr. Holmes is fighting a battle which is still on. As he was an enemy of Bigotry, so he was an enemy of Pedantry. Born in the same year with Darwin, he felt the change which was taking place in the ideals and methods of education. The old classical culture was giving way to the new discipline of science. As a scientific man, he sympathized with the new methods. But he perceived that, as there was a pedantry of classical scholarship, so there was developing a scientific pedantry, which was equally hostile to any generous and joyous intellectual life.

In the preface to his last edition, he says: "We have only to look over the list of the Faculties and teachers in our Universities to see the subdivision carried out as never before. The movement is irresistible; it brings with it exactness, exhaustive knowledge, a narrow but complete self-satisfaction, with such accompanying faults as pedantry and the kind of partial blindness which belongs to intellectual myopia."

One may go far before he finds anything more delicious than the conversations between the Scarabee, who knew only about beetles, and "the old Master," to whom all the world was interesting. "I would not give much to hear what the Scarabee says about the old Master, for he does not pretend to form a judgment of anything but beetles, but I should like to hear what the Master has to say about the Scarabee." What the Master had to say was: "These specialists are the coral insects that build up a reef. By and by it will be an island, and for aught we know may grow into a continent. But I don't want to be a coral insect myself. . . . I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral insects."

Here we have stated the problem which the new education is facing. How may we gain the results which come from highly specialized effort, without losing the breadth and freedom of a liberal education? We must have specialists, but we

must recognize the occupational diseases to which they are liable, and we must find some way by which they may be saved from them.

The old Master's division of the intellectual world is worth our careful consideration. There are "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above through the skylight."

Dr. Holmes was pleading the same cause to which Wordsworth was devoted, the union of Science and Poetry in a new and higher type of culture. If there is to be fullness of life there must be the cultivation of

The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burden of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name;
For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous to the mind's *excursive* power.

Amid the clatter of the dishes, this was the doctrine that was insisted upon at the Boston boarding-house. Be sure of your fact, define it well. But, after all, a fact is but the starting-point. It is not the goal. The great thing is the mind's "excursive power." Dr. Holmes's excursions were not so long as that of Wordsworth, but they were more varied, and how many unexpectedly interesting things he saw! Those who like to go a-thinking will always be glad that Dr. Holmes was obliging enough to be his own Boswell.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

THE year in France — from May, 1908 to May, 1909 — has seen two events such as mark the turning of the tides of history.

One is the Agreement between Germany and France concerning Morocco. While it leaves Germany unhampered in her domination of Central Europe as far as Constantinople, it comes as a final recognition of the immense colonial dominion which France has won for herself during the past quarter of a century.

The other is the strike of "State functionaries," and their relations with the revolutionary General Confederation of Labor. It is one sign among many of the disorganizing of the Parliamentary Republic in France, and, perhaps, of a spontaneous reorganizing of society in depths which factitious political government has reached only to trouble.

So far as the adjustment of neighborly relations between Germany and France is concerned, the Agreement about Morocco does little more than remove an obstacle which Germany seems to have invented expressly to be removed. It legally consecrates the distinct gain for Germany's peculiar diplomacy which resulted from the Conference of Algeciras, namely, the right to be consulted and to speak in Mediterranean affairs. For its immediate effect it has left Germany with a free hand in the trouble which has arisen in the Balkans and Turkey, free to enforce her own Continental supremacy, and to push the German advance southward through Austria; able to renew and strengthen her Triple Alliance, and to browbeat Russia into silence; and able also to disdain the *entente* of England with France. The "encircling isolation" of Germany by powers allied against her,

which was the Emperor's complaint with regard to France, and England standing behind France, has failed before it was well at work. An even more practical result of the Agreement is that it permits Germany, which has little ready money, to continue borrowing from the French, who have much.¹

In Africa, the Agreement does more than recognize the predominant position of France as a consequence of her possession of Algiers. It crowns the efforts which France, with rare persistence and little noise, has made to carve for herself new empire in the final partition of the globe. Indo-China, Madagascar, Africa from the Niger and Congo to the Mediterranean, have fallen into her hands; and she has been able to hold and transform them. They strike the observer who opens his eyes to French rule over them only less strongly than England's dominion over India and Egypt.

It was on the 31st of March, 1905, that Emperor William of Germany, after a French government mission was already on its way to Fez to treat with the Sultan Abdul Aziz, unexpectedly landed at Tangier. To the representatives of the Sultan sent to meet him, he announced so that all the world might hear: — the Sultan is the sole sovereign of Morocco, he is the free sovereign of a free country; Germany will insist on always treating her affairs with him directly, she will never permit any other power to act as an intermediary; and the only need of Morocco is peace and quiet. The Conference of the powers at Algeciras, which was the out-

¹ The international relations of the Moroccan difficulty were explained in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1906, "The Year in France," pages 191 to 193.

come, to all appearances turned unfavorably for Germany. It ended by imposing the burden of an uncertain military occupation on France. Abdul Aziz it profited not at all; and, after intestine revolts, in which the French occupying army was of no help to him, this "sole sovereign" was obliged to abandon the struggle to retain his throne (September 3, 1908).

Herr Vassel, the German consul at Tangier, had not waited for this to proceed to Fez, and treat alone with the victorious leader of the revolt, Mulai Hafid. In accordance with the mission intrusted to them by the Powers signatory of the Act of Algeciras, France and Spain presented the respective governments with a joint note resuming the difficulties of the situation (September 14). Meanwhile the diplomatic communications of Germany, urging the immediate recognition of the new Sultan, were so equivocal that they were construed into an attempt to force the hand of France. Now, for the first time in recent years, the temper of the French people as a united nation gave clear and certain signs of awaking. Germany took heed and sent a reply to the Franco-Spanish note which a Ministerial Council, under President Fallières, acknowledged to be conciliatory (September 24).

On the 25th of September, the French gendarmes in the port of Casablanca, which was occupied by their troops, discovered an employee of the German consulate, aided by the native consular guard, embarking six deserters from the French foreign legion in a ship leaving for Hamburg. In spite of the protest of the consular employee, the gendarmes seized the deserters and the native guard. The German consul at once demanded the liberation of all, from the French consul; but he obtained the release of the consular guard alone. The six deserters remained in the hands of the French authorities. Only three of them were of German nationality, the others being Austrian, Russian, and Swiss.

The German consul gave a partisan and excessive statement of the affair to his home government. A bitter controversy sprang up in the press of the two countries. In the German "official" press, and for some time in the diplomatic demands of the German government, there was an obvious renewal of the tactics which had succeeded three years before.

At that time — June, 1905 — Germany, under plain threats of war as an alternative, pushed France to the dismissal of her obnoxious Foreign Minister Delcassé and the acceptance of the International Conference which was finally held at Algeciras. Germany obtained both her demands; but it was not until her manoeuvres had sunk deeply into the wounded national feelings of Frenchmen. Thus, after the anarchist bomb-throwing at the carriage containing Alphonso XIII and President Loubet, the German Emperor telegraphed to the King of Spain congratulations on his escape, but ignored the French President. The official French mission to the marriage of the Crown Prince was received with ceremonious coldness. The German Ambassador in Paris, under orders, refrained from the most customary relations with the Foreign Minister of the government to which he was accredited. For the sake of peace alone, President Loubet at last consented to the resignation of a French Minister of State ignominiously enforced by Germany. Even then, in an official conversation with Prime Minister Rouvier, the German Ambassador, Prince Radolin, notified the French government that in case the Conference were not accepted, "You must know that we [Germany] are behind Morocco." (Rouvier's dispatch to French Ambassador Bihourd in Berlin, June 11, 1905.) The French Parliament yielded to the unexpected summons in a stampede of fear.

The Conference at Algeciras did not realize the expectations of Germany, owing to the default of Italy her ally, as the Germans say; or, as the French grate-

fully remember, partly owing to the disinterested exertions of the United States in their favor.

This fragment of secret history slowly filtered into publicity. By French people and government alike, it was taken as a first warning that, under penalty of the loss of national honor and perhaps of existence itself, they too must keep their powder dry.

Now, in 1908, the French government endeavored to forestall unpleasant diplomatic incidents by offering to refer the disputed question of Casablanca to the Peace Tribunal of the Hague for arbitration. Germany held back and demanded a previous expression of regret on the part of France for the offense against German consular jurisdiction (November 4). The French government showed a firmness which German diplomacy had not experienced on the part of France for more than twenty years. This was not all. In the press of all political colors, and in every expression of the popular mind, it became manifest that the French people stood united behind their government, ready if need be for the desperate risk of war.

It was uncertain whether the German demands were a genuine menace, or whether they were bluffing manoeuvres of that practical diplomacy, like practical politics, which Germany has inaugurated in our day. Avoiding offensive military demonstrations along the frontier, France made ready her army supplies, and the essential first orders of mobilization. What was probably more effective under the circumstances — that which had already proved so before Algeiras — was the steady withdrawal from Germany by French banks of hundreds of millions of francs in gold loaned on German treasury notes. On the 24th of November Germany so far abated her demands that she signed with France a protocol leaving, not only the disputed questions, but the mutual expression of regrets as well, to be decided by the Court of Arbitration.

Germany was now free to concentrate her attention on Constantinople and the Balkans, where she has interests otherwise vital than in Morocco. Many reasons, the financial more than all others, demanded that Morocco should cease being a storm-centre. Negotiations with France proceeded rapidly; and, at Berlin on the 9th of February, 1909, an Agreement explicitly defining the rights of the two countries in Morocco was finally signed — “with the aim of avoiding all cause of misunderstandings between them for the future.”

The Agreement does not go beyond the Act of Algeiras; but by it Germany irrevocably recognizes, as England (April 8, 1904) and Spain (October 7, 1904) had long since done, the legal status of France as an African power, — something which can scarcely be said of England's occupation of Egypt, and still less of her claim to possession of the Soudan. M. Delcassé, whose policy when French Foreign Minister is supposed to have stirred Germany to action at the beginning, notes with reason that the Agreement practically admits everything which he had obtained in the Franco-English and Franco-Spanish Conventions of 1904 concerning Morocco; yet it was these which Emperor William went to Tangier to repudiate resoundingly.

In fact, Germany now admits that she has only “economic interests” in Morocco; that France has “particular political interests connected with the consolidation of order and interior peace” in Morocco, — and that she (Germany) is decided not to hamper these interests of France. In her turn, France professes her entire attachment to the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the “Shereefian Empire,” and her resolution to safeguard therein economic equality, — and not to hamper German commercial and industrial interests in Morocco. Both parties declare that they will neither pursue nor encourage any policy likely to create in their favor, or in favor of any power whatsoever, any economic

privilege, and that they will seek to associate French and German citizens in such business enterprises as these citizens may undertake in Morocco.

This last provision deserves particular notice on account of its financial possibilities. It was not included in the Franco-English Convention, nor was the extension of economic equality to all nations.

For the duration of the Agreement Germany also abandons the idea, if she ever really had it, of obtaining a territorial foothold in Morocco, even to the extent of a coaling station. This relieves France of the dread that she might be obliged in the near future to keep up another Franco-German military frontier — in Africa. It is improbable that German policy counts that there is nothing to be done territorially in Morocco until the Agreement runs out. While three years is a short time, it is enough for France (and Spain) to make German attempts on Morocco more and more difficult.

Whatever the secret agreement may be between France and Spain, it is not recognized even implicitly by Germany. For the duration of the Franco-Spanish Convention of 1904, the century-old tradition of the Spaniards that Morocco begins at the Pyrenees, and that African Morocco falls within their natural sphere of expansion, has been suspended. Their older statesmen insist that a German-Spanish Agreement shall be entered into, to safeguard Spain's interests in Morocco.

England gains nothing by the Franco-German Agreement, unless it be the strengthened position of France, with whom she has the *entente cordiale*. The relations of England with the Soudan, of both with Egypt, and of the three with Turkey, may yet be an occasion of much diplomacy, in which Germany is free to choose her own policy. France's hands are bound only so far as she has agreed not "to ask that a period should be put to British occupation of Egypt or in any other way to interfere with England's action in that country." (Article 1 of de-

claration attached to Franco-English Convention of 1904.)

The epilogue of the whole Moroccan difficulty, so far as Europe is concerned, was given by the arbitral judgment of the Tribunal of the Hague (May 22, 1909). In theoretical questions it decides frankly in favor of French rights at Casablanca. One point merits particular mention. Consular jurisdiction is not admitted over men of the consul's own nationality when they form part of a foreign army actually occupying the consular district. This implicitly recognizes the legal existence — outside of French territory — of the picturesque French foreign legion. It is largely made up of Germans who have first deserted the severer and more monotonous military service of their own country.

During the year the French army, under General d'Amade, has continued occupying Casablanca, and the fertile Chaouïa (Shawia) region. It has forced peace, law and order, and open markets, on the inhabitants, to their great advantage. Agriculture has revived; and German trade itself has run up two million francs. Even so, the "economic interests" of Germany in Morocco are scant indeed compared with those of France and England; they are perhaps less than those of Spain — and yet they have long threatened the peace of Europe. The gradual withdrawal of the French troops, which has begun, will be watched with anxiety from many quarters, and not least by the native inhabitants who, after all, have most profited by the military reign of law and order.

Meanwhile the interior of Morocco has been chiefly occupied in the unmaking and making of sultans. Toward the German Emperor these fighting Moors have now a feeling much like that of the Transvaal Boers when the Kruger telegram failed to lead to eventualities. Mulai Hafid, who is so far uppermost, while clinging to the old disorder, seems willing to listen to French envoys provided they bring the promise of French gold.

The real success of France is along the entire land-frontier of Morocco. For its whole length this is now also the frontier of French territory, — Algiers to the east, the Sahara with its line of French posts to the south, and so on to the Atlantic Ocean through the new French civil territory of "Mauritanie." Here foreign geography will still be incomplete for some time; but it is childish to dismiss these territorial stretches as so many acres of sand. The empire which France might have had in Canada was, in like manner, denounced by Voltaire as acres of snow.

France absolutely refused to allow any question concerning this land-frontier to be brought up at the Conference of Algieras. It is no business of Europe; it concerns the two neighbors, France and Morocco, only.

General Lyautey has had its more than eight hundred miles well under control. Ujda to the north was occupied by French troops under Abdul Aziz. It has been subjected to sanitation and law; and even the wild tribes of the Rif appreciate the benefits of sure markets with Algiers. This whole slice of Morocco, two hundred miles southward from the Mediterranean, is working in the machinery of French law and order. Fez and the Sultan are far away, and offer no protection and no commodities of life. This already reaches much farther than that part of the Algerian frontier which alone was accurately determined by the original treaty (March 18, 1845) between France and Morocco.

Of late years France has successively occupied territory farther and farther to the south, pushing forward the railway, and throwing out a long line of military posts through the Sahara. People who amuse themselves marking obscure changes of conquest on the map, may safely stick their pins one full degree farther west all along this part of Algiers, beginning where Spain at Melilla blocks the way along the Mediterranean coast. As to the water-courses of Morocco, where

it was once supposed to round out on the southeast and south against the Sahara, there they may safely withdraw the pins westward valley by valley.

This part of the country is most important for the desired penetration into the interior of Morocco through the Hinterland. It is richest in *zaouias*, or centres of those religious brotherhoods which give a certain unity to Muslims in Northern Africa all the way from Egypt, through Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and the Sahara, into the sacred land of Morocco, hitherto untrodden by the infidel. In this Sahara region French forts, openly garrisoned, have been established long since the latest maps were made. The chief efforts of General Lyautey's forces have been concentrated on advancing these outposts.

What is now going on in the new Mauritania is a fair sample of French persistence in the conquest of desert Africa. Two expeditions, in 1900 and 1905, did little more than explore the territory, with disastrous consequences to their members. Then the presence, when least expected, of French battalions protecting caravans, and securing orderly markets, did its work. The Moorish tribes submitted. The Arabs and Berbers have since taken advantage of the troubles of Morocco to attack the French. Ma el Aïnin, the religious leader of the Blue Brethren who did so much to dethrone Abdul Aziz, swept down repeatedly on the French posts all through the spring of 1908, and again in May of this year. French officers have gone to their death in the midst of their faithful native soldiers; and the present military occupation of the Adrar is intended to break up the lair of the wandering tribes, who are as ready to pillage the French posts as they are to keep up the anarchy of Morocco. Sooner or later the master of the desert routes must control the trade possibilities of fertile and populous Africa from the Soudan to the heart of Morocco; and trade will advance with peace and order.

Mauritania is now that civil division of French Africa which reaches from the Senegal River northward to Morocco, wherever that may begin, along the Atlantic coast. It incloses, and shuts off on every side, the small Spanish territory of Rio de Oro, which only a dozen years ago Spaniards fondly hoped might be their entering wedge to what was then called Morocco on the maps. In 1907 the French Parliament fixed the budget of Mauritania at 1,208,000 francs; it spends money, therefore it exists.

This is the least favorable example of French enterprise in Africa. It is only necessary to name the different French colonies from the Mediterranean southward, each with its own civil and military administration, its budget and trade balance, to see the substantial nature of France's colonial empire.

Algiers was the first field of experiment in this recent French system of colonization. The immigration of colonists from the mainland has been moderate, for France has no population to spare. It is not a system of assimilation of conquered with conquerors. It is rather the association of native populations (and of immigrant Italians, Spaniards, Levantines) with the French, in establishing civilized order while conserving religious and race traditions, — an association for the profitable working of the country. Whatever criticism Anglo-Saxons may bring against French methods, Algiers after many weary years has proved a success; and it is now being rapidly swept into the gold-bearing sphere of health and pleasure-seeking tourists.

It was Bismarck himself (according to ex-Foreign Minister Hanotaux) who cajoled Disraeli into turning over Tunis to the French; and he would have added Morocco cheerfully if only France could be kept occupied far from his new Germany. Madagascar had also fallen to France before England finally decided to sacrifice to her all Northwest Africa for the sake of a quiet occupation of Egypt.

Extending south, the new Algeria has taken in all the Touareg country as far east as Tripoli; and still farther south, Western French Africa reaches all the way from Mauritania, through what was the blank Sahara desert of our schoolboy maps, to the far inland end of French Congo, which in turn goes on to the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. Here the defeat of Fashoda, except for its public humiliation of the French government of the time, has become a victory; for the trade-ways are left open to France by treaties which were the final result of the Marchand expedition.

Going back to the Atlantic coast, we see that below Mauritania fertile French colonies of great possibilities occupy the greater part of the coast. Even when their coast-line is interrupted by old possessions of other nations, they run back into one common French Hinterland of Central Africa, with permanent military posts and telegraph lines and protected trade-routes. Senegal and French Guinea surround Portuguese Guinea, and then, with the Ivory coast, inclose English Sierra Leone and independent Liberia; and farther on, after the Gold Coast and Togo, French Dahomey again holds the Atlantic. After the long stretch of coast belonging to British Nigeria and German Kameroun and microscopic Spanish Guinea, French Congo stretches on from two degrees above the Equator to two degrees below. These are not mere color splashes on the map. From 1897 to 1907 the commerce of these Atlantic provinces from Senegal to French Congo rose from 100,000,000 to 213,000,000 francs. In the same years the commerce of Madagascar rose from 22,700,000 to 53,000,000 francs.

In general, such has everywhere been the business progress of the colonial dominion of France, taken together in Africa and Asia and in the islands of Eastern and Western seas. In 1877 the extent of territory was estimated at 577,000 square kilometres; in 1907 it was 10,293,000. In 1877 the approximate population was

5,468,000; in 1907 it was 40,700,000 — far exceeding that of France itself. The total commerce in 1877 amounted to 827,000,000 francs; in 1907 it was 2,096,000,000 francs. This is certainly substantial progress on the part of France; and in spite of inevitable abuses, those who know the easy association of the French with inferior races will easily believe that it corresponds to immense advancement in material well-being and order on the part of the natives.

The other history-making event of the year in France is “the most considerable fact brought about since the French Revolution.” Such, at least, is the appreciation of it quoted in Parliament by the Conservative Charles Benoist, a teacher of political science of international repute, from the Radical Professor Aulard, who is the chosen historian of the Revolution.

It is “the strike of state functionaries” — civil-service employees of posts, telegraphs, and telephones. In obedience to their union, these employees of the state quit work, acting as ordinary workmen and their trade-unions do with regard to private employers. For a week in March, when the world was in daily expectation of war in the Balkans, the public life of France, both for government and people, was all but suspended; and Frenchmen were individually in about the same condition as their ancestors were before Richelieu invented a state postal service for the use of private citizens.

The strike had nothing to do with politics, although it was openly against politicians and, in particular, against the Under-Secretary of State for the postal service. No one could suspect it of being inspired by Reaction or Clericalism or any form of opposition to the Republic. Naturally, all opposition journals of every stripe seized the opportunity to blame the government. In reality, every striker had grown up, and nearly all were born, under the Republic; never knew and had never been interested in any other form

of government; and had had to get a certificate of right republican spirit before entering the service of the Republic.

The strike was not deliberately revolutionary, nor was it at first stirred up by those who pose as leaders of the coming revolution. Naturally, Socialists, in Parliament and in the press, applauded; and the General Confederation of Labor, which represents the far more portentous new Syndicalism, stood ready to offer sympathy and a helping hand.

After a patched-up conciliation, in which government made promises that the postmen imagined were not kept, the strike broke out again in May, less effectually, but with more of a revolutionary character. It became evident that such strikes of government employees are only a side development of the general movement which threatens to transform the Parliamentary French Republic into a “*République Syndicale*.” It shows the advance in practice of a social theory which would embarrass singularly all modern governments that are supposed to represent individual citizens exercising the right of suffrage, and not groups of citizens. It is a direct object lesson for the United States, where the trade-unions are not yet revolutionary.

The French Republic, after thirty years of existence, has been brought to this partial crisis by much the same activity of politicians in power as has been exercised in our own spoils system. In France this constitutes an aggression against a civil service in immemorial possession, including state school-teachers, workmen in state arsenals and factories, state railway workers, customs officials, policemen even, and others, to the number of nearly a million voters. It goes along with the exercise of political influence in army and navy, of which the last few years have disclosed so many scandals.

Their voting power has not seemed to these striking civil functionaries strong enough to redress wrongs from an ad-

ministration controlling their appointment to places and retiring pensions. They have followed the example of the Syndicalists, who do not wait for Socialist politicians to win votes for reform — but strike now.

The gravity of this movement has been noted here in previous years as a natural resultant of forces existing in French society, and which no mere legislation can suppress. "The French labor class is made up of abnormal cells of the body politic as it is now constituted, — that is, of cells for which the body makes no adequate provision, — and they are coalescing in a growth of their own" (1905-06). "Its summons to society as now constituted is already so clear and imperious that the Republic's danger from the Church is in comparison but an electioneering song in the night" (1907).¹

Whether all this leads to some more revolutionary régime than the present Republic or not, the present agitation makes the issue clear. Which is to have the upper hand, — Syndicalism or Parliamentarism, — government by representatives of the real social units, or as heretofore by the representatives of individual voters?

The strike would not have been possible if these civil-service appointees, state functionaries, had not first formed themselves into strongly organized unions, just as private-service employees have long been doing. In this they have been encouraged by successive republican governments, which can scarcely have foreseen such strikes as the inevitable consequence.

The spoils system in France mainly flourishes in the use of political influence in these civil-service appointments and promotions. It is due to the legislative body wielding absolute sovereign power, ruling government and people alike without hindrance or redress. Government can keep in office only by pleasing

a majority of the deputies. A deputy can hope for reelection only by pleasing a majority of the voters of his district. Everything is personal. There is no party ticket, no party organization, to keep voters loyal to a platform and a list of candidates. Each deputy is voted for by himself, and stands by himself. The result is that members of Parliament in France are so many little kings in their districts, and their legislative sessions are apt to be taken up with contenting the local desires of their particular electors. There is a certain foundation for the awkward question addressed by the Nationalist Pugliesi-Conti to his fellow-members of Parliament, after the second strike had failed: "What does Parliamentary government represent other than 'Syndicates' of politicians?"

The situation is further complicated in France by the fact that the strain is not divided between national and separate state governments. It falls, whole and entire, on Ministry and Parliament.

The legal right of these unions of state functionaries to strike is denied in theory; but it is now the fourth time that it has been put in practice, and each time with wider sweep. Carried out to its full consequences, the principle would involve government by citizens' unions acting independently. This is the idea of Syndicalists, who would have even soldiers strike in case of war. The post, telegraph, and telephone employees did not look so far as this; but, if there had been a sudden outbreak in the Balkans during their strike, the French government would have known little about it, and army mobilization would have been impossible.

One of the lessons of these strikes has been, how well citizens can be served when they group together to serve themselves. In all the cities of France the Chambers of Commerce set up central post-offices of their own. A government official was given them to preside over the canceling of stamps — for, although government service might not be working,

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1906 (pages 188-190), and for August, 1907 (pages 266 and 276-277).

state revenues could not be neglected. The particular associations of commerce and industry — grocers, retailers, and the like — also formed branch post-offices of their own and charged themselves with collecting and distributing letters, working in with the Chambers of Commerce. Business men furnished their own employees to do the necessary clerical and messenger work. Even for a possible strike of railway workmen provision had been made. Dozens of automobiles, which gathered the sacks of letters from the Paris Chamber of Commerce, were ready to go farther than the railway stations, all the way if need had been to Dijon, Lyons, and elsewhere. French business men have thus shown that they can still ensure for a time the essentials of national life, even if government and railway services should break down completely. During the second strike in May the Paris Chamber of Commerce, for eight days, handled two hundred thousand letters daily.

During the first strike in March public sympathy was largely with the postmen, whose civil-service rules have been upset by the political influence of Members of Parliament. French men and women are accustomed to calculating closely. A man who begins in a government post at three hundred dollars a year, with the prospect of working up after twenty or thirty years to six hundred dollars and a retiring pension, naturally resents interference or delay in this promotion when it is without demerit of his own, but solely through the influence of politicians. A life pension of three hundred dollars a year when one is fifty years old is equivalent to ten thousand dollars capital invested at the current rate of interest. Why should not the civil-service men and women fight for these savings of their life's labor against the spoils system?

In the second strike the revolutionary element was uppermost; and this is perhaps the certain consequence of such movements. Government and Parliament have taken the lesson to heart suf-

ficiently to engage in preparing laws, rules, and regulations, — “a functionaries' statute,” — which are to protect the essential interests of all state employees against politicians. As the French Republic has one of these civil servants to every forty inhabitants and to every eleven voters, it is evident that by themselves they can accelerate or retard the coming revolution.

All this has drawn attention at last to Syndicalism. It leaps into the arena as a power with which Parliament and government alike have to count. It is beaten to-day; it may be legally dissolved to-morrow; but the trick of citizens grouping together, organizing themselves spontaneously for the protection of their interests, has been found. And the idea of the general strike as a weapon to remedy all social evils has been glorified into a religion. “It is a new Commune — it is the real danger,” says Georges Cochery, who for eight years was director of French posts in the beginnings of the Parliamentary Republic.

Syndicalism is incarnate in the General Confederation of Labor. This has grown up, not on any social theory, but naturally from trade-unions pushing themselves, and Parliament helping them on by laws to get their votes. It has taken it just twenty-five years from the law of 1884, which lifted such unions from the common rights of all associations to those of “syndicats,” to reach its present influence.

This general confederation of unions, and of federations of unions and labor exchanges, first counted itself in 1904 at the Congress of Bourges. Even now, all told, it does not number a half-million members, not one in seven of the voters of the laboring classes, not one in forty of the men, women, and children in France who live on wages or salaries paid by the remainder of the population, who are property-holders.

Syndicalists have steadily refused to identify themselves with Socialism. They may be under the delusion that workmen,

having hitherto been nothing in the country, should now be everything; and they are certainly as distrustful of the state in general as they are of Parliament in particular. Their General Confederation of Labor is a triumph of organization, spontaneous for the most part, because of the natural growth of things outside of any written constitution of the French state.

In France the right of association is not a right of man antecedent to political constitutions. It is something granted to citizens by their lawmakers, that is, by a majority of the members of Parliament. Just as Parliament has suppressed convents and religious communities and escheated their property to the state, so it has given a legal status to these workmen's associations.

In each case Waldeck-Rousseau was a beginner and lived to see consequences which he had never foreseen. In 1884 he put through Parliament a fundamental law allowing labor unions to become "syndicats," that is, to exercise a legal collective action in defense of the individual interests of their members. In 1886 various municipalities began the foundation of Bourses du Travail (Labor Exchanges); and soon a law limited the

occupation of their buildings to these privileged labor unions. Prime Minister Charles Dupuy closed the bourses; but the need of help from the Socialists to settle the Dreyfus affair led Radical governments to new and ever increasing concessions after they had been reopened. In the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, M. Millerand, who ranked as the first Socialist minister of the Republic, obtained measures which recognized the unions and federations of unions of the employees of the state itself. Under the Rouvier government, school-teachers and postmen formed themselves into syndicates nominally, some of which were affiliated to the great Syndicalist federations. This year chronicles a further evolution.

In the unrest that existed before General Boulanger gave vent and relief to it, a French political weather-prophet, with experience of revolutions, said ominously, "I hear the horse gallop; who the rider is, I do not yet see!" The man on horseback did not come then, and there is still less likelihood of his coming now. It is not his gallop we hear; it is workmen walking afoot. They think they have found the enemy. It is Parliament.

DONATELLO'S CANTORIA

BY MARY LOWELL

Ye happy children, hand in hand forever,
With laughing eyes that sorry tears disown,
Entwining troops that in and out together
Dance age-long there across the sentient stone —
What ancient shapes of joy do ye remember?
What far Thessalian meadows left ye lone?
With June smiles chiseled there in white December —
What spell of springs innumerable have ye known?

Your faces, fair as wilding windflowers blowing,
Gleam there abidingly in mimic play;
Fresh as the morning notes from Panpipes flowing,
Your golden voices tease the ear for aye.
Enmarbled visions, undisturbed and distant,
That laugh at death in candid undismay,
Ye prove eternal youth, aloof, consistent —
O careless tenants of Art's timeless day!

THE CUSTOMARY CORRESPONDENT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHY do so many ingenious theorists give fresh reasons every year for the decline of letter-writing, and why do they assume — in derision of suffering humanity — that it has declined? They lament the lack of leisure, the lack of sentiment, — Mr. Lucas adds the lack of stamps, — which chill the ardor of the correspondent, and they fail to ascertain how chilled he is, or how far he sets at naught these justly restraining influences. They talk of telegrams, and telephones, and postal cards, as though any discovery of science, any device of civilization, could eradicate from the human heart that passion for self-expression which is the impelling force of letters. They also fail to note that, side by side with telephones and telegrams, comes the baleful reduction of postage rates, which lowers our last barrier of defense. Two cents an ounce leaves us naked at the mercy of the world.

It is on record that a Liverpool tradesman once wrote to Dickens, to express the pleasure he had derived from that great Englishman's immortal novels, and inclosed, by way of testimony, a cheque for five hundred pounds. This is a phenomenon which ought to be more widely known than it is, for there is no natural law to prevent its recurrence; and though the world will never hold another Dickens, there are many deserving novelists who may like to recall the incident when they open their morning's mail. It would be pleasant to associate our morning's mail with such fair illusions; and though writing to strangers is but a parlous pastime, the Liverpool gentleman threw a new and radiant light upon its possibilities. "The gratuitous contributor is, *ex vi termini*, an ass," said Chris-

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topher North sourly; but then he never knew, nor ever deserved to know, this particular kind of contribution.

Generally speaking, the unknown correspondent does not write to praise. His guiding principle is the diffusion of useless knowledge, and he demands or imparts it according to the exigencies of the hour. It is strange that a burning thirst for information should be combined with such reluctance to acquire it through ordinary channels. A man who wishes to write a paper on the botanical value of Shakespeare's plays does not dream of consulting a concordance and a botany, and then going to work. The bald simplicity of such a process offends his sense of magnitude. He writes to a distinguished scholar, asking a number of burdensome questions, and is apparently under the impression that the resources of the scholar's mind, the fruits of boundless industry, should be cheerfully placed at his service.

A woman who meditates a "literary essay" upon domestic pets is not content to track her quarry through the long library shelves. She writes to some pains-taking worker, inquiring what English poets have "sung the praises of the cat," and if Cowper was the only author who ever domesticated hares. One of Huxley's most amusing letters was written in reply to a gentleman who wished to compile an article on "Home Pets of Celebrities," and who unhesitatingly applied for particulars concerning the Hodeslea cat.

These are, of course, labor-saving devices, but economy of effort is not always the ambition of the correspondent. It would seem easier, on the whole, to open a dictionary of quotations than to com-

pose an elaborately polite letter, requesting to know who said,

Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.

It is certainly easier, and far more agreeable, to read Charles Lamb's essays than to ask a stranger in which one of them she discovered the author's heterodox opinion of encyclopædias. One thing is sure: as long as there are people in this world whose guiding principle is the use of other people's brains, there can be no decline and fall of letter-writing. The correspondence which plagued our great-grandfathers a hundred years ago plagues their descendants to-day. Readers of Lockhart's Scott will remember how an Edinburgh minister named Brunton, who wished to compile a hymnal, wrote to the poet Crabbe for a list of hymns; and how Crabbe (who, albeit a clergyman, knew probably as little about hymns as any man in England) wrote in turn to Scott, to please help him to help Brunton; and how Scott replied in desperation that he envied the hermit of Prague who never saw pen nor ink. How many of us have in our day thought longingly of that blessed anchorite! Surely Mr. Herbert Spencer must, consciously or unconsciously, have shared Scott's sentiments, when he wrote a letter to the public press, explaining with patient courtesy that, being old, and busy, and very tired, it was no longer possible for him to answer all the unknown correspondents who demanded information upon every variety of subject. He had tried to do this for many years, but the tax was too heavy for his strength, and he was compelled to take refuge in silence.

Ingenious authors and editors who ask for free copy form a class apart. They are not pursuing knowledge for their own needs, but offering themselves as channels through which we may gratuitously enlighten the world. Their questions, though intimate to the verge of indiscretion, are put in the name of humanity, and we are bidden to confide to the public how far we indulge in the use of stimulants, what is the nature of our belief in

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immortality, if — being women — we should prefer to be men, and what incident of our lives has most profoundly affected our careers. Reticence on our part is met by the assurance that eminent people all over the country are hastening to answer these queries, and that the "unique nature" of the discussion will make it of permanent value to mankind. We are also told in soothing accents that our replies need not exceed a few hundred words, as the editor is nobly resolved not to infringe upon our valuable time.

Less commercial, but quite as importunate, are the correspondents who belong to literary societies, and who have undertaken to read, before these select circles, papers upon every conceivable subject, from the *Bride of the Canticle* to the divorce laws of France. They regret their own ignorance — as well they may — and blandly ask for aid. There is no limit to demands of this character. The young Englishwoman who wrote to Tennyson, requesting some verses which she might read as her own at a picnic, was not more intrepid than the American schoolgirl who recently asked a man of letters to permit her to see an unpublished manuscript, as she had heard that it dealt with the subject of her graduation paper, and hoped it might give her some points. It is hard to believe that the timidity natural to youth — or which we used to think natural to youth — could be so easily overcome; or that the routine of school work — which makes for honest if inefficient acquirements — could leave a student still begging or borrowing her way. Perhaps this particular graduate had been blighted in infancy by those enervating educational processes which substitute games for lessons, which counsel the teacher to do her pupil's thinking, and which save a child from any conscious mental effort until she is rooted in inertia.

It is but justice to admit, however, that the unknown correspondent is as ready to volunteer assistance as to demand it. He is ingenious in criticism, and fertile in

suggestions. He has inspirations in the way of plots and topics, — like that amiable baronet, Sir John Sinclair, who wanted Scott to write a poem on the adventures and intrigues of a Caithness mermaid, and who proffered him, by way of inducement, “all the information I possess.” The correspondent’s tone, when writing to humbler drudges in the field, is kind and patronizing. He admits that he likes your books, or at least — here is a veiled reproach — that he “has liked the earlier ones;” he assumes, unwarrantably, that you are familiar with his favorite authors; and he believes that it would be for you “an interesting and congenial task” to trace the “curious connection” between American fiction and the stock exchange. Sometimes he sends a letter all the way from Texas, to object to the stiffness of your bindings, and to beg that you will have “a little row with your publishers” on the subject. Sometimes, with thinly veiled sarcasm, he demands that you should “enlighten his dullness,” and say *why* you gave your book its title. If he cannot find a French phrase you have used in his “excellent dictionary,” he thinks it worth while to write and tell you so. He fears you do not “wholly understand or appreciate the minor poets of your native land;” and he protests, more in sorrow than in anger, against such innocent word-combinations as “and but that,” with which you have disfigured “your otherwise graceful pages.”

Now it must be an impulse not easily resisted which prompts people to this gratuitous expression of their views. They take a world of trouble which they might spare themselves. They deem it their privilege to break down the barriers which civilization has taught us to respect. They perform a troublesome task which it would seem a pleasure to elude. And if they ever find themselves repaid, it is by something remote from the gratitude of their correspondents. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Peter Bayne, journalist

and biographer of Martin Luther, who wrote to Tennyson — with whom he was unacquainted — protesting earnestly against a line in “Lady Clare,” —

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said.

It was Mr. Bayne’s opinion that such an expression was not only exaggerated, inasmuch as the nurse was not, and never had been, a beggar; but, coming from a child to her mother, was harsh and unfilial. “The criticism of my *heart*,” he wrote, “tells me that Lady Clare could never have said that.”

Tennyson, however, was far from accepting the testimony of Mr. Bayne’s heart-throbs. He intimated — not unreasonably — that he knew better than any one else what Lady Clare did say, and he pointed out that she had just cause for resentment against a mother who had placed her in such an embarrassing position. The controversy is one of the drollest in literature; but what is hard to understand is the mental attitude of a man — and a reasonably busy man — who could take Lady Clare’s remarks so much to heart, and who could feel himself justified in offering a correction to the poet. “Do not contend wordily about things of no consequence,” said the wise Saint Theresa to her captious nuns.

Begging letters are remote from any other form of correspondence. They are too mighty a nuisance to be dealt with in a few words, and they are too purposeful to illustrate the abstract passion for letter-writing. Yet wonderful things have been done in this field. There is an ingenuity, a freshness and fertility of device about the begging letter which lifts it often into the realms of genius. Experienced though we all are, it has surprises in store for every one of us. Seasoned though we are, we cannot read without appreciation of its more daring and fantastic flights. There was, for example, the importunate correspondent who wrote to Dickens for a donkey, and said he would call for it the next day, as though Dickens kept a herd of donkeys in Tavistock Square, and could always spare

one for an emergency. There was the French gentleman who wrote to Moore demanding a lock of Byron's hair for a young lady who would — so he said — die if she did not get it. This was a very lamentable letter, and Moore was conjured, in the name of the young lady's distracted family, to send the lock, and save her from the grave. And there was the misanthrope who wrote to Peel that he was weary of the ways of men (as so, no doubt, was Peel), and who requested a hermitage in some nobleman's park, where he might live secluded from the world. The best begging-letter writers depend on the element of surprise as a valuable means to their end. I knew a benevolent old lady who, in 1885, was asked to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of "moderate luxuries" for the French soldiers in Madagascar. "What did you do?" I asked, when informed of the incident. "I sent the money," was the placid reply. "I thought I might never again have an opportunity to send money to Madagascar."

It would be idle to deny that a word of praise, a word of thanks, sometimes a word of criticism, have been powerful factors in the lives of men of genius. We know how profoundly Lord Byron was affected by the letter of a consumptive girl, written simply and soberly, signed with initials only; seeking no notice and giving no address; but saying in a few candid words that the writer wished before she died to thank the poet for the rapture his poems had given her. "I look upon such a letter," wrote Byron to Moore, "as better than a diploma from Göttingen." We know too what a splendid impetus to Carlyle was that first letter from Goethe, a letter which he confessed seemed too wonderful to be real, and more "like a message from fairyland." It was but a brief note after all, tepid, sensible, and egotistical; but that magic phrase, "It may be I shall yet hear much of you," became for years an impelling force, the kind of prophecy which insured its own fulfillment. Carlyle was

susceptible to praise, though few readers had the temerity to offer it. We find him, after the publication of the "French Revolution," writing urbanely to a young and unknown admirer, "I do not blame your enthusiasm;" but when a less happily-minded youth sent him some suggestions for the reformation of society, Carlyle, who could do all his own grumbling, returned his disciple's complaints with this laconic denial: "A pack of damned nonsense, you unfortunate fool." It sounds unkind; but we must remember that there were six posts a day in London, that "each post brought its batch of letters," and that nine-tenths of these letters — so Carlyle said — were from strangers, demanding autographs, and seeking or proffering advice. One man wrote that he was distressingly ugly, and asked what should he do. "So profitable have my epistolary fellow creatures grown to me in these years," notes the historian in his journal, "that when the postman leaves nothing, it may well be felt as an escape."

The most patient correspondent known to fame is Sir Walter Scott, though Lord Byron surprises us at times by the fine quality of his good-nature. His letters are often petulant, — especially when Murray has sent him tragedies instead of tooth-powder; but he is perhaps the only man on record who received with perfect equanimity the verses of an aspiring young poet, wrote him the cheerfulest of letters, and actually invited him to breakfast. The letter is still extant; but the verses were so little the precursors of fame that the youth's subsequent history is to this day unknown. It was with truth that Byron said of himself, "I am really a civil and polite person, and do hate pain when it can be avoided."

Scott was also civil and polite, and his heart beat kindly for every species of bore. As a consequence, people bestowed their tediousness upon him, to the detriment of his happiness and health. Ingenious jokers translated his verses into Latin, and then wrote to accuse him of

plagiarizing from Vida. Proprietors of patent medicines offered him fabulous sums to link his fame with theirs. Modest ladies proposed that he should publish their effusions as his own, and share the profits. Poets demanded that he should find publishers for their epics, and dramatists that he should find managers for their plays. Critics pointed out to him his anachronisms, and well-intentioned readers set him right on points of morality and law. When he was old, and ill, and ruined, there was yet no respite from the curse of correspondents. A year before his death he wrote dejectedly in his journal:—

“A fleece of letters which must be answered, I suppose; all from persons—my zealous admirers, of course—who

expect me to make up whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desirable rank, and stand their protector and patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonished at having an address from a stranger. On the contrary, I should be astonished if one of these extravagant epistles came from anybody who had the least title to enter into correspondence.”

And there are people who believe, or who pretend to believe, that fallen human nature can be purged and amended by a system of return postals, and a telephone ringing in the hall. Rather let us abandon illusions, and echo Carlyle's weary cry, when he heard the postman knocking at his door,—“Just Heavens! Does literature lead to this!”

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

BY HOMER EDMISTON

I

IT is only fair to my readers that I should tell them why I have undertaken to discuss this topic, and that I should give so much of my own history as may help them to an opinion of my ability to do so. I received my primary and secondary education in the public schools of two western states, and from a western state university received my first academic degree. Thereupon, intending to fit myself to be a teacher of the Greek and Latin languages, I entered a well-known eastern university as a graduate student, being at the same time elected to an instructorship in Latin. After five years here, and one more of college teaching in another place, I pursued a graduate course in Greek and Latin at one of our most ancient and renowned seats of learning, where, after three years, I was

admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Again resuming my profession, I taught Latin in still another college for another three years. It will thus be seen that up to this time my life had been entirely academic, and that I had had plenty of time, both as teacher and student, to possess myself of all the habits of mind, traditions, and prejudices that are incident to such a career.

But in the course of my study and teaching I had often felt a profound dissatisfaction, which amounted at times to great unhappiness. Much oftener than not, though naturally of a studious turn of mind, I went to my work with reluctance, despatched it with impatience, and rose from it without inspiration. I had always had an inclination to liberal studies, and been fond of music and poetry, the only two of the fine arts then accessible to me. But I soon found that in the

more advanced courses, such things have little if any place. Nor will those familiar with contemporary academic life need to be told what kind of classical study is now done in our graduate schools.

I do not say that the student is discouraged by positive precept from striving after full knowledge and love of the masterpieces of antiquity. But it is certainly true that he has usually little direct encouragement to this end; that if he does all of the "scientific research" expected of him, he has small leisure left for anything else; and that a wide knowledge of the authors themselves, apart from commentaries and special treatises, and an original mastery of literary forms, avail him little in his examinations and in the estimation of his teachers. He is soon driven into what is called a specialty, which means the investigation of a minute, and sometimes factitious, topic of grammar, text-criticism, or the like, and the reading of a whole library of German pedantry, along with its imitations in other languages. He is happy indeed if not compelled to make of some great masterpiece a *corpus vile* for philological dissection. Excellent was the advice received by an Oxford undergraduate of my acquaintance, never to choose an author that he loved for his examinations, but rather an author that he hated.

I am bound to mention, however, one bright season in a long winter of desolation, which was a two years' study of comparative philology, or, as it is better called, comparative grammar. After a lapse of more than ten years, I feel my mind still illuminated by the principles of this great science, and many of its facts stamped ineffaceably upon my memory. My teachers were men of rare ability, but beside and beyond this particular advantage, the comparative and historical study of language, especially in these days of formal and academic expression, is full of instruction, not only for the scientific investigator, but equally for the scholar who is concerned with the higher moods of creative thought and expres-

sion. It is only just to add that, in the course of a somewhat varied experience, I found some teachers and associates whose minds had been watered, indeed, but not inundated, by the schools both old and new, and whose instruction and influence were a cherished privilege.

But with these few qualifications I now look back upon those long and toilsome years with all the regret that comes of wasted labor. Very often I was forced by sheer distress to shirk my drudgery, and to restore myself with those great and uplifting thoughts which lay ready to my hand. And so, having taught three years after receiving my degree, and my dissatisfaction with the present state of classical scholarship still increasing, I went to Italy, in the hope of finding there, amid the scenes of classical antiquity, the inspiration that had been lacking before. As often happens, one half of my prayer was answered, but not the other:

Audiit et voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.

Inspiration I found in very truth, and such forms of beauty and ideal excellence as changed the whole course of my intellectual life, and gave it a new and profounder meaning. But no such result as this came from contemplating the remains of the Roman race, which in their massive and enduring strength so admirably embody its few great qualities, and in their unintelligent adaptation of Greek artistic forms equally exemplify its dense stupidity. Classical archæology as pursued in the schools of Rome I found to bear a striking resemblance to that gay science of classical philology which I had already renounced. I turned to the treasures of mediæval art and letters, and as soon as I could spell their meaning, with wonder and delight, and with emotions far deeper than these, found a priceless compensation for what I had vainly hoped from the relics of pagan Rome. I found in the *dolce stil nuovo* and its successors a lyric poetry greater, at least to my thinking, than the Greek, whether

Æolian charm or Dorian lyric ode. I found a plastic and pictorial art probably less infallibly perfect than the Greek in the adaptation of means to ends, but profounder in feeling, and in conception more lofty. In Dante I came to know a poet who, not less than our own Shakespeare, surpassed the measure of all that haughty Greece and insolent Rome sent forth; and in Florence, a city whose glory does not yield to ancient Athens.

Thus filled with the sense of the disillusion of the old and the illumination of the new, and with the conviction growing upon me that I could never with a clear conscience return to a profession for which I had spent so many years of toilsome preparation, it naturally occurred to me to inquire under what conditions, and more especially by what system of education, this Italy had grown so great. To speak of general conditions first, life in the Middle Ages was simpler and more sincere than it is to-day, and as it was beset by none of our vain and vexatious distractions, was more seriously bent upon fulfilling its definite ends and purposes. A boy seems to have had no more systematic training than was contained in the elementary *trivium* before his preparation was begun, as his peculiar bent had already revealed itself, for his craft, calling, or profession. Whether in trade and commerce, in the handicrafts and fine arts, or in the religious profession, the tender and formative period of his youth was devoted to making him a master. He had no fellow pupils except those who, like himself, had been chosen to that particular calling, and who could therefore vie with him in excellence and rouse him to emulation. Whatever his powers might be, there was nothing to hinder their growth; and if he attained to greatness, fame, honor, and fortune were his immediate and certain rewards.

The essential and differentiating quality of such education is that a master chooses a few pupils whose exceptional talents he has discovered, and restricts his teaching to these alone. Being with

him when he works, and learning to work from him, they are admitted to the very penetralia of his mind and art. The system is one of mutual benefit, since the master must always profit by the reaction of his teaching on fresh and vigorous minds, as also by the assistance of his pupils when they become more proficient. As for "intellectual discipline," which the educational theorists of our own day claim as the peculiar distinction of our formal and academic schemes, if the history of great men and great epochs proves anything, it is that the only discipline worth the name is that which comes to the mind from working at its proper and naturally chosen task. A mind trained along the line of its true development grows and expands as naturally as does a tree planted in the right conditions of soil, air, and sunlight. And to "discipline" the growing human intellect in a great variety of subjects is about as sensible as it would be to split the stem of a sapling to make it put forth branches.

II

The Pagan Renaissance deliberately turned its back upon all that the Middle Ages had accomplished in letters and in art. Its theory of education was that the Greek and Latin languages, — to which was soon added mathematics, — because they contained the unrivaled wisdom of the ancients and unapproachable standards of excellence in all forms of composition, should be taught to all hopeful and promising youth. What we call humanistic education was firmly entrenched in all civilized countries by the end of the sixteenth century. But two other immediate outgrowths of the Pagan Revival were natural science and new forms of vernacular literature. These last were, to be sure, too often not much more than imitation and paraphrase of antique models. But even paraphrase could reveal the forces latent in modern languages, and Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen took pride in their native

idioms much sooner than we are likely to suppose. So thorough-going a classicist as Ben Jonson confessed the superiority of Shakespeare to the ancient dramatists, while the praise bestowed on the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, extravagant though it might often be, was at least a sign of wholesome pride in the growth of a national literature.

Among the first of the assailants of the humanists was the philosopher Locke. In a treatise entitled "Some Thoughts concerning Education," published in 1693, this author complained that the English language was not being taught in the schools, and that subjects and methods of teaching had little bearing upon actual life. He asserted that classical studies were being forced on many boys, who, on account of the lack of certain natural aptitudes, could not profit by them. "Every one's natural genius," he wrote, "should be carried as far as it could; but to attempt the putting another upon him will be but labour in vain; and what is so plastered on will at best sit but untowardly, and have always hanging to it the ungracefulness of constraint and affectation."

In reply to such strictures as these, the humanists set up the disciplinary argument; which has been their main reliance ever since. They held that the chief value in education comes, not so much from the subject-matter as from the learning process, whereby the mind is so trained and exercised that it can acquire any other skill or knowledge with ease; and that the peculiar excellence of the Greek and Latin languages for such a purpose lies, apart from the greatness of their content, in their difficulty, and at the same time in their formal perfection, which qualities, especially when allied with mathematics, afford the mind an invaluable discipline in logic and expression.

So powerful was the tradition of the schools, aided by the constant factors of prescription and inertia, that humanistic education stood its ground until well

into the nineteenth century. Then finally the demands of modern life and thought would no longer be denied. In 1867 Canon Farrar edited and published a book called *Essays on a Liberal Education*, in which he and his collaborators, among them Lord Houghton and Professor Sidgwick, exposed the futility of the traditional humanism and the absurdity of many of its pretensions. And scientific writers, like Huxley and Tyndall, whose just claims were being so shamefully ignored, were not slow to speak for themselves. For instance, in his lecture on "A Liberal Education and Where to Find It,"¹ Huxley thus effectively ridiculed the still-repeated disciplinary argument: "It is wonderful how close a parallel to classical training could be made out of that palæontology to which I refer. In the first place, I could get up an osteological primer so arid, so pedantic in its terminology, so altogether distasteful to the youthful mind, as to beat the recent famous productions of the head-masters out of the field in all these excellences. Next, I could exercise my boys upon easy fossils, and bring out all their powers of memory and all their ingenuity in the application of my osteo-grammatical rules to the interpretation or construing of those fragments. To those who had reached the higher classes I might supply old bones to be built up into animals, giving great honour and reward to him who succeeded in fabricating monsters most entirely in accordance with the rules. That would answer to verse-making and essay-writing in the dead languages."

The arguments of Canon Farrar and his colleagues, and of the natural scientists, told powerfully even in such centres of classical learning as the English public schools and universities. Since it was undeniable that far more progress was being made in the natural sciences than was actual or possible in the dead languages, their right to a place in educa-

¹ Delivered in 1868, and since published in the volume entitled *Science and Education*.

tional schemes was hard to be controverted even by ignorance and prejudice. In the United States, reform was easier and more rapid because there were fewer and weaker traditions in the way. Moreover, natural science so completely dominated the world of thought that all other subjects made haste to array themselves in its garb. It was loudly proclaimed that history and literature were being pursued in a spirit as severely scientific as chemistry and biology. And certain it is that no classifier of specimens or labeler of species ever compiled statistics more relentlessly than have the academic monographers of the last half century. Whether these pretenses to scientific method and result can be justified is a question that need not concern us here. It suffices merely to remark the tendency. The important point is that the elective system has become a feature of American education, exerting a strong influence even where the humanistic tradition has been maintained.

So the condition now is, broadly speaking, that scientific studies have a place in full fellowship with literary, and modern languages with the ancient. High schools, colleges, and universities are thronged with unprecedented numbers, and their material prosperity and equipment are likewise greater than ever before. On the other hand, there has been observed within the past few years a widespread and growing suspicion of this same elective system. Many are openly in favor of returning to the rigid old curriculum of Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Professor Barrett Wendell has expressed a common feeling by saying that formerly college men were badly educated, to be sure, but that now they do not seem to be educated at all. And Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has been through his whole life in close touch with Harvard College, which represents the extreme form of the elective system, has recently declared that "the existing American academic system, and its logical tendencies, as of late developing

under the exigencies of growth, are fundamentally and structurally wrong. The material organization is radically out of date and defective; the soundness of the educational methods in use is very open to criticism."

It would seem, then, that the old classical and the new elective curriculum have both been tried and found wanting. In such a case it is sound logical method to try to discover a vicious principle common to the two, which, in spite of their apparent diversity, may account for their common failure. The history of the greatest periods of human achievement, and of the greatest men of those periods, is all against the supposition that education in distasteful subjects can possibly be made profitable. And the testimony of able and serious men of our own time who have been trained against their will in the ancient humanities is, to the best of my knowledge, unanimously opposed to their value as an intellectual gymnastic. In fact, there has been more loose talking and thinking about "mental gymnastic" and "intellectual discipline" than about any other subject connected with education.

Just as the body, it is said, is brought to its utmost health and efficiency by exercising its various muscles with movements that have no other purpose than gymnastic, so the mind is trained by studies that may in themselves have no ulterior value for the student. The easy answer to this argument is that it is false psychology. The mind cannot be subdivided into faculties that shall even loosely correspond to the muscles of the body; and those faculties of which we somewhat vaguely and arbitrarily say it is made up, such as memory, judgment, and observation, may be developed about as well by one subject as another, and in fact are never out of use in the business of daily life. The dangers latent in the argument from analogy could not more strikingly be illustrated than by this example. If an analogy for the mental constitution be sought from the bodily, it is

surely better to take the body as a whole, rather than the muscles which are only a part of it. Just as the body grows, prospers, and matures if it be well nourished, placed in a fitting environment, and healthfully employed, so also the mind, reared in like manner in the midst of healthful activities, arrives at the full maturity and perfection of its powers.

Intellectual discipline is the result and by-product of successful intellectual endeavor; and learning with the expectation and even the intention of forgetting, the prevailing habit in our schools of every grade, is not successful intellectual endeavor. In fine, the only good excuse for devoting time and labor to learning any subject is mastery and possession, complete and permanent, of knowledge and forms of skill that prepare for the business of life.

III

I have already observed that the theory of education brought in by the Pagan Revival was that the Greek and Latin languages should, as paragons of every kind of excellence, be taught to all ingenuous and hopeful youth. Nor can there be any doubt that the teaching of the ancient classics has had far-reaching effects on the course of modern civilization. But as it often happens that the theory of a system as conceived and expounded by its partisans does not represent its essential character, we must now inquire whether the teaching of Greek and Latin was really the essence of the system which the humanists introduced. And this will further resolve itself into the question whether the recent very general displacement of Latin and Greek by other subjects has meant a fundamental change in education.

We have noted the important fact that university education in the Middle Ages was professional; and so also was that other kind of higher education, apprenticeship to masters, which, much more than the formal instruction of the schools,

was efficient in making that period so great. At that time it was weakly supposed that the best way to fit a youth for his calling was to bring him up in and to that calling itself. The newer, or humanistic, theory is that the best way to prepare him for any given occupation is to set him to work at something else. In its more obvious aspects, humanism involves those notions of the imitation of classical models which we have just been considering. Its literature has always shown a tendency to become artificial and exotic, being much engrossed with rules and formulæ which are often the contrivance of the imitators themselves, and unknown to their parents and originals. It has always magnified the importance of mere erudition as opposed to practical skill. For example, in what is called the High Renaissance, any wretched pedant who could write a bad copy of Latin verses was held in greater honor than a master of the vernacular. And so, in education, humanism assumes that learning certain subjects from pedagogues is a good intellectual discipline, whatever may be the ultimate end in view; that, in short, such learning is the right road, not only to culture, so-called, but also to any professional knowledge or skill.

Now, it is important to observe that the displacement of the ancient humanities by other disciplines, modern languages, history, natural science, and so forth, has not in any considerable degree modified this theory of education. It is of course undeniable that modern languages, physics, chemistry, and the like, are of greater practical utility than Latin and Greek, and such considerations often determine the choice of studies. But, in general, the contention of the innovators has been that the newer subjects are "just as good" for culture and discipline as the ancient classics. The pretension is not made, and could not well be made, that these subjects are for most students a direct preparation for active life. Wherefore those educators who think they have solved the educational problem by ban-

ishing the old humanities do most grossly deceive themselves. This problem is not whether the classical and mathematical curriculum is an adequate preparation for the life of our time; but whether these studies in part or in whole, or any that have been substituted for them, in whatever combination, are for most persons a fit preparation for the life of any time.

The question has been made more serious in the United States by the circumstance that (what is called) liberal culture has here been diffused more widely than ever before in any age or country. On the Continent of Europe, universities have very largely preserved their mediæval professional character.¹ In England, where they have become for the most part non-professional, they have maintained their exclusiveness by reason of their aristocratic traditions and costly scale of living. But in our country, free high schools, and colleges free or nearly so, have put higher education within the reach of all who can contrive to pay their living expenses while in attendance. These free schools take the child at an early age, and regardless of his propensities and prospects in life, carry him usually as far as the high school and very often into college. Quite apart from the quality of this instruction, — and it is usually bad or indifferent, — when once it leaves the merest rudiments it loses its practical character, and must have a "cultural" value if any at all. Beginning at an early stage, it is predominatingly bookish, which means that for immature minds it is abstract and unreal.² Hence it follows that to most persons education means nothing but the discipline of school and books. That equal

¹ This distinction as between American and French universities has been clearly brought out by Professor Barrett Wendell, in his recently published book, *The France of To-day*, chapter i.

² It must be said that this condition has been somewhat improved of late by the introduction of such branches as manual training, drawing, and modeling.

training of eye, hand, and brain, which leads to so many forms of gainful employment, and also to the great domains of physical science, and of painting, sculpture, and architecture, is never imparted save in the most exceptional instances.

Now, as it is not likely that more than a third or a fourth of those subjected to such schooling have a real talent for the acquisition of knowledge from books, their usual condition after they have gone through the high school, or even at an earlier stage, is simply this: that, incompetent as they are with books, they have yet been trained in almost nothing else. That widespread and most pernicious folly which deems all bookish and clerky occupations to be more respectable than work with the hands, and puts an insignificant pedagogue or quill-driver on a higher social plane than an artisan or craftsman, enhances the already fictitious value of academic education. Those who go on to college do but follow the direction of least resistance. And the misguided generosity of wealthy men, who by the endowment of scholarships and in other ways make a college course possible to poor men of no marked scholarly ability, only serves to aggravate the evil.

Considering that the great majority of students have their own careers to make, it is perfectly certain that every year of academic education restricts their opportunities of earning a livelihood, and, if they are not going into a learned profession, wastes their time or worse than wastes it. The best learning years of life are passed before they are out of college, and have been spent almost entirely on books. It is for this reason, and no other, that such excessive numbers crowd into the learned professions. Law and medicine, being at once honorable and lucrative, attract the largest number and the best quality. Graduate schools, on the other hand, and theological seminaries, must usually resort to paid scholarships in order to keep up their attendance.

And it was not long ago that the trustees of a well-known seminary besought their patrons not to endow more scholarships because they were already graduating more ministers than they could find places for.

The graduate school, which concerns our subject more directly, is a peculiar institution, well deserving of a separate and special treatment. Some forty or fifty years ago Americans began resorting in considerable numbers to German universities, and thence returning home introduced into our colleges the spirit and methods of German research. They urged the plea that the United States should not be allowed to lag behind the standards of higher education set by Europe, and also that poor students who could not afford to go abroad might study at home, especially if they were the holders of paid fellowships. In response to this demand, graduate schools were established in connection with our leading colleges, and one or two as independent institutions. They are, of course, professional schools, and have never been regarded in any other light. But the circumstances in which they arose have given them a character totally different from schools of law or medicine.

It is easy to see that American teachers trained in Germany, and in consequence eager to introduce the German tradition at home, have always had a direct personal interest in promoting the growth of graduate schools. The fact also that in these the same subjects are pursued as in undergraduate courses is a most important differentiation from colleges of law or medicine. For this reason students of feeble initiative incline to enter the graduate in preference to other professional schools. The intimate connection between graduate and undergraduate courses has also had this effect, that graduate departments more than the others have been caught up and carried along with the enormous multiplication and growth of American universities that marked the last quarter of the

nineteenth century. Because they are regarded as the crown and apex of our educational system, every university, and every college striving to become a university, thinks it must have one. So many have been established in connection with state universities, and free foundations like Chicago and Leland Stanford, that by this time they are a drug on the market. In order to make a respectable showing for attendance, they must offer paid scholarships; and the result has followed, quite naturally, that even universities of highest standing have few unsubsidized graduate students.

There can be no question that graduate schools have grown in size and number much less in response to a need than in consequence of the ambition and mutual emulation of the institutions that foster them. Every year they produce a supply of teachers that bears no necessary relation to the demand for them. It is true that for some time the foundation and growth of colleges went on at such a rate that the supply was none too abundant. But this condition obtains no longer. The number of Doctors of Philosophy who cannot find college positions is every year increasing; and the training of a doctor of philosophy, if it has fitted him for anything, has fitted him to be a college teacher. All of his highly specialized studies are useless, or worse than useless, for secondary teaching. The stronger his bent for technical scholarship, the less competent he will be to teach boys their rudiments. And he will rarely have at hand the libraries and other equipment necessary to such specialization.

The American graduate school, with its requirements of (what is called) original research, thesis and doctor's examination, is an alien system at the best. It was borrowed almost unchanged from the Germans, a people naturally addicted to laborious scholarship, but insufficiently endowed with genius and inspiration. And even in Germany, wise observers are condemning the hypertrophy

of "intellectualism" to which it has led.¹ Now this statistical and monographic specialism has been set in a place where it seems to represent the highest form of our intellectual life. That is to say, our intellectual standards are coming more and more to be determined by a pedagogical discipline. I am not depreciating professional scholarship in and of itself. As practiced by men who have a real vocation for it, it holds a worthy place; and none will deny honor to such of its exemplars as Scaliger, Theobald, or Porson. But even in its highest estate, its function is ministerial, not magisterial. A distance immeasurable in degree, and a difference incommensurate in kind, lies between the great poet and the editor or expounder of his text. Scholarship even at its best should never be allowed to dominate the intellectual life of a people that hopes to be great. But who that knows the facts will assert that scholarship in American universities is at its best? The tempting of needy students by stipends, and by the hope of subsequent employment, is hire and salary, and not the promotion of useful knowledge.

The usual defense of this highly specialized research, that it obeys that scientific spirit of our enlightened age which calls for accurate information, is merely ridiculous. There were as many accurate scholars before the day of our contemporary monographic specialism as there were brave men before Agamemnon. Specialization is, generally speaking, the sole and inevitable resource of small minds, the hack-work of laborious pedants who

¹ For example, Professor Conrad of Halle, in an article entitled *Einige Ergebnisse der deutschen Universitätsstatistik (Jahrbücher für Nationalökonomie und Statistik, vol. 87, pp. 433 ff.)*, calls attention to the grave problems now offered in Germany by the alarming increase of the "intellectual proletariat." He assigns as one cause the over-prizing of academic education, and suggests as remedies that matriculation fees be materially increased, and that stipends be given only to students of exceptional and proved ability.

are fit for nothing better. And our so-called higher studies are in reality often lower than those called elementary. An intelligent sophomore or junior, reading Plato or Sophocles, will get, though in despite of his teacher, some philosophy in the one case and some poetry in the other. The graduate student at work on the same authors will probably be counting prepositions and particles. That such a student, who afterward becomes a college professor, is not likely to impart that broad and liberal culture expected of a college education, is an obvious reflection.

I now take up the subject of the college, whose presence in the American system, in addition to the preparatory school and the university, constitutes the most noteworthy difference between higher education in this country and in Europe. At first, and for a long time, we had only school and college. The university has grown out of the college, and in most cases has not been differentiated from it, a fact which has left both college and university in an equivocal and ill-defined position. It should be noted, on the other hand, that formerly American colleges had to a large extent the character of professional schools. Many of them were at their foundation chiefly intended for the education of clergymen; and all of them for a long time were principally attended by men destined for the learned professions. But the numbers of such students, though still considerable, have been very much reduced; and of the others it must be said that only a small and perhaps diminishing proportion have any serious intellectual or scholarly purpose.

It is needless to enumerate the adventitious attractions that have of late been introduced into American college life. To many, the social pleasures, the social status sometimes acquired, and the opportunity of forming advantageous acquaintances, are the determining motives for a college career. And when, in addition to these facts, one consid-

ers the monotonous and dull routine of our primary and secondary schools, with their utter incompetence to select and train the best ability; when one considers that they must descend to a dead level of mediocrity which is within almost anybody's reach, it is no great wonder if Mr. Charles Francis Adams and other observers are dissatisfied with the intellectual life of American colleges as it is exemplified in most of their graduates.

The assumption of college authorities that a student is "prepared" in a subject, or is master of it, because he can pass the examinations, is pleasantly absurd. "Cramming" and expert tutoring will carry almost any dunce through an examination. The reason why so many do not profit by their studies is that, in spite of the tale told by entrance examinations and examinations in course, they have really no vocation for them. It is surely a logical outcome of this condition that youths whose pursuit of learning is so largely forced and perfunctory should be chiefly engrossed with sports and athletics, with "college spirit," "class spirit," and other spurious enthusiasms; and that the most admired man in college is more often not one distinguished for manners, breeding, or accomplishments, but some hulking, bovine ruffian who plays football.

But since it is antecedently probable that an institution standing so high in public favor as the American college serves some useful purpose, the question may be asked to what extent does it prepare for the duties of active life; and, in answer, it cannot be denied that it goes a certain distance toward meeting this requirement. I am credibly informed, and am quite willing to believe, that business and professional men prefer to employ college graduates, finding them especially well adapted to the performance of important and responsible duties. But I do not believe that the reason for this is to be sought in the intellectual discipline supposed to be derived from college studies. As American youth have

gone to college in increasingly large numbers, and for reasons other than the pursuit of knowledge, induced by an instinctive sense of the futility of their half-hearted devotion to scholarship, they have developed for themselves a life of the most varied activities and interests, which, though sometimes trivial enough, are often of great benefit to themselves and others.

The common belief that student organizations are the result of indolence and shirking of duty, is, generally speaking, the very reverse of the truth. Although sometimes participated in by unstudious men, these activities also claim the attention of many devoted students, who are rightly of opinion that the less they depend for their education on class and lecture routine, the better. Athletic, social, religious, charitable, even intellectual interests, all have their place and share. These various enterprises require of their officers and members industrious application and administrative abilities of no mean order. Students with these and other gifts that count for worldly success naturally emerge, and thus acquire an aptitude for dealing with men and affairs. American colleges, indeed, resemble many other Anglo-Saxon institutions in varying considerably from what they pretend to be. Ostensibly seats of learning, they are, more truly speaking, microcosms and colonies of the larger world, for the commonplace business of which they are not a bad preparation.

In this regard, then, and to this extent, the college is not without a certain praise and virtue. But from the intellectual point of view it is not to be taken seriously. Its privileges are shared by so many that their value is of necessity cheapened, — *multitudine compotum ejus doni vulgari laudem*. Indeed, this fact is very commonly admitted by friends of college education and by college professors themselves. They say that it really makes no great difference whether students learn much, — and one cannot avoid the suspicion that this avowal would

not be made were it not for the certainty that they do not learn much. Mental discipline, a notion I have already tried to dispose of, college life and associations, the personal influence of teachers and of fellow students, are the advantages most usually dwelt upon. But letting these, for the sake of argument, be admitted to the full, the fact remains that attendance at college up to the average age of twenty-two is an enormous expenditure of time which only the well-to-do can prudently afford. There are not many young men who, in justice to themselves and to society, ought not, from something like the age of sixteen years, to bestow the larger part of their time in getting ready for their business in life. And since it is generally confessed that our collegians devote four precious years of their lives to what is called liberal culture, to pretending to learn much, that is, and actually to learning very little, there is surely a strong *prima facie* case against the institution which, taking from each rising generation so much of its valuable time, does not fulfill its main and ostensible purpose, but is compelled to rely on incidental advantages in order to justify its existence.

In fact, I believe that most of our educational evils, which are so universally admitted and deplored, and this not only in colleges but in lower schools as well, is to be attributed to this fundamental, underlying principle in humanistic education, to wit, that what is called general culture should be acquired before professional training. And this principle involves many corollaries that are severally and cumulatively pernicious, as, for example, that liberal culture cannot be diffused without an elaborate pedagogical discipline, and that said pedagogical discipline is a good mental training both for general and specific purposes. But a few qualifications are necessary before the question can be argued. In the first place, it goes without saying that no fixed line can be drawn between useful and ornamental studies. Modern languages and

the higher mathematics, for instance, although they are merely accomplishments for one person, are useful or even necessary to another. Next, there are branches which cannot be called necessary to any given career, but are, notwithstanding, of varying degrees of utility. Finally, since special gifts and capacities are often slow to reveal themselves, it follows that early instruction must always be somewhat experimental. With these reservations, my contention is that as soon as particular aptitudes are disclosed, the staple of education should be in the way of professional training.

One of the most remarkable features of that teaching by apprenticeship which I have shown to be characteristic of great periods of creative thought is its intense reality. The master in such a case, being engaged in the world's serious and living work, puts into the instruction of his few chosen pupils a quality that no other teacher can ever attain. Nay, it is even doubtful if the best part of his influence comes in the way of formal instruction at all. Subtle, implicit suggestion, followed by equally subtle apprehension, unconscious example followed by unconscious imitation, the mature and masterful personality working upon the young and plastic spirit, and stimulated by its freshness in turn, — these are the mysterious and hidden ways by which the divine fire is received and passed along. I take it to be perfectly certain that professional pedagogy can never receive or transmit this magisterial quality of greatness. Academic professors are rightly so called in respect that usually they profess an art without being able to practice it. Pedagogy can deal only with principles that can be artificially abstracted and formally stated in terms, and this means, *ex vi termini*, principles that are illusory and unreal.¹

Our system produces connoisseurs of

¹ An exception must be made to this statement in favor of natural science, both pure and applied. It cannot be denied that physical science is the most vital element in modern in-

painting who can't paint and professors of literature who can't write. The inevitable result has been the hopeless commonplace and sterility of our academic culture. It does nothing and gets nowhere. Our rigid curriculum impedes the selection and growth of high and rare abilities. I need cite no other example than the style of literature now emanating from colleges and their graduates. Apart from monographs and special treatises which do not pretend to beliterature, it chiefly consists of short stories, pseudo-Swinburnian sonnets and rhapsodies, and that particular kind of phrasemaking which is called æsthetic literary criticism.

In very truth, the waste involved in our academic system, waste of money and energy, but chiefly of all-precious time, is nothing short of appalling. Instead of an education adapted to individual needs, instead of a natural and equal training of eye, hand, and brain, every child, whatever may be his gifts, aptitudes, and future prospects, is put into our huge, clumsy mill, and often not taken out of it till he reaches manhood. His mind, dulled and wearied by hard and monotonously recurring tasks, is then "periodically blistered by examinations," as a contemporary writer most happily puts it. Consisting mainly of drill in books, the system is, for this reason alone, ill adapted to the majority of the sufferers, and is not well adapted even to that comparatively small number that is bookishly inclined. For the plea that our education meets the needs of the average mind is a most fallacious one. The average mind, like all other averages, the average weather, for example, is a pure abstraction, and

tellectual life; and in every country there is a goodly number of scientific professors whose contributions to science lend to their teaching that quality I am here insisting upon. Still, Dr. Karl Pearson is authority for the statement that a good fifty per cent of recent scientific literature is worthless, which means that the physical, as well as the philological and historical, branches have suffered from excessive patronage of graduate study and research.

is rarely or never found in nature. Many of the dolts and dunces of our class-rooms would be fitting themselves for joyous and useful, or even high, activities if they only had the chance. And if it be asked whether, in this already material age, our higher studies are to be aimed at mere utility, the answer is easy. Why not, if in this utility be included the highest uses?

We admire, with the despairing admiration of the bereft, the glorious arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, forgetting that they grew out of the humblest handicraft, and in their best days were never dissociated from it. It is one of our evil inheritances from the Pagan Revival that has made us exalt mere accumulative scholarship at the expense of that practical skill which at once supplies the necessities of life, and converts the commonest materials into the means of highest expression. And what has been the final result of our pursuit of the humanistic ideals of literary and scholarly culture? A pedantry so dry, narrow, and repulsive that its own practitioners cannot hide their contempt for it.¹

The American people are in the habit of being told by politicians and others interested in winning their favor that they are the most enlightened nation of modern times, that they have, in fact, brought the world's civilization to a height it has never before attained. There are many, of course, to whom civilization means tall buildings and mechanical applications of steam and electricity. But even those who have a better notion of the real nature of civilization sometimes use similar language, and point in evidence to our

¹ In a recent number of the *New York Nation* a prominent university professor testifies that, if pressed for an opinion, he should feel bound to admit that of the doctor dissertations on literary subjects, either from Germany or America, which have come to his knowledge during the last ten years, the bulk seemed to him hardly worth serious consideration. As to living literary historians of repute, he certainly could not name more than half a dozen who approach a work of literature from within rather than from without.

free-school system with the university at its apex, open to all the people without money and without price.¹ Colleges and universities, maintaining a condition of chronic poverty by the simple expedient of living beyond their incomes, are making unprecedented and successful demands upon public and private beneficence. And all to what end? To foster an education of which the highest form is represented by the doctor's dissertation, to maintain seats of learning where confessedly very little is learned by the vast majority of students, and where their own contributions to learning are more or less openly scoffed at. The larger universities have, in the language of contemporary statesmanship, entered upon a career of expansion; and the spirit of this expansion is very largely competitive. The continuous enlargement of their faculties and material equipment reminds one of nothing so much as the ruinous efforts of European nations to outvie one another in military and naval armaments. In the name of richer opportunity for study and research, the multiplication of courses has reached the point where it is almost ludicrous.²

It is a perfectly plain fact of history that great civilizations have never been

¹ I once heard a well-known college president say that the last fifty years had seen a greater progress in civilization than all preceding ages since primitive man discovered the use of fire. Although we might be surprised at this statement, it was, we were assured, an absolutely certain fact. We might take the speaker's word for it. We also learned that the greatest of these achievements of the last fifty years was a lately invented means of transmission of mechanical energy.

² Let any one who doubts this statement look at the catalogue of a large university under one of the more popular subjects, say English, history, or political economy. He will find almost every conceivable subdivision of them represented by one or more courses. It seems to be assumed that the student will never know anything about any subject unless he has had a course in it. For some excellent remarks on the abuse of academic lecturing, see Henry Sidgwick's "Lecture against Lecturing," in his *Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses*.

academic. The Athenian or Florentine shared as naturally in the culture of his native city as he did in its political or religious life; and that culture was fostered by creative effort, not by a forced erudition or by the imitation of a remote antiquity. But just because they were always creators, they were heirs of the past in a sense unknown to a book-taught generation. So if it be asked, how, if our university education is to be professional, liberal culture is to be acquired, I answer, in the same way it has always been acquired, by individual effort and initiative. Interest in intellectual matters is more easily aroused in men of action, led forward by experience and meditation, than in listless undergraduates who are usually too little versed in life and thought to have serious interests at all.

As for the danger of narrowness in a professional training, it must always be remembered that narrowness is the attribute of pedants, not of masters. The monographic investigator of literature or art, for example, is apt to be narrow; the master of art or literature cannot be. The pedant is out of touch with reality. The master, by the very conditions of success, must live in the world of action and ideas. And mastery is not only essential to the practice of one particular art, but is also the best help to the appreciation of others. The craftsman, trained to the practice of even a minor art, has had a better preparation than the academic student for the appreciation of poetry, because he, as well as the poet, has been touched with the spirit of that "art which shares with great creating nature."

It is no part of my present purpose to suggest definite measures of reform. Reform will come easily enough as soon as the need of it is generally felt; in fact, I believe that movements in the right direction are even now being made. But established traditions die hard, and existing educational traditions are very old and very strong. In the mean time I have hoped, by the recital of a personal experience, and of the reflections suggested

thereby, to bring perhaps more forcibly to the minds of my readers truths of which they are already more or less conscious. My academic friends and associates, whom I hold in grateful affection and remembrance, will some of them here recognize the gist of conversations and discussions I have had with them; some of them share the opinions here expressed, and are do-

ing their best as teachers and scholars to cure the ills I have attempted to show; while all of them, I am sure, will believe me when I say that I have written these condemnations of a way of life to which I was brought up, which is endeared to me by many associations, and which I once hoped never to abandon, in the interest of truth and in all sad earnestness.

THE FACE OF THE FIELDS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THERE was a flash of gray, a swish of wings, a cry of pain, a squawking, cowering, scattering flock of hens, a weakly fluttering pullet, and yonder, swinging upward into the October sky, a marsh hawk, buoyant and gleaming silvery in the sun. Over the trees he beat, circled once, and disappeared.

The hens were still flapping for safety in a dozen directions, but the gray harrier had gone. A bolt of lightning could not have dropped so unannounced, could not have vanished so completely, could scarcely have killed so quickly. I ran to the pullet, but found her dead. The harrier's stroke, delivered with fearful velocity, had laid head and neck open as with a keen knife. Yet a fraction slower and he would have missed, for the pullet caught the other claw on her wing. The gripping talons slipped off the long quills, and the hawk swept on without his quarry. He dared not come back for it at my feet; and so with a single turn above the woods he was gone.

The scurrying hens stopped to look about them. There was nothing in the sky to see. They stood still and silent a moment, the rooster *chucked*, then one by one they turned back into the open pasture. A huddled group under the hen-yard fence broke up and came out with

the others. Death had flashed among them, but had missed *them*. Fear had come, but had gone. Within two minutes — in less time — from the fall of the stroke, every hen in the flock was intent at her scratching, or as intently chasing the gray grasshoppers over the pasture.

Yet, as they scratched, the high-stepping cock would frequently cast up his eye toward the treetops; would sound his alarum at the flight of a robin; and if a crow came over, he would shout and dodge and start to run. But instantly the shadow would pass, and instantly chanticleer —

He lok-eth as it were a grim leoun,
And on his toos he rometh up and doun;

Thus roial, as a prince is in an halle.

He was n't afraid. Cautious, alert, watchful he was, but not fearful. No shadow of dread hangs dark and ominous across the sunshine of his pasture. Shadows come — like a flash; and like a flash they vanish away.

We cannot go far into the fields without sighting the hawk and the snake, the very shapes of Death. In one form or another the dread Thing moves everywhere, down every wood-path and pasture-lane, through the black close waters of the

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mill-pond, out under the open of the winter sky, night and day, and every day, the four seasons through. I have seen the still surface of a pond break suddenly with a swirl, and flash a hundred flecks of silver into the light, as the minnows leap from the jaws of the pike. Then a loud rattle, a streak of blue, a splash at the centre of the swirl, and I see the pike, twisting and bending in the beak of the kingfisher. The killer is killed; but at the mouth of the nest-hole in the steep sand-bank, swaying from a root in the edge of the turf above, hangs the black snake, the third killer, and the belted kingfisher, dropping the pike, darts off with a cry. I have been afield at times when one tragedy has followed another in such rapid and continuous succession as to put a whole shining, singing, blossoming world under a pall. Everything has seemed to cower, skulk, and hide, to run as if pursued. There was no peace, no stirring of small life, not even in the quiet of the deep pines, for here a hawk would be nesting, or a snake would be sleeping, or I would hear the passing of a fox, see perhaps his keen hungry face an instant as he halted, winding me.

Fox and snake and hawk are real, but not the absence of peace and joy — except within my own breast. There is struggle and pain and death in the woods, and there is fear also, but the fear does not last long; it does not haunt and follow and terrify; it has no being, no substance, no continuance. The shadow of the swiftest scudding cloud is not so fleeting as this shadow in the woods, this Fear. The lowest of the animals seem capable of feeling it; yet the very highest of them seem incapable of dreading it; for them Fear is not of the imagination, but of the sight, and of the passing moment.

The present only toucheth thee!

It does more, it throngs him — our fellow mortal of the stubble field, the cliff, and the green sea. Into the present is lived the whole of his life — none of it is left to a storied past, none sold to a mort-

gaged future. And the whole of this life is action; and the whole of this action is joy. The moments of fear in an animal's life are moments of reaction, negative, vanishing. Action and joy are constant, the joint laws of all animal life, of all nature, from the shining stars that sing together, to the roar of a bitter northeast storm across these wintry fields.

We shall get little rest and healing out of nature until we have chased this phantom Fear into the dark of the moon. It is a most difficult drive. The pursued too often turns pursuer, and chases us back into our burrows where there is nothing to make us afraid. If every time a bird cries in alarm, a mouse squeaks with pain, or a rabbit leaps in fear from beneath our feet, we, too, leap and run, dodging the shadow as if it were at our own heels, then we shall never get farther toward the open fields than Chuchundra, the muskrat, gets toward the middle of the bungalow floor. We shall always creep around by the wall, whimpering.

But there is no such thing as fear out-of-doors. There was, there will be; you may see it for an instant on your walk to-day, or think you see it; but there are the birds singing as before, and as before the red squirrel, under cover of large words, is prying into your purposes. The universal chorus of nature is never stilled. This part, or that, may cease for a moment, for a season it may be, only to let some other part take up the strain; as the winter's deep bass voices take it from the soft lips of the summer, and roll it into thunder, until the naked hills seem to rock to the measures of the song.

So must we listen to the winter winds, to the whistle of the soaring hawk, to the cry of the trailing hounds.

I have had more than one hunter grip me excitedly, and with almost a command bid me hear the music of the baying pack. There are hollow halls in the swamps that lie to the east and north and west of me, that catch up the cry of the fox hounds, that blend it, mellow it, round it, and roll it, rising and falling over the

meadows these autumn nights in great globes of sound, as pure and sweet as the pearly notes of the wood thrush rolling around their silver basin in the summer dusk.

It is a different kind of music when the pack breaks into the open on the warm trail: a chorus then of individual tongues singing the ecstasy of pursuit. My blood leaps; the natural primitive wild thing of muscle and nerve and instinct within me slips its leash, and on past with the pack it drives, the scent of the trail single and sweet in its nostrils, a very fire in its blood, motion, motion, motion in its bounding muscles, and in its being a mighty music, spheric and immortal, a carol, chant and pæan, nature's "un-jarred chime," —

The fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motions
swayed

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

But what about the fox and his share in this gloria? It is a solemn music to him, certainly, loping wearily on ahead; but what part has he in the chorus? No part, perhaps, unless we grimly call him its conductor. But the point is the chorus, that it never ceases, the hounds at this moment, not the fox, in the leading rôle.

"But the chorus ceases for me," you say; "my heart is with the poor fox." So is mine, and mine is with the dogs too. Many a night I have bayed with the pack, and as often, oftener, I think, I have loped and dodged and doubled with the fox, pitting limb against limb, lung against lung, wit against wit, and always escaping. More than once, in the warm moonlight of the early fall, I have led them on and on, spurring their lagging muscles with a sight of my brush, on and on, through the moonlit night, through the day, on into the moon again, and on — until only the stir of my own footsteps has followed me. Then doubling once more, creeping back a little upon my track, I have looked at my pursuers, silent and stiff upon the trail, and ere the echo

of their cry has died away, I have caught up the chorus and carried it single-throated through the wheeling singing spheres.

There is more of fact than of fancy to this. That a fox ever purposely ran a dog to death, would be hard to prove; but that the dogs run themselves to death in a single extended chase after a single fox is a common occurrence here in the woods about the farm. Occasionally the fox may be overtaken by the hounds; seldom, however, except in the case of a very young one or of a stranger, unacquainted with the lay of the land, driven into the rough country here by an unusual combination of circumstances.

I have been both fox and hound; I have run the race too often not to know that both enjoy it at times, fox as much as hound. Some weeks ago the dogs carried a young fox around and around the farm, hunting him here, there, everywhere, as if in a game of hide-and-seek. An old fox would have led them on a long coursing run across the range. It was early fall, and warm, so that at dusk the dogs were caught and taken off the trail. The fox soon sauntered up through the mowing-field behind the barn, came out upon the bare knoll near the house, and sat there in the moonlight yapping down at Rex and Dewy, the house dogs in the two farms below. Rex is a Scotch collie, Dewy a dreadful mix of dog-dregs. He had been tail-ender in the pack for a while during the afternoon. Both dogs answered back at the young fox. But he could not egg them on. Rex was too fat, Dewy had had enough; not so the young fox. It had been fun. He wanted more. "Come on, Dewy!" he cried. "Come on, play tag again. You're still 'it.'"

I was at work with my chickens one day when the fox broke from cover in the tall woods, struck the old wagon road along the ridge, and came at a gallop down behind the hencoops, with five hounds not a minute behind. They passed with a crash and were gone — up over the ridge and down into the east swamp.

Soon I noticed that the pack had broken, deploying in every direction, beating the ground over and over. Reynard had given them the slip, on the ridge-side, evidently, for there were no cries from below in the swamp.

The noon whistles blew, and leaving my work I went down to re-stake my cow in the meadow. I had just drawn her chain-pin when down the road through the orchard behind me came the fox, hopping high up and down, his neck stretched, his eye peeled for poultry. Spying a white hen of my neighbor's, he made for her, clear to the barnyard wall. Then, hopping higher for a better view, he sighted another hen in the front yard, skipped in gayly through the fence, seized her, loped across the road, and away up the birch-grown hills beyond.

The dogs had been at his very heels ten minutes before. He had fooled them. He had done it again and again. They were even now yelping at the end of the baffling trail behind the ridge. Let them yelp. It is a kind and convenient habit of dogs, this yelping, one can tell so exactly where they are. Meantime one can take a turn for one's self at the chase, get a bite of chicken, a drink of water, a wink or two of rest; and when the yelping gets warm again, one is quite ready to pick up one's heels and lead the pack another merry dance. The fox is almost a humorist.

This is the way the races are all run off. Now and then they may end tragically. A fox cannot reckon on the hunter with a gun. Only dogs entered into the account when the balance in the scheme of things was struck for the fox. But, mortal finish or no, the spirit of the chase is neither rage nor terror, but the excitement of a matched game, the ecstasy of pursuit for the hound, the passion of escape for the fox, without fury or fear — except for the instant at the start and at the finish — when it is a finish.

This is the spirit of the chase — of the race, more truly, for it is always a race, where the stake is not life and death, as

we conceive of life and death, but rather the joy of being. The hound cares as little for his own life as for the life he is hunting. It is the race, instead; it is the moments of crowded, complete, supreme existence for him — "glory" we call it when men run it off together. Death, and the fear of death, are inconceivable to the animal mind. Only enemies exist in the world out-of-doors, only hounds, foxes, hawks — they, and their scents, their sounds and shadows; and not fear, but readiness only. The level of wild life, of the soul of all nature, is a great serenity. It is seldom lowered, but often raised to a higher level, intenser, faster, more exultant.

The serrate pines on my horizon are not the pickets of a great pen. My fields and swamps and ponds are not one wide battlefield, as if the only work of my wild neighbors were bloody war, and the whole of their existence a reign of terror. This is a universe of law and order and marvelous balance; conditions these of life, of normal, peaceful, joyous life. Life and not death is the law, joy and not fear is the spirit, is the frame of all that breathes, of very matter itself.

And ever at the loom of Birth

The Mighty Mother weaves and sings;

She weaves — fresh robes for mangled earth;

She sings — fresh hopes for desperate things.

"For the rest," says Hathi, most unscientific of elephants, in the most impossible of Jungle Stories, "for the rest, Fear walks up and down the Jungle by day and by night. . . . And only when there is one great Fear over all, as there is now, can we of the Jungle lay aside our little fears and meet together in one place as we do now."

Now, the law of the Indian Jungle is as old and as true as the sky, and just as widespread and as all-encompassing. It is the identical law of my New England pastures. It obtains here as it holds far away yonder. The trouble is all with Hathi. Hathi has lived so long in a British camp, has seen so few men but British soldiers, and has felt so little law

but British military law in India, that very naturally Hathi gets the military law and the Jungle law mixed up.

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they ;

But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is — Obey !

else one of the little fears, or the Big Fear, will get you !

But this is the Law of the Camp, and as beautifully untrue of the Jungle, and of my woods and pastures, as Hathi's account of how, before Fear came, the First of the Tigers ate grass. Still Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and he also grew eagles' feathers upon his body. Perhaps the First of the Tigers had feathers instead of fur, though Hathi is silent as to that, saying only that the First of the Tigers had no stripes. It might not harm us to remember, however, that nowadays — as was true in the days of the Sabertooth tiger (he is a fossil) — tigers eat grass only when they feel very bad or when they find a bunch of catnip. The wild animals that Hathi knew are more marvelous than the Wild Animals I Have Known, but Hathi's knowledge of Jungle law is all stuff and nonsense.

There is no ogre, Fear, no command, Obey, but the widest kind of a personal permit to live — joyously, abundantly, intensely, frugally at times, painfully at times, and always with large liberty ; until, suddenly, the time comes to Let Live, when death is almost sure to be instant, with little pain, and less fear.

But am I not generalizing from the single case of the fox and hounds ? or at most from two cases — the hen and the hawk ? And are not the cases far from typical ? Fox and hound are unusually matched, both of them are canines, and so closely related that the dog has been known to let a she-fox go unharmed at the end of an exciting hunt. Suppose the fox were a defenseless rabbit, what of fear and terror then ?

Ask any one who has shot in the rabbit fields of southern New Jersey. The rabbit seldom runs in blind terror. He is

soft-eyed, and timid, and as gentle as a pigeon, but he is not defenseless. A nobler set of legs was never bestowed by nature than the little cotton-tail's. They are as wings compared with the deformities that bear up the ordinary rabbit hound. With winged legs, protecting color, a clear map of the country in his head, — its stumps, rail-piles, cat-brier tangles, and narrow rabbit-roads, — with all this as a handicap, Bunny may well run his usual cool and winning race. The balance is just as even, the chances quite as good, and the contest as interesting, to him as to Reynard.

I have seen a rabbit squat close in his form and let a hound pass yelping within a few feet of him, but as ready as a hair-trigger should he be discovered. I have seen him leap for his life as the dog sighted him, and bounding like a ball across the stubble, disappear in the woods, the hound within two jumps of his flashing tail. I have waited at the end of the wood-road for the runners to come back, down the home-stretch, for the finish. On they go for a quarter, or perhaps a half a mile, through the woods, the bay-ing of the hound faint and intermittent in the distance, then quite lost. No, there it is again, louder now. They have turned the course. I wait. The quiet life of the woods is undisturbed, for the voice of the hound is only an echo, not unlike the far-off tolling of a slow-swinging bell. The leaves stir as a wood-mouse scurries from his stump ; an acorn rattles down ; then in the winding wood-road I hear the *pit-pat, pit-pat* of soft furry feet, and there at the bend is the rabbit. He stops, rises high up on his haunches, and listens. He drops again upon all fours, scratches himself behind the ear, reaches over the cart-rut for a nip of sassafras, hops a little nearer, and throws his big ears forward in quick alarm, for he sees me, and, as if something had exploded under him, he kicks into the air and is off — leaving a pretty tangle for the dog to unravel, later on, by this mighty jump to the side.

My children and the man were witnesses recently of an exciting, and, for this section of Massachusetts, a novel race, which, but for them, must certainly have ended fatally. The boys had picked up the morning fall of chestnuts, and were coming through the wood-lot where the man was chopping, when down the hillside toward them rushed a little chipmunk, his teeth a-chatter with terror, for close behind him, with the easy wavy motion of a shadow, glided a dark brown animal, which the man took on the instant for a mink, but which afterward proved to be a pine marten. When almost at the feet of the boys, and about to be seized by the marten, the squeaking chipmunk ran up a tree. Up glided the marten, up for twenty feet, when the chipmunk jumped. It was a fearfully close call. The marten did not dare to jump, but turned and started down, when the man intercepted him with a stick. Around and around the tree he dodged, growling and snarling and avoiding the stick, not a bit abashed, stubbornly holding his own, until forced to seek refuge among the branches. Meanwhile the terrified chipmunk had recovered his nerve and sat quietly watching the sudden turn of affairs from a near-by stump.

I climbed into the cupola of the barn this morning, as I frequently do throughout the winter, and brought down a dazed junco that was beating his life out up there against the window-panes. He lay on his back in my open hand, either feigning death or really powerless with fear. His eyes were closed, his whole tiny body throbbing convulsively with his throbbing heart. Taking him to the door, I turned him over and gave him a gentle toss. Instantly his wings flashed, they zigzagged him for a yard or two, then bore him swiftly around the corner of the house and dropped him in the midst of his fellows, where they were feeding upon the lawn. He shaped himself up a little and fell to picking with the others.

From a state of collapse the laws of his being had brought the bird into normal

behavior as quickly and completely as the collapsed rubber ball is rounded by the laws of its being. The memory of the fright seems to have been an impression exactly like the dent in the rubber ball — as if it had never been.

Yet the analogy only half holds. Memories of the most tenacious kind the animals surely have; but little or no voluntary, unaided power to use them. Memory is largely a mechanical, a crank, process with the animals, a kind of magic-lantern show, where the concrete slide is necessary for the picture on the screen; else the past as the future, hangs a blank. The dog will sometimes seem to cherish a grudge; so will the elephant. Some one injures or wrongs him, and the huge beast harbors the memory, broods it, and waits his opportunity for revenge. Yet the records of these cases usually show the creature to be living with the object of his hatred — keeper or animal — and that his memory goes no further back than the present moment, than the sight of the enemy; memory always taking an immediate, concrete shape.

At my railroad station I frequently see a yoke of great sleepy, bald-faced oxen, that look as much alike as two black-birds. Their driver knows them apart; but as they stand there bound to one another by the heavy bar across their foreheads, it would puzzle anybody else to tell Buck from Berry. But not if he approach them wearing an overcoat. At sight of me in an overcoat the off ox will snort and back and thresh about in terror, twisting the head of his yoke-fellow, nearly breaking his neck, and trampling him miserably. But the nigh ox is used to it. He chews and blinks away placidly, keeps his feet the best he can, and does n't try to understand at all why great-coats should so frighten his cud-chewing brother. I will drop off my coat and go up immediately to smooth the muzzles of both oxen, blinking sleepily while the lumber is being loaded on. Years ago, the driver told me, the off ox was badly frightened by a big woolly coat, the sight or smell

of which suggested to the creature some natural enemy, perhaps a panther or a bear. The memory remained, but beyond recall except in the presence of its first cause, the great-coat.

To us, and momentarily to the lower animals, no doubt, there is a monstrous, a desperate aspect to nature — night and drouth and cold, the lightning, the hurricane, the earthquake: phases of nature that to the scientific mind are often appalling, and to the unthinking and superstitious are usually sinister, cruel, personal, leading to much dark talk of the mysteries of Providence; as if there were still necessity to justify the ways of God to man. We are clutched by these terrors even as the junco was clutched in my goblin hand. When the mighty fingers open, we zigzag, dazed from the danger; but fall to planning, before the tremors of the earth have ceased, how we can build a greater and finer city on the ruins of the old. Upon the crumbled heap of the second Messina the third will rise, and upon that the fourth, unless the quaking site is forever swallowed by the sea. Terror can kill the living, but it cannot hinder them from forgetting, or prevent them from hoping, or, for more than an instant, stop them from doing. Such is the law of being — the law of the Jungle, of Heaven, of my pastures, of myself, and of the little junco. The light of the sun may burn out, motion may cease, matter vanish away, and life come to an end; but so long as life continues it must continue to assert itself, to obey the law of being — to multiply and replenish the earth, and rejoice.

Life, like Law and Matter, is all of one piece. The horse in my stable, the robin, the toad, the beetle, the vine in my garden, the garden itself, and I together with them all, come out of the same divine dust; we all breathe the same divine breath; we have our beings under the same divine law; only they do not know that the law, the breath, and the dust, are divine. If I do know, and yet can so readily forget such knowledge, can so hardly cease from being, can so eternally find the purpose, the hope, the joy of life within me, how soon for them, my lowly fellow mortals, must vanish all sight of fear, all memory of pain! And how abiding with them, how compelling, the necessity to live! And in their unquestioning obedience what joy!

The face of the fields is as changeful as the face of a child. Every passing wind, every shifting cloud, every calling bird, every baying hound, every shape, shadow, fragrance, sound, and tremor, are so many emotions reflected there. But if time and experience and pain come, they pass utterly away; for the face of the fields does not grow old or wise or seamed with pain. It is always the face of a child, — asleep in winter, awake in summer, — a face of life and health always, if we will but see what pushes the falling leaves off, what lies in slumber under the covers of the snow; if we will but feel the strength of the north wind, and the wild fierce joy of the fox and hound as they course the turning, tangling paths of the woodlands in their race with one another against the record set by Life.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

THERE is but one familiar portrait of Miss Jewett. It has been so often reprinted that many who have seen it, even without seeing her, must think of her as immune from change, blessed with perpetual youth, with a gracious, sympathetic femininity, with an air of breeding and distinction quite independent of shifting fashions.

This portrait is intimately symbolic of her work. It typifies with a rare faithfulness the quality of all the products of her pen. In them one found, and finds, the same abiding elements of beauty, sympathy, and distinction. The element of sympathy — perhaps the greatest of these — found its expression in a humor that provoked less of outward laughter than of smiles within, and in a pathos the very counterpart of this delicate quality. The beauty and the distinction may be less capable of brief characterization, but they pervaded her art.

Her first published work appeared, when she was only nineteen years old, in this magazine. Her last considerable book had its serial publication here; and the greater number of all her stories, from the beginning to the end, first saw the light in these columns. If Miss Jewett placed a value upon associating thus with life-long friends, — and the loyalty in her voice when she spoke of "the house" bore witness that she did, — the *Atlantic* itself understood no less clearly what it was to count her as a constant contributor; for her work embodied in a peculiar degree the elements which every serious editor of an American magazine must find related to the complete fulfillment of his purpose.

In the first place, this work of hers, in dealing with the New England life she

knew and loved, was essentially American, as purely indigenous as the pointed firs of her own countryside. The art with which she wrought her native themes was limited, on the contrary, by no local boundaries. At its best it had the absolute quality of the highest art in every quarter of the globe; And the spirit in which she approached her task was as broad in its scope and sympathy as her art in its form. It was precisely this union of what was at once so clearly American and so clearly universal that distinguished her stories, in the eyes of both editor and reader, as the best — so often — in any magazine that contained them.

Her constant demand upon herself was for the best. There were no compromises with mediocrity, either in her tastes or in her achievements. It was the best aspect of New England character and tradition on which her vision steadily dwelt. She was satisfied with nothing short of the best in her interpretation of New England life. The form of creative writing in which she won her highest successes — the short story — is the form in which Americans have made their most distinctive contributions to English literature; and her place with the few best of these writers appears to be secure.

If the familiar portrait typifies her work, it is equally true to the person herself. The quick, responsive spirit of youth, with all its sincerity, all its enjoyment in friendship or whatever else the day might hold, was an immutable possession. So were all the other qualities for which the features spoke. Through the recent years of physical disability, due in the first instance to an accident so gratuitous that it seemed to her friends unendurable, there was a noble patience, a sweet endurance, that could have sprung only from an heroic strain of character.

What she was cannot perish from among men, for her books ensure the tangible continuance of her spirit. If it is to be an immortality, we are doubly fortunate who saw its beginnings in her mortal life. What the books are, she herself preëminently was.

THE LURE OF THE BERRY

MEN have sung the praises of fishing and hunting, they have extolled the joys of boating and riding, they have dwelt at length upon the pleasures of automobil-ing. But there is one — sport, shall I call it? — which no one seems to have thought worth mentioning — the gentle sport of berrying.

Perhaps calling it a sport is an unfortunate beginning, — it gives us too much to live up to. No, it is not a sport; though I can't think why, since it is quite as active as drop-line fishing. Perhaps the trouble is with the game — the fish are more active than the berries, and their excesses cover the deficiencies of the stolid figure in the boat.

What, then, shall we call it? not an occupation, it is too desultory for that; nor an amusement, because of a certain tradition of usefulness that hangs about it. Probably it belongs in that small but select group of things that we do ostensibly because they are useful, but really because they are fun. At any rate, it does not matter how we class it, — it is just berrying.

But not strawberrying. Strawberries are so far down, and so few! They cannot be picked with comfort by any one over six years old. Nor blackberrying! Blackberries are good when gathered in, but in the gathering process there is nothing restful or soothing. They always grow in hot places, and the briars make you cross; they pull your hair and tear your clothes and scratch your wrists; and the berries stain your fingers dark blue; and, moreover, they are frequented by those unpleasant little triangular greenish-brown creatures known as

squash-bugs, which I believe even the Ancient Mariner could not have been called upon to love. No, I do not mean blackberrying.

What then? What indeed but huckle-berrying! How can I adequately sing the praises of the gentle, the neat, the comfortable huckleberry! No briars, no squash-bugs, no back-breaking stoop or arm-rending stretch to reach them; just a big, bushy, green clump, full of glossy black or softly blue berries, where you can sit right down on the tussocks amongst them, put your pail underneath a bush, and begin. At first, the handfuls drop in with a high-keyed "plinking" sound; then, when the "bottom is covered," this changes to a soft patter altogether satisfactory; and as you sit stripping the crisp branches and letting the neat little balls roll through your fingers, your spirit grows calm within you, you feel the breeze, you look up now and then over stretches of hill or pasture or sky, and you settle into a state of complete acquiescence with things as they are.

For there is always a breeze, and always a view, at least where my huckle-berries grow. If any one should ask me where to find a good situation for a house, I should answer, with a comprehensive wave of my arm, "Oh, choose any huckleberry patch." Only 't were pity to demolish so excellent a thing as a huckle-berry patch, merely to erect so doubtful a thing as a house.

I know one such — a royal one, even among huckleberry patches. To get to it you go up an old road, — up, and up, and up, — you pass big fields, new-mown and wide open to the sky, you get broader and broader outlooks over green woodland and blue rolling hills, with a bit of azure river in the midst. You come out on great flats of rock, thinly edged with light turf, and there before you are the "berry lots," as the native calls them, — rolling, windy uplands, with nothing bigger than cedars and wild-cherry trees to break their sweep. The berry bushes

crowd together in thick-set patches, waist high, interspersed with big "high-bush" shrubs in clumps or alone, and great, dark masses of richly glossy, richly fragrant bay, and low, hoary juniper. The pointed cedars stand about like sentinels, stiff enough save where their sensitive tops lean delicately away from the wind; and in the scant herbage between are goldenrod, — the earliest and the latest alike at home here, — and red lilies, and thistles, and asters; and down close to the ground, if you care to stoop for them, trailing vines of dewberries with their fruit, the sweetest of all the blackberries. Truly it is a goodly prospect, and one to fill the heart with satisfaction that the world is as it is.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season — the late summer time, from mid-July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of autumn has not yet come. Things are at poise. The haying is over; the meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams or a time for exploits; it is a time for — for — well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure. For you must have a person not too energetic, or a standard of speed will be established that will spoil

everything; nor too conscientious — it is maddening to be told that you have not picked the bushes clean enough; nor too diligent, so that one feels guilty if one looks at the view or acknowledges the breeze; nor too restless, so that one is being constantly haled to fresh woods and pastures new. A slightly garrulous person is not bad, with a desultory, semi-philosophic bent, and a gift for being contented with easy physical occupation. In fact, I find that I am, by exclusion and inclusion, narrowing my description to fit a certain type of small boy. And I believe that here the ideal companion is to be found; if indeed he is not, as I more than suspect he is, the ideal companion for every form of recreation in life. Yes, the boy is the thing. Some of my choicest hours in the berry lots have been spent with a boy as companion, some boy who loves to be in the wind and sun without knowing that he loves it, who philosophizes without knowing that he does so, who picks berries with sufficient diligence sometimes, and with a delightful irresponsibility at other times. Who likes to move on, now and then, but is happy to kick turf around the edges of the clump if you are inclined to stay. Who takes pride in filling his pail, but is not so desperately single-minded that he is unmoved by the seductions of goldenrod in bloom, of juniper and bayberries, of dry goldenrod stalks (for kite sticks), of thistles for puff-balls, of deserted birds' nests, and all the other delights that fall in his way.

For berrying does not consist chiefly in getting berries, any more than fishing consists chiefly in getting fish, or hunting in getting birds. The essence of berrying is the state of mind that accompanies it. It is a semi-contemplative recreation, providing physical quiet with just enough motion to prevent restlessness, being, in this respect, like "whittling." I said semi-contemplative, because, while it seems to induce meditation, the beauty of it is that you don't really meditate at all, you only think you are doing so, or

are going to. That is what makes it so recuperative in its effects. It just delicately shaves the line between, on the one hand, stimulating you to thought, and on the other, boring you because it does not stimulate; and thus it brings about in you a perfect state of poise most restful in itself, and in complete harmony with the midsummer season.

Yes, fishing is good, and hunting is good, and all the sports are good in their turn, — even sitting in a rocking-chair on a boarding-house piazza has, perhaps, its charms and its benefits for some, — but when the sun is hot and the wind is cool, when the hay is in and the yellowing fields lie broad, when the deep woods have gathered their birds and their secrets to their very hearts, when the sky is warmly blue, and the clouds pile soft or float thin and light, then give me a pail and let me wander up, up, to the great open berry lots. I will let the sun shine on me and the wind blow me, and I will love the whole big world, and I will think not a single thought, and at sundown I will come home with a full pail and a contentedly empty mind.

ON OUR FENCELESS STATE

COULD a peculiarly British instinct survive through seven Yankee generations, and crop out in me? If not, why is it I so ardently long for a walled garden? As a good, modern American, I ought to rejoice that my grass and rambler roses and goldenglow are thine, or anybody's who happens along. We live in a cottage set with many others in one wide, communistic lawn, over which our children, collectively and individually, scamper freely. They sample Mr. Wheaton's prize strawberries, they merrily swing upon Mrs. Harkness's clothes-reel, pausing to plant a muddy foot on a bleaching tablecloth; they admire my white iris and snap off the largest flower. Bruno and Rover, equipped with twice the number of muddy feet, scamper too.

I suppose the man behind the whirring

mower knows where our lawn ends and Mr. Wheaton's begins. I don't. Probably the nasturtium-border marks the line. It is the neighborhood hurdle. Short-legged little scamps in blue rompers, essaying to leap it, invariably find themselves sitting in a forest of juicy stems. They look surprised, but not at all worried. The old things are n't anybody's flowers, so who cares? As a matter of fact, I plant those nasturtiums laboriously every spring. When I feel the lure of warm April sun mixed with cold April wind, I long to go and sit in the dirt and plant something. But why plant a plant that may not stay planted? If it should strike the roving fancy of Bobbie Harkness, it will vanish into the leg of his blue rompers, where a pocket ought to be and is n't. To be sure, our own plump, blue-clad little rascal ranges the commons with the rest. Once he trundled home his little "wheel-barrel" full of tight green peony buds from Mrs. Johnson's garden, — "cabbages for dear mamma," he explained. When we have an English wall round our Yankee yard, our boy shall grub in his own home sand-pile instead of wandering afield. Then, if ravages are committed, I shall know the particular little sinner that needs a spank, unless indeed I ought to spank the sparrows or a courageous, leather-footed pussy-cat.

I suffer considerably, moreover, from an uneasy conviction that the Harknesses, old Mr. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and the critical Miss Laura, not to mention Mrs. Johnson's Hilda (a superior person), are one and all behind their innocent-looking curtains, observing me romp with my little son till my hair falls down. I am not ashamed of my deeds, but I can never quite forget the eyes, eyes, eyes, with which cities are infested. Wait till I get my wall. Then you shall see — shall not see, I mean — how whole-heartedly I can frisk and loaf, reveling in elemental joys.

No, we have pretended long enough that we own a bit of out-doors. We don't,

not one grass-blade, not one pebble. We never have. We never shall, till we save up, little by little, the tremendous sum of courage needed to do something different from our neighbors. Meanwhile I please myself imagining the sensation we shall produce one of these days in this conventional New England suburb.

With the English model in mind, we shall, in the good time coming, build a red brick wall ten feet high all round our little plot. The top shall fiercely bristle with broken bottles and a row of spikes. I am secretly saving up bottles in a barrel down cellar, for that purpose. In the wall there is to be but one opening, a green door with a key and a peep-hole. Locking the green door will be equivalent to the good old custom of raising the drawbridge.

I suspect, though, that just as soon as we are not *obliged* to share our garden with Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry, their ladies and children, we shall become the soul of hospitality. Spying through the peep-hole Dr. and Mrs. Harkness and the ubiquitous Bobbie afar off, gazing wistfully and perhaps resentfully at our ramparts, we shall lower the drawbridge and jovially shout, "Come on in; we're just going to have tea." Blessed English privacy! Blessed English peace! Blessed homely English tea and bread and butter! Thinking of their own lawn, as public as the street, our guests will eat envious bites, sip envious sips, and afterwards sniff envious sniffs of our wealth of roses, climbing fearlessly over the warm brick. For roses, if nothing else, I will have, real ones, not soulless, machine-made ramblers or prim little imitations of English rose-trees. And a gooseberry bush or two I mean to set out, good British gooseberry bushes, draped in our old tennis net. I am saving that too, in the attic. There shall be no Old Country apple and pear trees, to be sure, writhing crucified against the south wall; but peach-trees we can grow. How delightful to taste our own peaches, for once. We used to have a peach tree

bearing fruit large and showy, but like my pencil-eraser in flavor and consistency. We cherished that tree, when all the rest had died. Though we seldom got one of the peaches, the thought of the people who did was very satisfying.

I have heard, I think, below the conventional surface in this neighborhood, grumbles of discontent with our fenceless state. I am willing to wager all the flowers on my white iris — if they are still there — that we have only to set the example in order to see our English wall flattered by at least half a dozen imitations within the year. O John, John, let us see a mason to-morrow! Or why not telephone to-night?

IN PRAISE OF QUOTERS

IN a very serious and amusing book on etiquette, I once read something like this: "Never quote Shakespeare in conversation; it is bad form to quote what every one is familiar with." Perhaps it would be safe to say that most so-called society people pretty scrupulously follow this advice, though probably not for the reason given. Certainly it is a very bad reason, and we may charitably hope that people who never quote Shakespeare have a much better one. Of course I am thinking of conscious quotation; for everybody whose mother tongue is English quotes Shakespeare sometimes, whether he knows it or not. But expressions like "Patience on a monument" are not real quotations; they are mere proverbs.

The power of apt quotation is a gift from heaven. The quoter is born, not made. In a restaurant where I was taking supper one evening there was a table full of college boys whose discussion over their beer was waxing pretty noisy. During a brief lull, a stately old gentleman sitting alone at the next table leaned over and said distinctly to the noisiest of the youngsters, "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." The effect was instantaneous.

My friend V. professes to be a confirmed bachelor and misogynist. When he heard that I was about to be married, he congratulated me in these terms:—

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.

Nothing else could have expressed his attitude so aptly.

As a rule I believe it is true that the most quotable writers are also the best quoters. An instance in point is Montaigne, the prince of all quoters, and one of the most quoted men that ever wrote. No one has spoken better than he on the art of quotation. "I go here and there," he says, "culling out of several books the sentences that best please me." "I make others say for me, not before me but after me, what either for want of language or want of sense I cannot so well express." He admits that he does not always acknowledge his debts. Sometimes "I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writers, particularly the late ones, of men yet living. . . . I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail at Seneca when they think they rail at me." And again: "Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service."

This power to force old phrases into new service is one of the marks of the master of quotation. Montaigne's quotations are a source of endless delight, partly on account of their freshness of application. This is the extrinsic, and as it were accidental, charm of his pilferings. But they are also delightful in and of themselves. They give us a comfortable sense of the continuity and friendly society of wit. It is the fashion nowadays to hold secondhand knowledge in scorn; but it is far better than no knowledge at all. We may not have an acquaintance as intimate as we could wish with those charming gentlemen of antiquity, Horace and Plutarch; still, it is pleasant to be able to say, "I am well acquainted with

a close friend of theirs, the Lord of Montaigne, and I have met them occasionally at his table." Some of these great ancients I do not care to visit in their own halls; they are too harsh, like Cato, or too lofty and austere, like Lucretius. But Montaigne is so admirable a host that in his company the sternest relax, and the harshest become gracious.

In what I have said in praise of quotation I would not be understood as lauding, or even excusing, those foolish little gift-books called "The Wisdom of So-and-So" or "The Pocket So-and-So," containing *disjecta membra auctoris* in alphabetically arranged lists of passages, on subjects from Adversity to Zeal. Let Montaigne speak for me here; he is properly scornful of such compilations, which however he condescends occasionally to use. "I can borrow if I please from a dozen such scrap-gatherers, people about whom I do not much trouble myself. . . . These lumber-piles of commonplaces are of little use but to common subjects . . . a ridiculous fruit of learning." Elsewhere he says the same thing more concisely: "Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment."

In another of his *obiter dicta* Montaigne goes to the marrow of the whole question of quotation. The charm of skillful quotation lies not merely in its aptness: there is such a thing as being too apt; that is the trouble with all the threadbare maxims and proverbs. The real beauty lies in a certain degree of aptness, combined with suggestiveness. A quotation should carry the flavor of the soil from which it sprang. Thus when my friend congratulated me on my marriage in the grim words of Macbeth, the peculiar savor of the quotation was due to the fact that the original occasion of the words was so startlingly diverse. Let me give another instance. I was once talking with V. about a common friend, a very correct and dignified young Scotsman, who had the misfortune to be in debt to his Jewish landlord. "I should like to be in the audience when the Hebrew duns

the Scot," I said. "How will A. take it?" "Oh," said V., "he will *wave him to a more removed ground.*" But I am forgetting Montaigne, who says what I have been aiming at: "My quotations do not always serve simply for example, authority or ornament; they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the seed of a more rich and a bolder matter, and sometimes collaterally a more delicate sound, both to myself and to others who shall be of my humor."

SLEEP

WHEN all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare, or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies, the eyes are blinded, the body abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already, and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter an existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottle-flies buzz at the window-panes. They too may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel but cannot verify, some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Sleep itself, nor half its promises nor mysteries, has been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface

powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations, voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind, not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity. The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labor, and awake it by surgery after forty years, and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded, and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are non-existent to it. Yet to that hidden Memory those diseased years are not blank; it knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful Ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom-blent machinery of the flesh, and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This Ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious; and in death, is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our Sphinx which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter, nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Ædipus unto to-day have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the Unknown God to whom we erect our altars; the Fire in the Tabernacle; the Presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness, at least, will it answer our queries; but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it, and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion, are discovering somewhat of its mystery, and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance, with what terms we will; search their physical reasons, and learn to guide and guard; yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies; and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition; and the more we learn of its power the more doubtful we grow of its existence.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep; sleep, that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, re-creating what we have destroyed.

Black — pitch black, indeed — is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions, and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethæan air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed; and finally we enter for the last time, and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy, and awake no more, and no more return to the autumn-dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.

CHARM

PERSONAL charm seems to be quite independent of every other quality; it has a mysterious individuality of its own. Does the charm of childhood, of certain

children rather, consist in perfect features, a well-trained mind, a flawless character? Not in the least. In young character? Not in the least; in young or old, charm is equally intangible and equally distinct from moral approval. It is possible for it to be combined with sterling worth as well as with a snub-nose and freckles, and few would be bold to maintain that all scalawags are fascinating, though they may be firmly convinced that the really successful ones are.

Once upon a time I knew one such. She had practically every fault except bad temper. She never paid a bill if she could possibly avoid doing so, but because of her cordial friendliness she was adored by her tradespeople. She could not bear to tread upon an earthworm, but she would keep her horses, to say nothing of coachman and footman, waiting in the cold and sleet an hour or more while she tried to make up her mind as to what she should wear. She was an exacting mistress, yet because she smiled commendation when a thing was well done, her servants would work their fingers to the bone for her. Few mothers have had more devoted children, yet she flirted outrageously with any young man who began to pay her daughters attention.

Her husband, a clever physician, had to give up the practice of his profession because she wished to have him free to take her to the theatre in the evening, and disliked having strangers ringing at the door at inopportune moments. People confided in her instinctively, though she could not keep a secret, not even one of her own. Indeed, her conversation, always entertaining and frequently witty, simply bristled with indiscretions and betrayed confidences. She was utterly inaccurate, yet even to those who knew her well her wildest remarks carried conviction at the time, enforced as they were by the childlike innocence of her direct gaze.

Though she had few pretensions to beauty, her eyes were remarkably handsome, large, well-cut, and of a liquid

brown. Her manner was gentle and appealing, and she was, for the moment, genuinely interested in the person with whom she might happen to be. She was full of good intentions and high aspirations, and I have no doubt that the only pangs of conscience she ever knew were caused by the thought of imaginary lapses from her unflinching tact and good-humor.

I knew another charmer, a man this time, a devoted and unselfish son and husband, a faithful friend, an upright and public-spirited citizen. He also was adored by high and low, rich and poor. He had a beautiful voice, the aspect of a young Crusader, a merry and most infectious laugh. He never had a row with a cabman, in spite of having conscientious scruples against giving large tips; he was the chosen and beloved friend of one of the most cantankerous and eccentric geniuses of his time; and, greatest marvel of all, he was always on the best of terms with his concierge. So evidently charm can exist without moral obliquity as a necessary ingredient. In fact, few things are necessary, for charm seems to exist quite independently of good looks, of cleverness, of unselfishness, of any of the attributes which, according to a foolish convention, are in themselves attractive. There is no more connection between them than there is between curly hair and a taste for mathematics.

Neither is this personal, undefinable, inscrutable quality confined to human beings. Some animals have almost more

than their share of it, as, for instance, the cat, that most inscrutable of beasts. It is easy to sympathize with the ancient Egyptians in their worship of the god Pasht. If I were going to fall down and worship any four-footed creature, it would not be the calf I should choose, — the stolid, slow, ruminating calf. No, I should take the cat, sitting with the corners of her mouth curled up in a superior smile and looking out at the world through half-shut eyes with the air of having solved the riddle of the universe. She is so clean, so fastidious, so unmoved by all our blandishments. If she condescends to notice them, how proud we feel, how honored! How differently it affects us as compared with the adulation of the promiscuous dog, who will risk dislocating his spine with frantic waggings of the tail in return for a casual word of kindness. A cat's reserve and sense of measureless superiority arise not so much from pride as from the dispassionate conviction that our thoughts cannot be as her thoughts, therefore why should she be at the trouble to impart them to vulgar mortals? In short, she is the furry incarnation of that arch-type of mysterious charm, the Mona Lisa. And for my part, I prefer pussy.

A remote and ineffable superiority, attractive though it be in animals, is less so in mere human beings. In our fellow men it seems more out of place, more humiliating. It is indeed a bold spirit that has never quailed before the unfathomable smile of a Chinese laundryman.